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NME
NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

Banshees Break Up — Siouxsie talks
P.3 & 63

Soul & Science Fiction:
'Alien' in colour
PiL at Leeds
James Brown
Isleys

An Old Doc Marten Won't Let You Down
THE UNDERTONES TREATMENT
P.32/3

Feargal Sharkey polishes up his ten league boots for promotion. Pic: Alain de la Mata.

NME CHARTS

UK SINGLES

This Week	Last Week	Title / Artist	Weeks	Highest
1	(1)	**We Don't Talk Anymore** Cliff Richard (EMI)	8	1
2	(14)	**Cars** Gary Numan (Beggars Banquet)	2	2
3	(2)	**Bang Bang** B.A. Robertson (Asylum)	5	2
4	(6)	**Money** Flying Lizards (Virgin)	4	4
5	(12)	**Street Life** Crusaders (MCA)	4	5
6	(4)	**Angel Eyes** Roxy Music (Polydor)	5	4
7	(10)	**Just When I Needed You Most** Randy Vanwarmer (Island)	6	7
8	(7)	**Gangsters** Specials (2 Tone)	5	7
9	(25)	**Don't Bring Me Down** Electric Light Orchestra	2	9
10	(18)	**If I Said You Had A Beautiful . . .** Bellamy Brothers (Warner Bros)	3	10
11	(15)	**Gotta Go Home** Boney M (Atlantic/Hansa)	5	11
12	(27)	**Love's Gotta Hold On Me** Dollar (Carrere)	2	12
13	(22)	**Duchess** Stranglers (United Artists)	4	13
13	(24)	**Gone Gone Gone** Johnny Mathis (CBS)	3	14
15	(8)	**Ooh What A Life** Gibson Bros (Island)	5	8
16	(3)	**Don't Like Mondays** Boomtown Rats (Ensign)	8	1
17	(5)	**After The Love Has Gone** Earth Wind & Fire (CBS)	7	4
18	(26)	**Strut Your Funky Stuff** Frantique (Philadelphia)	3	18
19	(16)	**Lost In Music** Sister Sledge (Atlantic)	4	16
20	(17)	**When You Are Young** Jam (Polydor)	3	16
21	(13)	**Is She Really Going Out With Him** Joe Jackson (A&M)	5	10
22	(19)	**Reggae For It Now** Bill Lovelady (Charisma)	3	19
23	(—)	**Sail On** Commodores (Motown)	1	23
24	(—)	**Cruel To Be Kind** Nick Lowe (Radar)	1	24
25	(9)	**Duke Of Earl** Darts (Magnet)	8	6
26	(23)	**Morning Dance** Spyro Gyra (Infinity)	7	12
27	(—)	**Time For Action** Secret Affair (I Spy)	1	27
28	(—)	**Lookin' For Love Tonight** Fat Larry's Band (Fantasy)	1	28
29	(11)	**Reasons To Be Cheerful** Ian Dury & The Blockheads (Stiff)	6	3
30	(—)	**Boy Oh Boy** Racey (RAK)	1	30

UP AND COMING:
Slap And Tickle — Squeeze (A&M);
Feel The Real — David Bendeth (Sidewalk);
War Stories — Star Jets (Epic);
Something That I Said — Ruts (Virgin);
Get It Right Next Time — Gerry Rafferty (U.A.);
Tomorrow's Girls — UK Subs (Gems).

UK ALBUMS

This Week	Last Week	Title / Artist	Weeks	Highest
1	(1)	**Discovery** Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	15	1
2	(26)	**Slow Train Coming** Bob Dylan (CBS)	3	2
3	(2)	**I Am** Earth Wind & Fire (CBS)	14	2
4	(15)	**In Through The Out Door** Led Zeppelin (Atlantic)	3	4
5	(8)	**Voulez Vous** Abba (Epic)	19	1
6	(12)	**Replicas** Tubeway Army (Beggars Banquet)	13	1
7	(3)	**Breakfast In America** Supertramp (A & M)	25	2
8	(4)	**Best Disco Album In The World** Various (WEA)	10	1
9	(5)	**Street Life** Crusaders (MCA)	8	5
10	(14)	**Down To Earth** Rainbow (Polydor)	4	7
11	(6)	**Parallel Lines** Blondie (Chrysalis)	48	1
12	(30)	**Manifesto** Roxy Music (Polydor)	24	4
13	(12)	**Outlandos D'Amour** Police (A & M)	18	7
14	(9)	**Some Product** Sex Pistols (Virgin)	7	7
15	(20)	**The Best Of The Dooleys** (GTO)	9	8
16	(7)	**Morning Dance** Spyro Gyra (Infinity)	9	7
17	(—)	**Rock 'n' Roll Juvenile** Cliff Richard (EMI)	1	17
18	(21)	**Midnight Magic** Commodores (Motown)	2	18
19	(—)	**Pleasure Principle** Gary Numan (Beggars Banquet)	1	19
20	(16)	**Night Owl** Gerry Rafferty (United Artists)	14	10
21	(10)	**Highway To Hell** AC/DC (Atlantic)	4	10
22	(22)	**Tubeway Army** (Beggars Banquet)	3	22
23	(19)	**Welcome To The Cruise** Judy Tzuke (Rocket)	5	19
24	(—)	**String of Hits** Shadows (EMI)	1	24
25	(18)	**Bridges** John Williams (Lotus)	11	4
26	(25)	**Do It Yourself** Ian Dury & The Blockheads (Stiff)	17	2
27	(11)	**Live Killers** Queen (EMI)	10	6
28	(—)	**Look Sharp** Joe Jackson (A&M)	1	28
29	(—)	**Into The Music** Van Morrison (Vertigo)	1	29
30	(—)	**Drums And Wires** XTC (Virgin)	1	30

UP AND COMING:
A Different Kind Of Tension — Buzzcocks (U.A.);
Tom Verlaine (Elektra);
Cut — The Slits (Island);
Rainbow Connection IV — Rose Royce (Whitfield);
Eddie Cochran Singles Album (U.A.);
Take It Home — B.B. King (MCA).

No wonder Paul Roberts (left) and Lu Salvoni of Sniff 'n' the Tears look fazed — NME Single Of The Week a mere 18 months ago and already knocking on the door of the U.S. Top Twenty with 'Drivers Seat'. Phew!

US SINGLES

This Week	Last Week	Title	Artist
1	(1)	**My Sharona**	The Knack
2	(2)	**Good Times**	Chic
3	(3)	**After The Love Is Gone**	Earth Wind & Fire
4	(6)	**Sad Eyes**	Robert John
5	(5)	**Lead Me On**	Maxine Nightingale
6	(8)	**Don't Bring Me Down**	Electric Light Orchestra
7	(4)	**The Devil Went Down To Georgia**	Charlie Daniels Band
8	(11)	**I'll Never Love This Way Again**	Dionne Warwick
9	(10)	**Lonesome Loser**	Little River Band
10	(18)	**Sail On**	Commodores
11	(7)	**The Main Event/Fight**	Barbra Streisand
12	(15)	**A Bad Case Of Loving You**	Robert Palmer
13	(19)	**Pop Muzik**	M
14	(21)	**Don't Stop 'Til You Get Enough**	Michael Jackson
15	(17)	**Heaven Must Have Sent You**	Bonnie Pointer
16	(16)	**Goodbye Stranger**	Supertramp
17	(14)	**Let's Go**	The Cars
18	(27)	**Rise**	Herb Alpert
19	(9)	**Bad Girls**	Donna Summer
20	(13)	**Mama Can't Buy You Love**	Elton John
21	(25)	**Driver's Seat**	Sniff 'n' Tears
22	(24)	**Born To Be Alive**	Patrick Hernandez
23	(12)	**When You're In Love With A Beautiful Woman**	Dr Hook
24	(20)	**Suspicions**	Eddie Rabbitt
25	(29)	**Cruel To Be Kind**	Nick Lowe
26	(26)	**Hot Summer Nights**	Night
27	(28)	**I Do Love You**	GQ
28	(30)	**The Boss**	Diana Ross
29	(23)	**You Can't Change That**	Raydio
30	(—)	**Lovin', Touchin', Squeezin'**	Journey

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

US ALBUMS

This Week	Last Week	Title	Artist
1	(1)	**In Through The Out Door**	Led Zeppelin
2	(2)	**Get The Knack**	The Knack
3	(3)	**Candy O**	The Cars
4	(4)	**Breakfast In America**	Supertramp
5	(18)	**Midnight Magic**	Commodores
6	(7)	**Risque**	Chic
7	(6)	**Discovery**	Electric Light Orchestra
8	(15)	**Off The Wall**	Michael Jackson
9	(9)	**I Am**	Earth Wind & Fire
10	(10)	**First Under The Wire**	Little River Band
11	(5)	**Bad Girls**	Donna Summer
12	(12)	**Rust Never Sleeps**	Neil Young & Crazy Horse
13	(11)	**Million Mile Reflections**	Charlie Daniels Band
14	(—)	**Slow Train Coming**	Bob Dylan
15	(13)	**Cheap Trick At The Budokan**	
16	(21)	**Dionne**	Dionne Warwick
17	(23)	**Stay Free**	Ashford and Simpson
18	(14)	**Teddy**	Teddy Pendergrass
19	(19)	**The Boss**	Diana Ross
20	(20)	**Secrets**	Robert Palmer
21	(17)	**Reality — What A Concept**	Robin Williams
22	(16)	**Low Budget**	The Kinks
23	(25)	**What You Gonna Do With My Lovin'**	Stephanie Mills
24	(24)	**Street Life**	Crusaders
25	(30)	**13**	Chicago
26	(27)	**The Cars**	
27	(18)	**Rickie Lee Jones**	
28	(28)	**The Kids Are Alright**	The Who
29	(29)	**A Night At Studio 54**	Various Artists
30	(26)	**Dynasty**	Kiss

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

DISCO

(1) **Streetlife** .... Crusaders (MCA)
(2) **Strut Your Funky Stuff** .... Frantique (Philadelphia)
(3) **I Don't Wanna Be A Freak** ..... Dynasty (Solar) (12" Import)
(4) **Don't Stop Till You Get Enough** ... Michael Jackson (Epic)
(5) **You Can Do It** .... Al Hudson (ABC)
(6) **Ooh What A Life** .... Gibson Brothers (Island)
(7) **Gone Gone Gone** .... Johnny Mathis (CBS)
(8) **Feel The Real** .... David Bendeth (Sidewalk)
(9) **When Your Number One** .. Gene Chandler (20th Century)
(10) **Looking For A Love Again** .... Fat Larry's Band (Fantasy)

Chart supplied by C C Records, 21 Deptford High Street, London SE8

REGGAE

(1) **Sprinters** .... Albions (K & K)
(2) **I Love You** .... Linval Thompson (Stronglight Sampson)
(3) **OK Fred** .... Erroll Dunkley (Third World)
(4) **Conscious Girl** .... Barry Brown (D-Roy)
(5) **Our Reggae Music** .... Brown Sugar (Studio 16)
(6) **Africa** .... Anthony Johnson (Stronglight Sampson)
(7) **Right Track** .... Nicky Demos (Warrior)
(8) **Lightning & Thunder** .... Bim Sherman (Attack)
(9) **Sittin' In The Park** .... Casandra (D-Roy)
(10) **Livin' In The Slum** .... Dennis Reed (Discoteque)

Chart supplied by Joe Gibbs, 29 Lewisham Way, London SE14

5 YEARS AGO

Week ending September 10, 1974

1. Love Me For A Reason .... The Osmonds (MGM)
2. Kung Fu Fighting .... Carl Douglas (Pye)
3. I'm Leaving It All Up To You .... Donny & Marie Osmond (MGM)
4. Y Viva Espana .... Sylvia (Sonet)
5. Annie's Song .... John Denver (RCA)
6. When Will I See You Again .... Three Degrees (Philadelphia)
7. You Make Me Feel Brand New .... Stylistics (Avco)
8. Hang On In There Baby .... Johnny Bristol (MGM)
9. Mr. Soft .... Cockney Rebel (EMI)
10. Honey Honey .... Sweet Dreams (Bradley)

10 YEARS AGO

Week ending September 10, 1969

1. In The Year 2525 .... Zager & Evans (RCA)
2. Bad Moon Rising .... Creedence Clearwater Revival (Liberty)
3. Don't Forget To Remember .... Bee Gees (Polydor)
4. Too Busy Thinking About My Baby .... Marvin Gaye (Tamla Motown)
5. My Cherie Amour .... Stevie Wonder (Tamla Motown)
6. Viva Bobby Joe .... Equals (President)
7. My Cherie Amour .... Stevie Wonder (Tamla Motown)
8. Natural Born Bugie .... Humble Pie (Immediate)
9. Honky Tonk Women .... Rolling Stones (Decca)
10. Saved By The Bell .... Robin Gibb (Polydor)

15 YEARS AGO

Week ending September 11, 1964

1. You Really Got Me .... Kinks (Pye)
2. Have I The Right .... Honeycombs (Pye)
3. I'm Into Something .... Herman's Hermits (Columbia)
4. I Wouldn't Trade You For The World .... Bachelors (Decca)
5. I Won't Forget You .... Jim Reeves (RCA)
6. The Crying Game .... Dave Berry (Decca)
7. Where Did Our Love Go .... Supremes (Stateside)
8. Do Wah Diddy Diddy .... Manfred Mann (HMV)
9. Rag Doll .... Four Seasons (Philips)
10. Five By Five (EP) .... Rolling Stones (Decca)

NEWS

EDITED BY DEREK JOHNSON

Banshees bust-up

WALK-OUTS HIT SIOUXSIE TOUR

SIOUXSIE & The Banshees' major British tour failed to get off the ground last weekend when, in a shock move, guitarist John McKay and drummer Kenny Morris walked out of the band a few hours before the scheduled opening concert. The drama occurred in Aberdeen, where they were due to perform at the Capitol — and subsequent gigs in Glasgow, Dunfermline and Bradford had to be cancelled. But Siouxsie is hoping to resume the tour, with two new Banshees, at Oxford New Theatre tomorrow (Friday).

On Friday in Aberdeen, the show went ahead with first a local band and then The Cure playing an extended set — while Siouxsie and the tour crew tried to locate Kenny and John, who had failed to turn up at the theatre. Eventually in their hotel rooms, their pillows were found propped up dummy-like in bed, with their backstage passes attached — and eye-witnesses reported seeing the pair taxi-bound for the railway station.

An irate Siouxsie then went on stage to tell an angry crowd that the two had quit without warning, though she pacified them to some extent by singing 'The Lord's Prayer' with remaining Banshee, bassist Steve Severin — and by insisting that ticket money should be refunded in full.

Tour manager Dave Woods commented: "They left no message and, coming at such a crucial time, one is forced to the conclusion that it was premeditated. There had been divisions apparent beforehand, but nothing more than petty arguments, and I've seen much worse in other bands. We certainly had no hint that anything like this would happen." It's been suggested that the rift came to a head that afternoon, at a signing session in a local record shop, when a heated argument broke out between Siouxsie and the two defectors.

Siouxsie plans to slot in the cancelled dates at the end of the tour, and she told the Aberdeen audience: "We'll be back with some old friends". On Monday, hectic rehearsals were taking place "to sort out two new Banshees", although no-one was prepared to comment on the rumour that Pistols Steve Jones and Paul Cook could step in, albeit temporarily. Said Woods: "We have every intention of being back on stage on Friday".

Popping into the NME office on Monday, Siouxsie said: "I'm not altogether surprised it happened, but I didn't expect it to happen this way. Still, at least we've got rid of two spineless prima donnas. We're aiming to resume the tour on Friday, but it depends on rehearsals — we could delay it for 24 hours, because there's no way we'd go out with a sub-standard act."

Added Steve Severin: "We think we've got a couple of

SIOUXSIE with defectors MORRIS and McKAY and (right) the faithful SEVERIN.

replacements, though we don't want to name names at the moment. But I can promise you it's not Cook and Jones."

Meanwhile, McKay and Morris appear to have gone into hiding.

● The gig at Bradford St George's Hall has already been re-scheduled for Monday, September 24. Existing tickets are still valid.

Sham are back

JIMMY PURSEY has re-formed Sham 69 with their original line-up, following his brief and abortive alliance with Steve Jones and Paul Cook. They're not wasting any time in picking up the threads because, with their album 'Hersham Boys' out on Polydor this weekend, they've been lined up for a series of concert dates — at Glasgow Apollo (October 19), Birmingham Bingley Hall (20), Manchester Apollo (22), Coventry Theatre (23) and Bath Pavilion (24). Ticket prices are £2.75 (Birmingham and Bath), £3 and £2.50 (elsewhere) — available by postal application now, and at the box-offices from September 21. Promoters are Outlaw in association with Cowbell, and further gigs are expected to follow.

Monster mash

DESTROY ALL MONSTERS — the Detroit cult band featuring ex-Stooge Ron Asheton, ex-MC5 member Mike Davis and the amazing Niagra — have been lined up for a three-week UK tour starting later this month. And their new single 'Nobody Knows'/'What Do I Get?' is being rush released by Cherry Red Records to coincide. The band will also be appearing on TV and radio during the tour, which has been set up by the Nimocoh Agency.

With a few more dates still to be announced, those confirmed so far are Norwich Cromwells (September 25), London Camden Dingwalls (26), Hull Wellington Club (27), Retford Porterhouse (28), Cheltenham Whitcombe Lodge (29), Sheffield Penthouse (October 1), Leeds Fan Club (2), York Pop Club (3), London Camden Music Machine (4), Newport The Village (5), Dudley J.B.'s (6), Redcar Coatham Bowl (7), Manchester The Factory (8), Swindon Brunel Rooms (9), Liverpool Eric's (11), Harrow College (12) and London Kensington Nashville (16).

BIG SQUEEZE TOUR : PAGE 4

LENE LOVICH

LENE SAYS WHEN

LENE LOVICH — of 'Lucky Number' and 'Say When' fame — goes on the road next month for a major 21-venue tour. The outing marks the debut of her new live band — comprising Justin Hildreth (drums), Mark Chaplin (bass), Dean Klevatt and Dave Skinner (both keyboards) and Les Chappell (guitar and back-up vocals).

Following a string of ten shows in Europe, Lene plays Sheffield Polytechnic (October 12), Loughborough University (13), Swansea Top Rank (14), Malvern Winter Gardens (15), Exeter Routes (16), Norwich East Anglia University (19), Bristol Locarno (21), Birmingham Odeon (22), Hanley Victoria Hall (23), Liverpool University (24), Glasgow Apollo (26), Aberdeen Capitol (27), Fife St Andrew's University (28), Edinburgh Tiffany's (29), Newcastle Polytechnic (31), Carlisle Market Hall (November 1), Salford University (2), Leeds University (3), Dunstable Queensway Hall (4), Guildford Civic Hall (5) and London Hammersmith Palais (6). There are two performances at Sheffield, Exeter and Edinburgh.

There are two support acts — Virgin group Jane Aire & The Belvederes, whose line-up includes several members of The Edge; and leading Dutch band The Meteors, who are signed to EMI. Hammersmith tickets are all at the one price of £3, and are on sale now; elsewhere prices and box-office opening dates vary, and readers should contact individual venues for further details.

To tie in with the tour, Lene's new single 'Bird Song'/'Trixi' is released by Stiff Records on September 28 — and there's also a 12-inch version with an extra track titled 'Too Tender To Touch' (from the 'Stateless' album). She has already finished recording her new album in Holland, and this will be issued in a few weeks' time.

THE BOOMTOWN RATS have added two more dates tp their upcoming sell-out UK tour — a third night at Birmingham Odeon on October 21, and a sixth London concert at the Rainbow on November 6. Tickets on sale now priced £3.50, £3, £2.50 and £2.

● THE POLICE have been forced to change the support act on their tour opening this week (see Gig Guide) — it's now Birmingham band Fashion.

● THE STRANGLERS have added another date to their British tour next month — at Southampton Gaumont on October 18.

● THE CHORDS have added three more dates to their previously-reported UK tour — at Ipswich Tracey's (September 24), Plymouth Clones (26) and Torquay Civic Centre (27).

SMIRKS: END OF THE ROAD?

THE SMIRKS are playing a series of dates next month, which they say could well be their last tour unless they can obtain some degree of support from a record company — presumably implying that a break-up is on the cards if their financial situation fails to improve. Gigs so far confirmed are at West Glamorgan Institute of Education (October 2), London Regents Park Bedford College (5), London Queen Mary College (6), Nottingham Sandpiper (11), London City Polytechnic (12), Manchester Polytechnic (13) and Stroud Subscription Rooms (20).

Motorhead and new-look Hawkwind in major tours

The new-look HAWKWIND comprising (left to right) LLOYD-LANGTON, BROCK, BAINBRIDGE, BLAKE and KING

HAWKWIND, much re-shaped and having now abandoned their Hawklords image, headline a major late-autumn UK tour — with 21 dates already confirmed, and more likely to be added.

The band's new line-up sees the return of original member Huw Lloyd-Langton on guitar, and the introduction of ex-Gong synthesiser wizard Tim Blake — and these two join the nucleus of Simon King, Dave Brock and Harvey Bainbridge. Bob Calvert has left Hawkwind for the time being, in order to further his solo ambitions and write a book, but it's not unlikely that he'll work with them again in the future.

Tour dates are Manchester Appollo (November 15), Liverpool Empire (16), Edinburgh Odeon (17), Glasgow Apollo (18), Newcastle City Hall (19), Sheffield City Hall (20), Wolverhampton Civic Hall (21), Birmingham Odeon (22), Oxford New Theatre (23), Bristol Colston Hall (25), Southampton Gaumont (26), Paignton Festival Hall (27), Bradford St. George's Hall (29), Bridlington Spa Royal Hall (30), London Hammersmith Odeon (December 2), Leicester De Montfort Hall (3), Ipswich Gaumont (4), Brighton Centre (5), Preston Guildhall (6), Uxbridge Brunel University (7) and St. Albans City Hall (8).

Ticket prices are £3, £2.50 and £2 at all venues except Hammersmith (£3.75, £3.25, £2.75 and £2.25) and Brighton (all at £3), and they are on sale now.

Although they last toured under the guise of The Hawklords, they say they've now dropped that tag as it was purely a one-off venture. Their last album 'PXR5' completed their deal with Charisma, and they'll be signing a new agreement with another major label very shortly.

MOTORHEAD undertake a major concert tour in late autumn, playing two dozen dates at leading venues around the country, including two at London's Hammersmith Odeon. And to coinide with the outing, the band's third album 'Bomber' — produced by Jimmy Miller who also worked on their previous set 'Overkill' — is being released by Bronze on October 12, together with a single as yet untitled.

Dates and venues are Bracknell Sports Centre (November 10), Chester ABC (11), Wolverhampton Civic Hall (12), Bristol Colston Hall (13), Leicester De Montfort Hall (14), Derby Assembly Hall (15), Birmingham Odeon (16), Lancaster University (17), Newcastle City Hall (18), Glasgow Apollo (19), Aberdeen Capitol (20), Edinburgh Odeon (21), Hanley Victoria Hall (22), Bradford St. George's Hall (23), Manchester Apollo (24), Sheffield City Hall (25), London Hammersmith Odeon (26 and 27), Southampton Gaumont (28), Blackburn King George's Hall (30), Leeds University (December 1), a return to Newcastle City Hall (2), Dunstable Queensway Hall (4) and Malvern Winter Gardens (5).

PHIL TAYLOR (left), LEMMY (centre) and EDDIE CLARKE of MOTORHEAD with staff car inspired by 'Bomber' LP.

ORLEANS HERE IN OCTOBER

ORLEANS, currently one of the hottest properties on the U.S. tour circuit, fly into Britain early next month for a brief visit. They're being brought in by John Giddings of MAM, who this week confirmed concerts at Cardiff University (October 5), Sheffield University (6) and London Rainbow (7). They'll also be appearing on BBC-2's 'Old Grey Whistle Test' during their visit, which aids promotion of their current Infinity Records album 'Forever' and single 'Everybody Needs Some Music'. It's possible that at least one more concert may be added.

FIRST ALBUM

BRAKES

For why you kicka my donkey?

›MARQUEE‹ 17th & 24th Sept

FIRST ALBUM

BIG SQUEEZE ON THE WAY

(Heading courtesy of *Financial Times*)

SQUEEZE have lined up an extensive concert-and-college tour for mid-autumn, taking in 28 venues nationwide, and highlighted by a big London show at the Hammmersmith Odeon.

They play Bristol Locarno (October 14), Sheffield Top Rank (15), Manchester Apollo (16), Liverpool University (17), Blackpool Tiffany's (18) Glasgow Strathclyde University (19), Newcastle City Hall (20), Fife St. Andrew's University (21), Edinburgh Tiffany's (22) Dundee University (23), Hull University (25), Lancaster University (26), Bradford University (27), Birmingham Odeon (28), Norwich East Anglia University (29), Reading University (30), Southampton University (31), Canterbury Odeon (November 1), Nottingham University (2), Colchester Essex University (3), Brighton Centre (5), Oxford Polytechnic (6), London Hammersmith Odeon (9), Dunstable Queensway Hall (10), Exeter University (13), Plymouth Top Rank (14), Swansea University (15) and Cardiff University (16). The first six dates are still subject to confirmation, dependent upon the band's recording schedule.

It's stressed that all college dates are open to the general public; most box-offices are already open, though there may be some regional variation. Support acts at all venues are The Photos and Wasmonariz. Squeeze, whose new A&M single 'Slap And Tickle' was issued recently, leave for a European tour immediately after their final UK date.

Subs close Cheltenham

UK SUBS, play the final gig this Saturday (15) at Cheltenham Whitcombe Lodge, which is then closing down as a rock venue. Support acts include the Beat Pilots, Medium Medium, The Dead Airmen, The Vox Phantoms and Black Flag. But the promoters say they're expecting shortly to open an alternative venue in the area. The Subs also headline a special charity show this Sunday (16) at London Music Machine, in aid of the old people of Camden.

New-look Doobies due in

THE DOOBIE BROTHERS, currently being lined up for a series of British concert dates, have lost two members and recruited three newcomers. Jeff 'Skunk' Baxter has left to concentrate on production work, while drummer John Hartman — a founder member — is to study veterinary medicine and surgery.

The replacements are Cornelius Bumpus (tenor, keyboards and flute), ex-Moby Grape and Bobby Freeman's backing band; John McFee (rhythm guitar, violin, pedal steel and harmonica), formerly with Clover; and percussionist Chet McCracken.

'LOW BUDGET is actually worth spending money on, even in these El Skinto times. A miracle, yet.'*

THE KINKS
LOW BUDGET

*Charles Shaar Murray. N.M.E.

Current Chart Positions in America:

BILLBOARD: No. 11 with a bullet (last week 12).
CASHBOX: No. 17 with a bullet (last week 22).
RECORD WORLD: No. 23 with a bullet (last week 30).

LOW BUDGET · THE KINKS · NEW ALBUM
Album: SPART 1099. Cassette: TCART 1099.

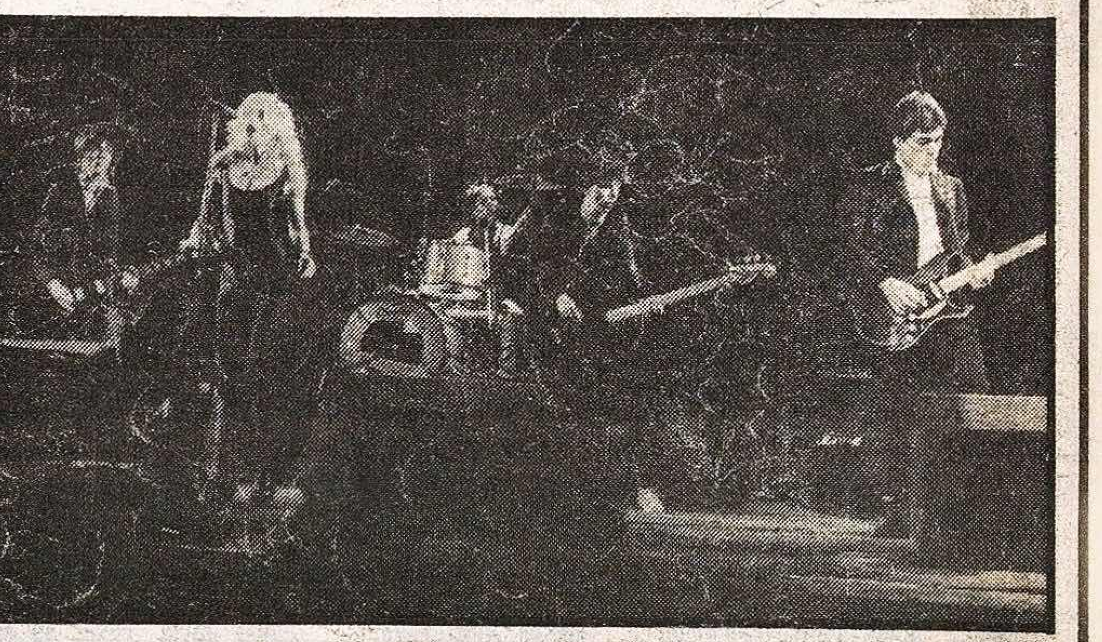
"MOVING PICTURES" THE KINKS NEW SINGLE.
ARIST 300.

ARISTA

RECORD NEWS

PIL in the can — literally

PUBLIC IMAGE LTD have come up with what must be the ultimate in gimmicks — their new album is to be packaged in a tin! Titled 'Metal Box', it consists of three 12-inch singles, with an aggregate playing time equivalent to that of a normal LP. It comes in what's described as "a cross between a film can and a biscuit tin", being manufactured by the Metal Box Company. Only 50,000 copies are being made, after which it will be deleted. Virgin have set October 12 for release, and the recommended price is £7.49. A new single titled 'Memory' is issued the previous week (5).



Blondie elpee, single set

BLONDIE'S long-awaited follow-up album 'Eat The Beat' is now officially set for release by Chrysalis on September 28. The LP marks a departure from their accepted format, featuring several different musical styles. The full track listing is **Dreaming, The Hardest Part, Union City Blues, Shayla, Eat The Beat, Accidents Never Happen, Die Young Stay Pretty, Slow Motion, Atomic, Sound Asleep, Victor** and **Living In The Real World**. A new single comprising two of these titles, 'Dreaming'/'Sound Asleep', is issued on September 21. The band's previous album 'Parallel Lines', the top UK seller of 1979 so far, has now passed the million sales mark in Britain alone.

●Mercury release a **10cc** 'Greatest Hits' Album on September 21, covering the period 1972-78 — it contains 12 tracks from 'Donna' to 'Dreadlock Holiday'. One of the tracks, the 1975 chart-topper 'I'm Not In Love', is issued at the same time as a single in a four-colour bag.

● **The Runaways'** new single, issued by Cherry Red this weekend, is 'Right Now' — it was written by drummer Sandy West, who also sings lead vocals. B-side is 'Black Leather' penned by Steve Jones of the Pistols.

●**Van Morrison's** new single, out tomorrow (Friday) on Mercury, is 'Bright Side Of The Road' from his new album 'Into The Music'. Issued on the same day and label is the **Dusty Springfield** single 'Baby Blue', a new track not taken from an LP. And on September 21, Mercury release the album 'The Jukes' by **Southside Johnny & The Asbury Jukes.**

●Arista have acquired the 'Mods Mayday '79' album from the I-Spy label, and rush release it on September 21. The 15-track set features five of London's leading Mod groups — **Secret Affair, Beggar, Small Hours, The Mods** and **Squire** — and it was recorded on the evening of May 1 at Canning Town Bridge House. It sells at the special price of £4.

●An album of the best previously-unissued tracks by **The Pretty Things** is released by Vineyard Productions this month on their Butt label, titled 'The Seventies'. For legal reasons, the Pretties' name can't be used, so they are labelled as **Electric Banana.** Available through independent sources shortly, or by post immediately from Old Jock Mail Order, 56 Standard Road, London NW10 — price is £4 (including p&p), cheques and POs to "Old Jock".

●Six cassette tapes under the heading 'Weird Experiments In Noise' are now available. They are 'Scars On Sunday' by **Alternative TV/Good Missionaries** (£1.30), "All I Can Hear Is People Talking' by **The Hearing Aids** (£1.30). '39 Golden Grates', by **Danny & The Dressmakers** (£1.50), 'Distortion Dub' by **Funhouse/Living Dead No. 5** (£1.50), 'The Great Union Canal Mystery' by **Anthrax For The People** (£1.30) and a compilation sampler tape (90p). Available at the above prices (including p&p) from Keith Dobson, 47 Stoneleigh Street, London W.11.

Mac album

THE NEW **Fleetwood Mac** album is now set by Warner Brothers for worldwide release on October 15. Titled 'Tusk', it's a double set containing 20 original tracks — nine penned by Lindsey Buckingham, six by Christine McVie and five by Stevie Nicks — and it retails at £8. The title track, a Lindsey Buckingham composition, is being rush released as a single on September 21.

Plastic Parkas

THE SECOND single from **The Merton Parkas** is issued by Beggars Banquet on September 21, titled 'Plastic Smile'. And their debut album 'Face In The Crowd' has been re-scheduled for October release. To promote both the single and the LP, they'll be starting a major British tour on October 1, details to be announced next week.

● The 17-track **'Beatles** Rarities' album, previously available only as part of the 'Beatles Collection' boxed set issued at the end of last year, is being released separately on Parlophone next month.

● The new **Steve Harley** album 'The Candidate' is scheduled for release by EMI in October, and he is expected to tour here to promote it. Out of the same month on Harvest is **The Shirts'** LP 'Streetlight Shine', and there's a chance that they'll be playing some dates in Britain at the same time.

Virgin cut price of new albums

SEVERAL OF Virgin's autumn album releases are being made available in limited quantities at the specially reduced price of £3.99. They are the first 100,000 of 'Coming Up For Air' by **Penetration** and the first 50,000 of 'The Very Dab' by **Fingerprintz** (both issued September 21), the first 100,000 of 'Crack' by **The Ruts** (out September 28), the first 50,000 of 'The Original Sin' by **Cowboys International** (out October 5), and 'Days Of Europa' by **The Skids** (October 12) until one week after its release date. The albums will then revert to the normal price of £4.99.

Red-hot North London band Madness have signed a long-term deal with Stiff Records. Their current chart contender 'The Prince' is on the 2-Tone label, distributed by Chrysalis, but they've been having discussions with a number of companies in order to clinch a longer deal. Stiff say that a new single and album are immiment.

Pirates back with a bang

THE PIRATES are back in tour action later this month, for the first time in more than a year — in fact, they'll be playing their first dates here since last year's Reading Festival. They've now signed a new recording deal with the Cube label, and a single titled 'Golden Oldies' — penned by the band's Mick Green — is issued on September 21, followed by their album 'Happy Birthday Rock N Roll' on October 5. During the 24-date tour 25,000 free

MICK GREEN: Elvis reincarnated?

programmes will be handed out, each containing a flimsy disc featuring excerpts from the new LP and a personal message from Green.

The itinerary is **Luton** Technical College (September 27), **London** North Polytechnic (28), **Blackpool** Norbreck Castle (29), **Edinburgh** Tiffany's (October 1), **Glasgow** Strathclyde University (2), **Bradford** University (3), **Chesterfield** Fusion (4), **Manchester** UMIST (5), **Kingston** Polytechnic (6), **Worcester** Hideaway (8), **Newport** Stowaway (9), **London Camden** Dingwalls (10), **Port Talbot** Troubadour (11), **Uxbridge** Brunel University (12), **St Austell** New Cornish Riviera (13), **Stafford** North Staffs Polytechnic (19), **Leicester** Polytechnic (20), **Scunthorpe** Tiffany's (23), **London Camden** Music Machine (25), **Newport** Village Club (26), **Bath** University (27), **Cardiff** University (30), **Birmingham** Aston University (November 2) and **Sheffield** University (3).

CLIMAX BLUES BAND

CLIMAX BLUES BAND begin a college and university tour later this month, playing **Nottingham** Polytechnic (September 27), **Cardiff** University (28), **Bath** University (October 1), **Oxford** Poly (2), **Norwich** East Anglia University (3), **Stafford** Stitchfield Hall (4), **Guildford** Surrey University (5), **Manchester** University (6), **Reading** University (9), **Southampton** University (10), **York** University (11), **Newcastle** Poly (12) and **Sheffield** University (13). Special guests are Metro whose second single 'The Mystery' is issued by EMI this weekend. Climax also play **London Victoria** The Venue on September 29, without support.

MATCHBOX

MATCHBOX go on the road again to promote their second Magnet single 'Rockabilly Rebel' (out October 5) and their debut album with their name as its title (October 19). Newly confirmed gigs are **Leeds** Fforde Green Hotel (September 24), **Carshalton** St Helier (October 3), **Derby** Talk Of The Midlands (4), **Southampton** Bannister Ballroom (5), **London Camden** Dingwalls (6), **Croydon** Greyhound (7), **Isle of Sheppey** Island Hotel (11), **Letchworth** Football Club (12), **Worcester** Grandstand (19), **Bridlington** Royal Hall (20), **Glasgow Paisley** Union Club (21), **Sunderland** Boilermakers Club (22), **Gateshead** Progressive Club (23), **Chelmsford** Chancellor Hall (26) and **Watford** Ovaltine Hall (27).

TOURS ROUND-UP

Xmas concerts by Lindisfarne

LINDISFARNE, who open their extensive two-leg autumn tour later this month, announce this week that they'll again be playing a string of pre-Christmas hometown concerts at Newcastle City Hall. And this year they've extended their season to six successive nights — December 18 to 23 inclusive — the longest run any act has played at that venue.

Newcastle ticket prices are £4, £3.50, £3 and £2.50, and for the December 18 and 19 shows they go on sale at the City Hall box-office this Saturday (15). Tickets for December 20, 21, 22 and 23 are available by post only from Lindisfarne Concerts, P.O. Box 1LT, Newcastle-upon-Tyne NE99 1LT — crossed cheques or postal orders made payable to "LMP Ltd", and enclose SAE.

As previously reported, the band play 21 round-UK concerts from September 24 to October 19, and a further 14 nationwide gigs from November 30 to December 16 — so their Newcastle shows extend their tour to 41 dates. Their new album 'The News' is being issued by Phonogram to tie in with the tour.

CHAS & DAVE

CHAS & DAVE are going out on their first major tour, following the chart success of their single 'Gertcha' and favourable reaction to the follow-up 'The Sideboard Song'. They'll be featuring material from their new EMI album 'Don't Give A Monkeys' in their stage act and, with more gigs still being finalised, their first confirmed dates are:

Southend Quills (September 20), **Hatfield** Forum (22), **Oxford** Polytechnic (28), **Leicester** Polytechnic (29), **Cumbria** Whitehouse Disco (October 1), **Edinburgh** University (2), **Glasgow** Technical College (3), **Aberdeen** Ruffles (4), **Dundee** Technical College (5), **Stirling** University (6), **Fife** St Andrew's University (7), **Hull** University (13), **Bradford** University (20), **Sheffield** Limit Club (25), **Manchester** University (27), **London** Middlesex Hospital Medical School (November 2), **Kingston** Polytechnic (3), **Norwich** Cromwells (6), **Loughborough** University (7), **Birmingham** University (9), **Bristol** Polytechnic (10) and **Uxbridge** Brunel University (16).

GLADYS KNIGHT

GLADYS KNIGHT & The Pips undertake their longest-ever British tour this autumn, including a string of three nights in London's West End and another at Wembley. To coincide, CBS release her new single 'Just Want To Be With You' on September 21 — it's taken from the album 'Gladys Knight', which came out in April.

There are two performances every night at all venues — which are **Newcastle** City Hall (October 12), **Glasgow** Apollo (13), **Southport** Theatre (16), **Birmingham** Odeon (17), **Coventry** Theatre (18), **Manchester** Apollo (19), **Blackpool** Opera House (20), **Bournemouth** Winter Gardens (21), **Bristol** Colston Hall (22), **London Lewisham** Odeon (24), **London** Dominion Theatre (25, 26 and 27) **London Wembley** Conference Centre (28) and **Brighton** Centre (29). Tickets should be on sale by this weekend — London shows are priced £7.50, 6.50, £5.50 and £4.50, but they vary elsewhere.

Hillage Band hit the road

STEVE HILLAGE, whose new self-produced album 'Open' is released by Virgin on October 12, begins a major British tour later that month. His backing band (also heard on the new LP) still features Miquett Giraudy, Andy Anderson and Dave Stewart, but Paul Francis has now replaced John McKenzie on bass. After the UK outing, they begin an extensive European concert series.

The tour takes in **Hanley** Victoria Hall (October 29), **Leicester** De Montfort Hall (30), **Sheffield** City Hall (31), **Edinburgh** Odeon (November 1), **Glasgow** Apollo (2), **Aberdeen** Capitol (3), **Bristol** Colston Hall (5), **Manchester** Free Trade Hall (6), **Derby** Assembly Hall (7), **Coventry** Theatre (8), **Newcastle** City Hall (11), **Liverpool** Empire (12), **Wolverhampton** Civic Hall (13), **Birmingham** Odeon (14), **Brighton** Dome (15), **Southampton** Gaumont (16) and **London Hammersmith** Odeon (17). More may be added.

DEAN FRIEDMAN

DEAN FRIEDMAN opens a short tour at **Preston** Charter Theatre on September 25, followed by **Newcastle** Polytechnic (27), **Nottingham** Theatre Royal (October 1), **London Victoria** The Venue (2 and 15), **Edinburgh** Usher Hall (4), **Glasgow** Strathclyde University (6), **Manchester** Royal Exchange (7), **Exeter** University (9), **Leucester** University (10), **Bath** University (12), **Croydon** Fairfield Hall (14), **Cambridge** Lady Mitchell Hall (17) and **Dublin** Stadium (20).

CIRCUIT BRIEFS

●**AC/DC** have added two more shows at London Hammersmith Odeon to their upcoming UK tour — they're on November 3 and 4, and tickets are on sale now at the box-office. Another extra date for the band is at Leicester De Montfort Hall on November 9.

●**THE MOODY BLUES** are to play a second night at London Wembley Arena on Sunday, November 4, as the first show there the previous night has already sold out. Tickets are on sale now priced £6.50, £5.50 and £4.50.

●**CHRIS FARLOWE** is returning to the business full-tine and is currently rehearing a new band, They debut at London Marquee tomorrow (Friday), and a short British tour starts on September 29, when a couple of the dates will be recorded live.

●**EDDIE & THE HOT RODS** have now decided not to wait until the New Year before playing UK dates, and will be headlining a ten-day college and concert series in early December. But their major tour is still scheduled to open in late January, to tie in with the release of their first EMI album and single.

●**NILS LOFGREN** has, at short notice, added a second concert at London Rainbow. It's this Saturday (15), and it's been slotted in because his first show tomorrow (Friday) is heavily over-subscribed.

●**JOHN MARTYN** headlines a one-off concert at London Royal Festival Hall on Saturday, September 22. Tickets are on sale now priced £4, £3.50, £3, £2.50 and £1.50.

●**ROBIN TROWER** is being lined up for a British concert tour in mid-autumn, as is John Miles. In both cases, details are expected to be announced shortly.

●**PORTSMOUTH SINFONIA**, described as "the world's worst orchestra", appear in concert at London Rainbow on October 6 in support of their new Phonogram album 'The Classic Rock Classics'. Surprise guests are promised, plus the debut of the East Sheen Formation Disco Dancers!

LITTLE BOB STORY

LITTLE BOB STORY spend most of next month touring around Britain under the banner of 'Speeding On', and supported by John Potter's Clay who'll be promoting their current Nighthawk Records EP which has the same title as the tour. So far confirmed are **Doncaster** Romeo & Juliet (October 1), **Uxbridge** Brunel University (3), **Stafford** North Staff Polytechnic (5), **Sheffield** Limit Club (6), **Leeds** Fan Club (7), **Birmingham** Top Rank (17), **London** Marquee (19), **London Chelsea** College (20) and **London Islington** Hope & Anchor (25), but many more gigs are being slotted into the interim dates.

JUDIE TZUKE

JUDIE TZUKE, announced last week as special guest on the Gallagher & Lyle tour opening October 27, precedes that outing by playing a string of headlining concerts in her own right. She'll be backed by her own five-piece band comprising Mike Paxman (guitar), Geoff Rich (drums), Paul Muggleton (percussion and back-up vocals), Bob Noble (keyboards) and John Edwards (bass).

Dates are **Hatfield** Polytechnic (September 28), **Leeds** Grand Theatre (30), **Plymouth** Poly (October 4), **Oxford** Poly (5), **Reading** Bulmershe College (6), **Leicester** Poly (7), **Sheffield** Poly (10), **Coventry** Warwick University (11), **Birmingham** University (12), **Newcastle** University (13), **Manchester** University (17), **Bristol** University (19), **Wolverhampton** Poly (20), **Redcar** Coatham Bowl (21) and **Bradford** University (24) plus several more as yet unconfirmed.

Judie, currently charting with her debut album 'Welcome To The Cruise', is to have her first single reissued by Rocket to coincide with the tour — titled 'For You', it was originally released last year.

THOMPSONS

RICHARD & LINDA THOMPSON headline a month-long concert series from mid-October, including a major London show at the Rainbow, in support of their second Chrysalis album 'Sunny Vista' which comes out on September 21. The LP, containing ten new songs by Richard, features guest singers and musicians Kate and Anna McGarrigle, Gerry Rafferty, John Kirkpatrick, Simon Nicol, Pete Wingfield and Rabbit.

Dates confirmed so far are **Slough** Fulcrum (October 19), **Aberystwyth** University (23), **Lancaster** University (24), **Middlesbrough** Town Hall (25), **Newark** Palace Theatre (27), **Margate** Winter Gardens (November 2), **London** Rainbow (3), **Horsham** Capitol (4), **Croydon** Fairfield Hall (5), **Colchester** Essex University (10), **Sheffield** Polytechnic (14), **Hull** University (15), **Cromer** West Runton Pavilion (16) and **Leicester** University (17), with more still being finalised.

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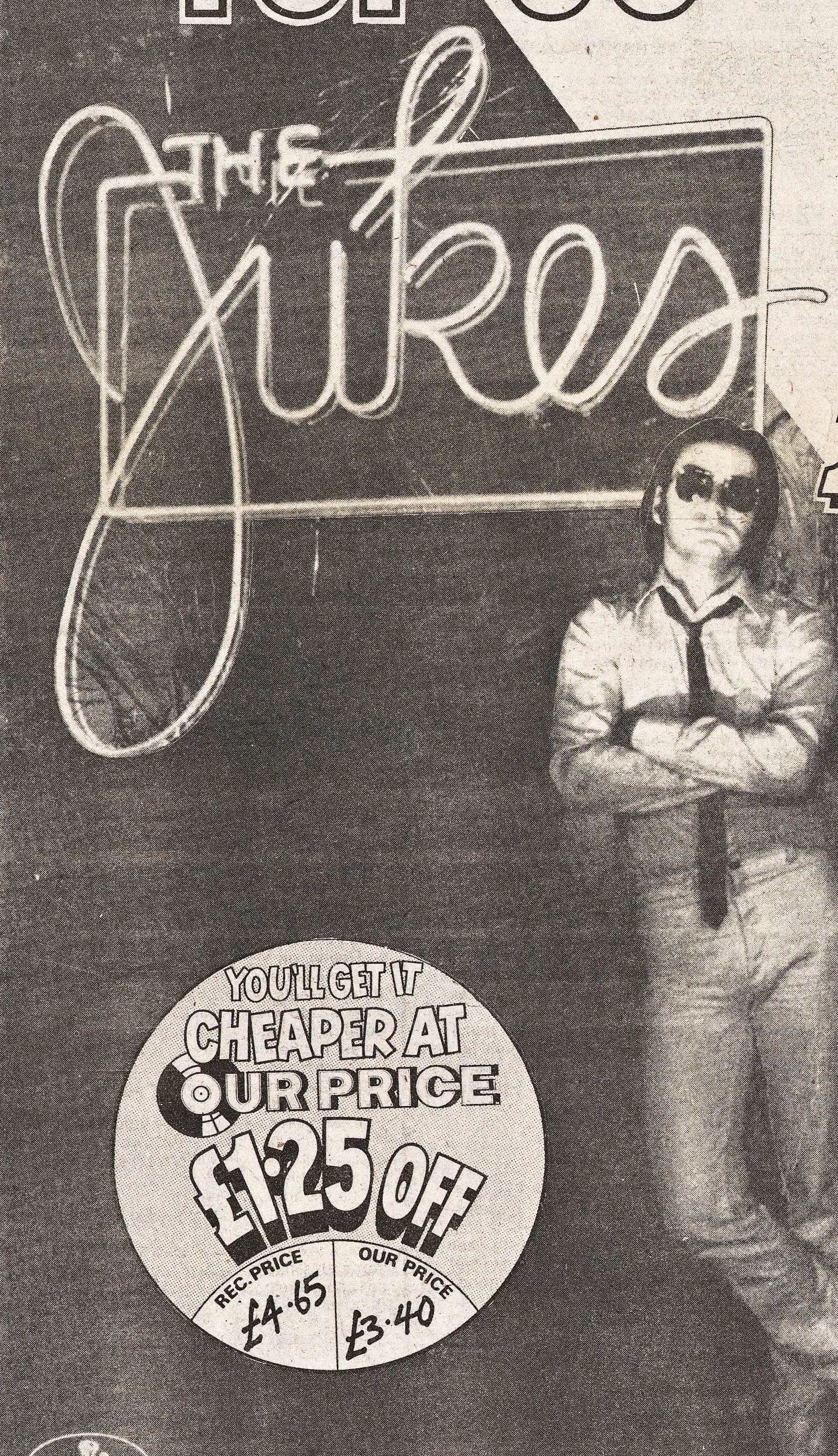

LONDON'S ORIGINAL ALBUM CHART

THIS WEEK	LAST WEEK	TITLE	R.R.P.	OUR PRICE
1	2	BOB DYLAN — SLOW TRAIN COMING	5.29	4.04
2	1	LED ZEPPELIN — IN THROUGH THE OUT DOOR	5.00	3.75
3	3	SUPERTRAMP — BREAKFAST IN AMERICA	4.78	3.53
4	5	EARTH, WIND AND FIRE — I AM	5.29	4.04
5	9	CRUSADERS — STREET LIFE	4.69	3.44
6	11	VAN MORRISON — INTO THE MUSIC	4.65	3.40
7	4	SPYRO-GYRA — MORNING DANCE	4.69	3.44
8	10	POLICE — OUTLANDOS D'AMOUR	4.78	3.53
9	8	E.L.O. — DISCOVERY	5.49	4.24
10	30	TALKING HEADS — FEAR OF MUSIC	5.00	3.75
11	6	JUDY TZUKE — WELCOME TO THE CRUISE	4.65	3.40
12	7	J.J. CALE — 5	5.00	3.75
13	NEW ENTRY	SLITS — CUT	5.00	3.75
14	20	JOE JACKSON — LOOK SHARP!	4.78	3.53
15	NEW ENTRY	GARY NUMAN — THE PLEASURE PRINCIPLE	5.00	3.75
16	16	RAINBOW — DOWN TO EARTH	5.06	3.81
17	28	RY COODER — BOP TILL YOU DROP	5.00	3.75
18	18	BLONDIE — PARALLELL LINES	4.99	3.74
19	NEW ENTRY	SIOUXSIE & THE BANSHEES — JOIN HANDS	5.06	3.81
20	13	TUBEWAY ARMY — REPLICAS	5.00	3.75
21	NEW ENTRY	CLIFF RICHARD — ROCK 'N' ROLL JUVENILLE	5.29	4.04
22	46	JOAN ARMATRADING — STEPPIN' OUT	4.78	3.53
23	15	DONNA SUMMER — BAD GIRLS	6.50	4.75
24	12	THE BEST DISCO ALBUM IN THE WORLD	5.00	4.20
25	14	COMMODORES — MIDNIGHT MAGIC	5.69	4.44
26	NEW ENTRY	RANDY NEWMAN — BORN AGAIN	5.00	3.75
27	24	ABBA — VOULEZ-VOUS	5.29	4.04
28	NEW ENTRY	SOUTHSIDE JOHNNY — THE JUKES	4.65	3.40
29	17	AC/DC — HIGHWAY TO HELL	5.00	3.75
30	NEW ENTRY	RORY GALLAGHER — TOP PRIORITY	4.79	3.54
31	19	NEIL YOUNG — RUST NEVER SLEEPS	5.00	3.75
32	23	DIRE STRAITS — COMMUNIQUE	5.30	4.05
33	26	ALAN PARSONS PROJECT — EVE	5.00	3.75
34	29	B.52's	5.00	3.75
35	32	TUBEWAY ARMY — THE FIRST ALBUM	5.00	3.75
36	21	RICKI LEE JONES	5.00	3.75
37	22	CHIC — RISQUE	5.00	3.75
38	25	BOB DYLAN – AT BUDOKAN	7.99	5.99
39	27	WHO — THE KIDS ARE ALRIGHT	9.04	6.54
40	NEW ENTRY	SAD CAFE — FACADES	4.99	3.74
41	31	B.B. KING — TAKE IT HOME	4.69	3.44
42	35	NILS LOFGREN — NILS	4.78	3.53
43	33	DAVE EDMUNDS — REPEAT WHEN NECESSARY	5.00	3.75
44	34	ROSE ROYCE — RAINBOW CONNECTION	5.00	3.75
45	38	ROXY MUSIC — MANIFESTO	5.31	4.06
46	55	SQUEEZE — COOL FOR CATS	4.78	3.53
47	40	KINKS — LOW BUDGET	5.00	3.75
48	39	CHARLIE — FIGHT DIRTY	5.06	3.81
49	41	HERMAN BROOD	4.80	3.55
50	37	SKY	5.25	4.00
51	42	ROBERT PALMER — SECRETS	5.00	3.75
52	43	DIANA ROSS — THE BOSS	5.29	4.04
53	36	BLUE OYSTER CULT — MIRRORS	5.29	4.04
54	49	QUEEN — LIVE KILLERS	8.45	6.45
55	48	ROCKY SHARPE — RAMA LAMA	5.29	4.04
56	50	NICK LOWE — LABOUR OF LUST	5.00	3.75
57	51	PAT TRAVERS BAND — LIVE!	4.63	3.38
58	52	THE KNACK — GET THE KNACK	5.29	4.04
59	53	THIRD WORLD — THE STORYS BEEN TOLD	5.00	3.75
60	57	CHAS AND DAVE — DON'T GIVE A MONKEYS	5.29	4.04

Forthcoming Attractions

I Jahman, Bob Marley, Wire, Boney M, Yes, Eagles, Merton Parkas, Foreigner, Barry Manilow, Blondie, Leo Sayer, Jethro Tull, Robin Trower, 10cc, Brand X, Status Quo, Sham 69, UK, Who (Quadrophenia), Judas Priest, After The Fire, Cheaptrick, Frank Zappa, Live Wire, Elkie Brooks, Buzzcocks, Stranglers.

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Nils Lofgren: Rock'n'Roll's Great Lost Hero

Nils Lofgren on the road to self-expression.

ONE: FINGERNAILS

NILS LOFGREN is a small man with a lovely face. One chocolate brown eye is smaller, almost lazier, than the other; this gives his steady expression a seductive, quizzical edge. He walks like Charlie Chaplin and bites his fingernails.

"I bite my fingernails instead of smoking, and I figure it's just as well. When I pick my guitar I use my finger and not my nails, or else I'd have problems. I guess it's just a nervous habit. I just like to do things with my hands, whether it's fiddling about with a toothpick in my mouth, or biting my fingernails. Even when I'm not nervous I'll bite my nails, just for something to do, just for something to play with. For a lot of people that's all a cigarette is, but unfortunately when you inhale the smoke it gives you cancer."

TWO: VOICE

"I JUST listen to Stevie Wonder sing, and I think, God, I would kill to sing like that. Or Paul Rodgers. But you can't get too depressed about that."

Nils Lofgren's new single 'Shine On Silently' splashes through the crackle of the radio with dying batteries. The radio has been playing this song many times lately. The listener stares through misty eyes at the skyscrapers that rise up on the other side of the street. The sun coming through window and lace curtain draws rainbow patterns on the water in his eyes. The song whispers, sighs, and urges.

Nils Lofgren is a great rock balladeer. His ballads are an escape of something special. His thick and vulnerable voice holds this into place.

"Well, I don't think that I'm too good as a singer. I just think that as I get older and play more gigs, the more practice I'll get as a singer. So I think that in a few years I'm going to be singing a lot better than I am now, and I'm singing a lot better now than I was ten years ago."

Interview: PAUL MORLEY
Pictures: PENNIE SMITH

THREE: TOUR

NILS LOFGREN, guitarist, singer and songwriter, is touring Britain: his first tour here since 1977. He dismisses the rumours that spread from that year about disillusionment and impending retirement. He doesn't say bullshit or anything like that because Nils Lofgren doesn't swear.

"As long as I can tour when I want to and make albums when I want to, well, that was the whole thing when I was a kid. Saying this is what I always wanted to do. It is what I've always wanted to do. I've been able to do it for ten years now, so I'm very happy."

He says that in the last two years he's just been sitting back and trying to put even more care than usual into his new album, 'Nils'. Lofgren is a classically trained musician with a show business perspective, a soft heart and a deep and noble love for the holy rock'n'roll myth, and he plays tender, technically superior guitar.

It's undoubtedly Lofgren's mastery of the electric guitar that enables him to undertake a three-week tour of this country's major halls and attract respectable audiences. Lofgren is a guitar cult hero, and is more likely to attract fans who go for the Rushes or the ELOs of the world than the Reeds or the Youngs, or even the Clashes.

This is a shame because people are missing out on something they'd probably get something positive out of. Nils Lofgren is a true all round rock'n'roll entertainer and stimulator.

He's genial, humble and coolly determined. He wants to be the best, but he ain't gonna push it — down his throat or anyone else's. A tour for Nils Lofgren is doing something that he loves to do, and it's also giving him practice so that he can get 'better'.

"I think that I'm a good guitarist and as a songwriter and singer I have a lot of room to improve. And I hope that I will. But there are so many good singers and songwriters and guitarists. I just have confidence in myself.

"By no means do I think that I am fulfilling my potential — but all I can do is keep working. I can't force it."

FOUR: SIMPLE

WHEN NILS LOFGREN was 14 going on 15, he was musically and personally very straight. Playing the classical accordian and gymnastics were the only two things that he loved. He cared for nothing else. At both disciplines he became very good indeed, entering competitions and contests. His mates were beginning to go out with girls and drink and all that stuff, but Lofgren stuck with his pursuits.

People tried to turn him on to rock'n'roll, but he was so straight that he couldn't relate to the emotion, and because of his musical training condescendingly called out the chords and disliked the simplicity. Then The Beatles came along, and lofty young Lofgren was slightly impressed by the greater sophistication in their approach. He started to open up emotionally, and his brother Tommy started to play the guitar. Curious Nils asked Tommy to teach him some chords.

Two months later Lofgren had decided that's what he wanted to do: play guitar. "Whether I was just going to play little clubs or go on major tours I was going to play guitar for the rest of my life."

Seeing The Beatles on *The Ed Sullivan Show* turned his head around to the music, and then his appreciation of the emotion followed, and he discovered the things he'd been missing out on. The real killer, the real turning point, was seeing Jimi Hendrix.

"He's the only real idol that I've ever had. I love a lot of guitar players but to me he's far and away the best and most creative force that was ever on the planet and that's where I get most of my inspiration from."

FIVE: JIMI HENDRIX

"TO ME THE best thing he ever did, because I knew that he was really hung about his voice, was the 'Cry Of Love' album. His singing was unbelievable. I love to listen to him sing, I can relate to him from the point of view that I feel the same way: as a singer I'm not very good. 'Cry Of Love' to me was just about his best record. Despite all the emotion that was going on around him, he still managed to make that album, which is beautiful and indicates that musically if nothing else he was still getting better, and that's all he really cared about. I think it's because no one was watching all the other stuff for him, that's why things got out of hand.

"I met him but not in the way you call meeting someone. I turned him around in a club when I ran away from home. He was at The Scene, which is a club in New York City where everybody used to jam, and I walked in and realised that he was there, and there was a kind of magic about him. Jeff Beck was with him, and some other famous guitar player, and they were all like following him around, just loving being with him, so I just y'know, 'cos I didn't want to hassle him, I just ran up real quick. I turned him around, shook his hand, and told him that he was fantastic, thanks to everything, and then I walked away."

SIX: TWO HOURS

"ATHLETICS AND music are the two greatest things in the world. For me playing two hours of hard basketball is as much an emotional release — I get as much out of it as I do playing two hours in front of a live audience. Realistically, I gotta admit that."

SEVEN: SELL

A YEAR OR so after Lofgren discovered the delights of rock'n'roll he plucked up the courage to drop out of school, ran away from home and got to meet, play with and befriend other musicians. He began to understand the ways and means of rock'n'roll.

By his late teens he had made a well-noticed appearance on Neil Young's 'After The Goldrush' and formed his own greatly respected tough'n'tender trio Grin. Grin made four albums moving into the early '70s, fading away loved my many but ignored by a whole lot more.

Nils Lofgren leaves the '70s as rock'n'roll's Great Lost Hero, as a solo artist who's created some of the most beautiful and permanent songs of the age, as an unacknowledged genius. He's made a series of LPs none of which have sold but each of which have cast majestic and specific statements, from the disappointment that stained the mood of his first solo album through to the fiction romance of his latest. All the way along he has cared more about change and improvement than sales.

Yet it has been consistently within his capabilities to compromise and produce music that could have turned him into a star as massive but ultimately redundant as Frampton or Fleetwood Mac.

He measures his achievement in terms of how good he feels about what he's doing in music. He wants to wrap himself in a middle class comfort but has never lost the sting of creativity; hence there's an unusual balance between his feelings of achievement and his dissatisfaction with his music and desire to move forward.

"I've always wanted a nice little home and I wanted to make records and I wanted to play in a good band whenever I wanted to, and I'm doing all this."

There's nothing missing?

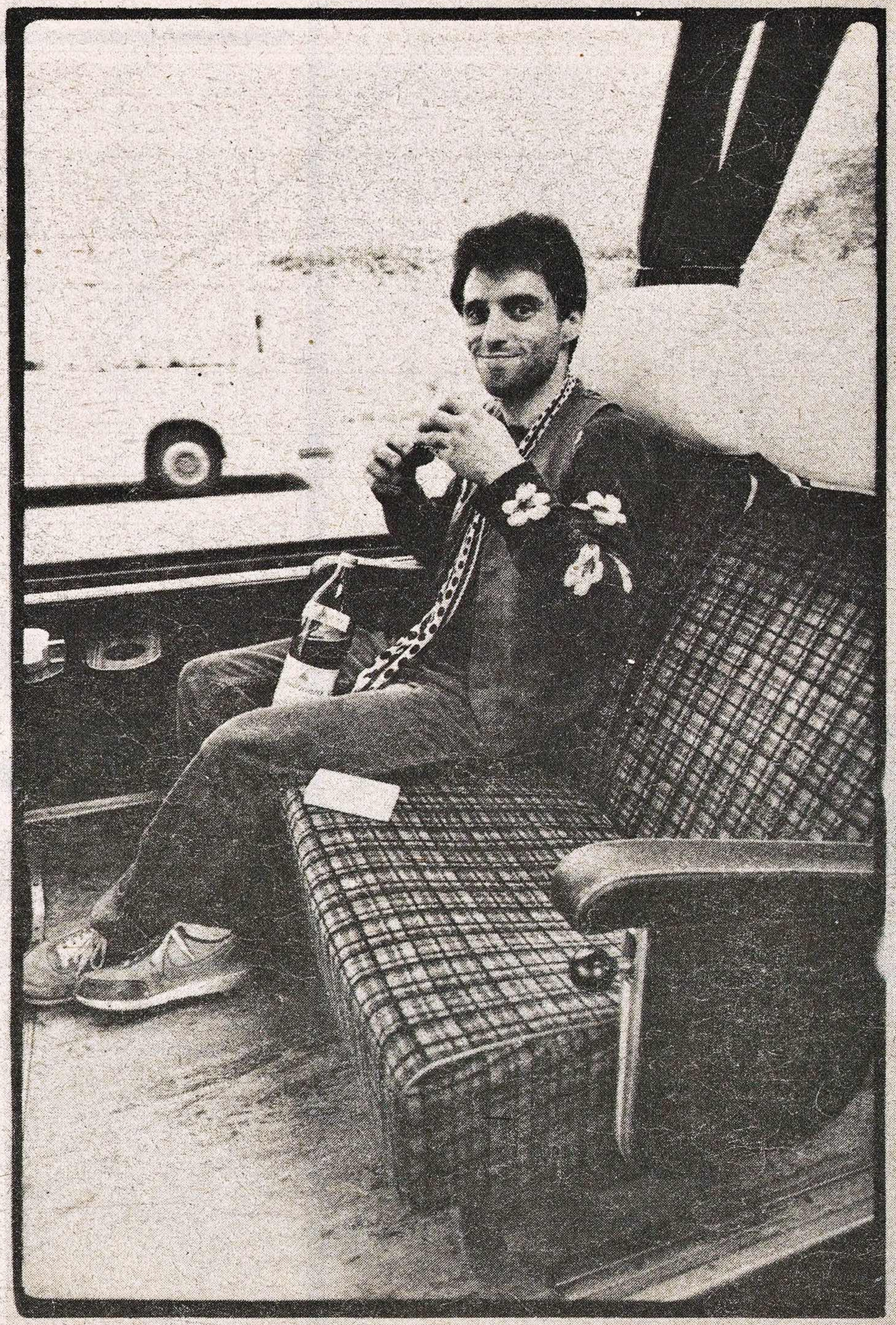
"There's not anything that I can speak of. The things that are missing are real trivial. It would be nice to sell more records and be able to buy some toys, like good tape recorders, or a studio, so I can make better music and record at home. But these are trivial things. There's nothing missing for me to get off emotionally."

He considers not selling records a trivial thing.

"It used to frustrate me but it doesn't any more, because I just think you can't let that worry you. It's out of my hands. The only things that worry me are the things that are in my control. Like if I'm at home and I spend three months doing nothing then that worries me, but if I spend three months writing and practising guitar, well that's all I can do. If the radio guy says here's a new record from Nils and it's real good but I'm not going to play it, well I can't worry about that. It's not my problem. There's

■ Continues over

Nils Lofgren on the coach to Leicester



Nils

■ *From previous page*

some better musicians than me that no one'll ever hear about because the radio doesn't know about them, or does and won't play them. So you can't think about that. It does no good.

"I hope by getting better that one day eventually I'll get so good that maybe I'll reach a lot more people whether radio plays me or not."

Nils Lofgren has an odd, world-weary, touching faith.

EIGHT: DANCE

"I'M JUST trying to share a good time with people through rhythm, and that's basically it. I don't think the words are that important, at least to me. I mean, I'm singing them, and I mean them, and I'm behind them, but to me the most important thing and the thing I've loved the most has always been the music. I love Bob Dylan and some of his songs but I'd rather listen to The Rolling Stones any day, only because of their music.

"I just love great music. I saw Bad Company before I came over and they just knocked me out. I just love to hear music that makes you want to dance. And that's all I'm trying to do. Make music that makes people want to clap their hands and have a good time."

The confused perspective of an English rock'n'roll fan who's grown up with Marc Bolan and Johnny Lydon and thinks that The Undertones are the greatest rock'n'roll band in the world argues with the confused perspective of an American rock'n'roll fan who's grown up with Jimi Hendrix and Mick Jagger and thinks The Rolling Stones are the greatest rock'n'roll band in the world culminating in . . .

"Do you feel . . . it's interesting. To me Bad Company is just a band that I like. I've always followed Paul Rodgers, I thought Free were incredible, one of my favourite bands of all time, and I just followed Paul Rodgers into Bad Company. There are songs of theirs that I can play over and over again. Do you feel that they are intentionally not trying to reach people?"

It's just the way it happened. Groups like that become so sophisticated, the rewards become greater and greater, it becomes easier and easier for them to do what they do, they lose the incentive to look further. They stagnate, smooth over, and it becomes easy listening and whatever else, not rock'n'roll.

"Mmmm, right . . . maybe at this point it needs new pressure, new input. It's funny, I always used to think that I would like to join Bad Company, I thought it would be great — but then when I saw them I realised they don't need anyone else because they're so good and they're so powerful. But y'know, Paul Rodgers has so much soul and he sings so great — no matter how effortless it is it knocked me out."

Throughout conversation Lofgren reveals implicit faith in the rock'n'roll monsters most of us would consider complacent. Two different perspectives talk past each other for a while, missing each other's point entirely, and then give up.

NINE: MOVIE

"I'D LIKE to move into movie scores, 'cos there's so much classical background in me. There's so many melodies that I have in my head that I could never put on my records because it would bore the rock'n'roll people — old beautiful classic melodies. Maybe in ten years I'll be doing movie scores, but I'll always want to tour. It's just a question of staying healthy and having the desire. I can't see that changing. Keith Richard, at 65 he'll be playing his guitar in a big hall or a cafe. I'd be like that."

TEN: KEITH RICHARD

"I'D LIKE to be in Bad Company 'cos I could just sit back and groove, and not have to sing every line and be the performer, just sit back and get off. Like Keith Richard has got the greatest job in the world. Once in a while he can step forward and sing a word and then he can walk back and stand by the drummer and get off on the drumming."

Keith Richard has got the greatest job in the world! Lofgren is in love with this vision of Richard, the way he looks, what his shell does. Surely the man is under unimaginable pressure, in utter confusion.

"I don't know if he's confused. He's a sensitive human being . . ."

He's only allowed to be a shell of a human being.

"Yeah, well, he's like a myth . . . but y'know, not to me, to me I can't think that he's that confused. I think he cares . . . I think he cares when someone writes something nasty about him. Not to the point where he's going to lose sleep. He obviously loves what he's doing so much. I don't think that he's very confused about himself or his image, I think he's just himself. Maybe what he does is confuse people so much that they just can't believe it. It's just like too much of a myth to accept. I'm sure he has to deal with a lot of shit and he's dealing with it as a human being and he seems to be an exceptionally strong one."

ELEVEN: TED NUGENT

APART FROM what Nils Lofgren himself has developed as an artist he has also contributed to two of the '70s' most moving records, Neil Young's 'Tonight's The Night' and Lou Reed's 'The Bells'. The way Lofgren's acutely diplomatic talk had swung it suggested he viewed these uncommercial works as nothing more than crazy music that has its place.

"Y'know, people call it art, but to me 'The Bells' was just a good album that Lou Reed made and 'Tonight's The Night' was just a really interesting, neat statement that Neil decided to make, and I thought that it was great that he made it and that he was famous enough to be able to make the statement, to afford it. You can't really come out and make your first album 'Tonight's The Night'. People would just not get it.

"It takes a certain type of person to appreciate that vibe. There are a lot of kids who aren't treating it or looking at it as seriously as you are or I might — they're not as close to it, to rock'n'roll, as you are. They want to go to see Bad Company at the weekend with a bottle of wine and a girlfriend and have a good time. Different audiences, different opinions.

"Everyone who is making music, call them artist or musician, they're just trying to do their own thing, and some of them are better at it than others to you personally, and to me personally. I'm biased and I think that Neil Young is one of the best musicians making music today — but for somebody else.

"I see letters in *Rolling Stone* saying Ted Nugent makes Jimi Hendrix look like he can't play guitar, that Ted Nugent is the only guitarist in the world.

"To me it's the exact opposite. I know Ted Nugent couldn't even hold Jimi Hendrix's guitar, and that's not a putdown of Ted Nugent, that goes for any other guitar player almost. But you see, what's art . . . you can find a couple of million kids who would swear on the Bible that Ted Nugent is the greatest guitar player in the world, a million who would say Jimmy Page is, or Pete Townshend or whoever."

What makes Hendrix a better musician than Nugent from Lofgren's viewpoint? Nugent probably means more to more people than Hendrix ever did.

"The irony of it is, if you really sat down and got into it, there's probably more who appreciate Hendrix than Nugent. Ten years from now Nugent is not going to be around, his albums are not going to be played. Maybe mine won't be either. But Hendrix's will — and ask anybody who knows anything about music and they know that too. And I'm not putting people down who don't know about Hendrix. That's OK. There are some people who don't know about The Beatles, and they don't care. Why should they? I grew up with The Beatles and I didn't care about Buddy Holly or Presley. It's no crime."

TWELVE: LOST

ON THE NILS LOFGREN tour; in the dressing-room at Leicester De Montfort Hall, after the night's show. Someone asks bass player Wornell Jones if they know where they're playing the next night.

"I don't even know where I am *tonight*," confesses Jones.

The rest of the band join in trying to remember where they are. "Somewhere in the United Kingdom," triumphs someone.

"Portchester?" suggests Jones. "No, it was Portsmouth last night."

"Aaah," someone remembers, "We're at Wolver-something tomorrow night."

THIRTEEN: CARE

FOR SOMEONE who confesses the words aren't important Nils Lofgren does put a lot of time into the construction of his words, and cares about sharing experiences.

"That's just the way I was brought up. I care about a lot of things."

The melancholy, fragile words often contradict the direct punch of the songs.

"Yeah, well, I'm like a schizophrenic person, and I go through lots of different moods, but that's what I like about music. That's what I am, that's what I have to do. And I love the contrast. It keeps me fresh, and it gives me a lot of energy to move from one mood to another — instead of staying in one place, because the one place gets boring."

FOURTEEN: LOU REED AND NEIL YOUNG

"IT GETS LONELY working by yourself. Only one song on the new album did I write the words for totally by myself. It's real gratifying to have a chance to work with other people and it gives you a whole fresh new input. I really appreciate my contacts with Neil Young and Lou Reed, it's meant a lot to me. It's helped me out and given me a lot of energy that I couldn't have got on my own, and I'll continue to look for those things. As long as I stay healthy, there's so much left for me to do. So many more people to play with and write with."

FIFTEEN: CLIFF RICHARD

ON THE NILS LOFGREN tour; in the bar at the Portsmouth Centre Hotel. The juke box is pouring out Cliff Richard's 'We Don't Talk Anymore' into the comfy carpeted lounge. Nils Lofgren taps his feet and sings along. It's a perfect Lofgren song; his version would be even better than Todd Rundgren.

And the difference between nice, wholesome Cliff Richard and nice, wholesome Nils Lofgren is ten years, a patch of water and a whole lot of genuis.

SIXTEEN: SADJOY

NILS LOFGREN wouldn't like to hurt anyone. He's composed and introverted enough to suggest that he's complacent. He's anything but. It's a composure that derives from a religious fanaticism in improving himself physically, spiritually and musically. He believes — and nothing will harm that belief — that he has the energy, vision, help and stamina to achieve everything.

And nothing.

Whether anyone pays any attention doesn't really matter, just as long as friends and family are nearby. It's the selfishness of the rock'n'roll greats, but in Lofgren's case it hasn't backfired on him. Tough luck, but he just plays his guitar and does a few tricks in the gym and . . . Sadness?

"No more than any other human being. I mean, they blew up this cat over here and that really bummed me, and I think all the violence in the world is depressing and that brings me down but no more than anyone else. It's sad that people are hurt and that people hate. There's a lot of bummers — earthquakes that kill 200,000 people — and that's really depressing.

"It depresses everybody. Some people accept it, it's part of life, it's sad, but it's no reason . . . Some people freak out, they say fuck it, the whole world's so sick, and jump off a bridge. I'm not like that. As bad as things are, as depressed as I may get, about some horrible things like the Vietnam war, this and that, it's still that I have a big will to live. I love to be alive."

And joys?

"Right now, being able to play live with a great band, in front of people. I have a nice little house that I can go to, and I've got a great wife, I've got a great family. All my brothers and mum and dad are still alive and healthy and that's the biggest joy I have. All these things are going to come to an end and that will be real sad but right now it's all happening and I find great joy in that. When I get back home the basketball season will have started and I've got a season ticket and I'll go to all the games with my friends and I'll be rooting for the team and then in the afternoon I'll play myself . . ."

SEVENTEEN: GUITAR

"I'M JUST pleased that God gave me a talent . . . that I was born with a talent so that I can play the guitar and people recognise it and that I have a style of my own. Even though there are a million people of the jazz school who can play circles around me and listen to what I play and then immediately copy it, it's being able to create it.

"It's easy to get the tone that I get. I think it's just how you feel it — and I think that comes from my classical training. I feel the guitar in a classical sense but I'm playing real hard rock'n'roll.

"Anybody can buy the amp that I have and a Fender Stratocaster and play it and get the tone but as far as the sound and how you work it, that's all in the heart and in the mind, and that comes down to what's in your soul. You can't imitate that, you're born with that.

"I studied classical music for ten years and read notes, did it just like it was written, so guitar was like a total opposite — it was a chance to do what I felt. That's why I love the guitar and that's why I'll always play the way that I play because it's a release from the years of doing everything I was told to by the music paper.

"The whole thing to me is self-expresion. The guitar just feels good. It's something I love. I just love to play the guitar."

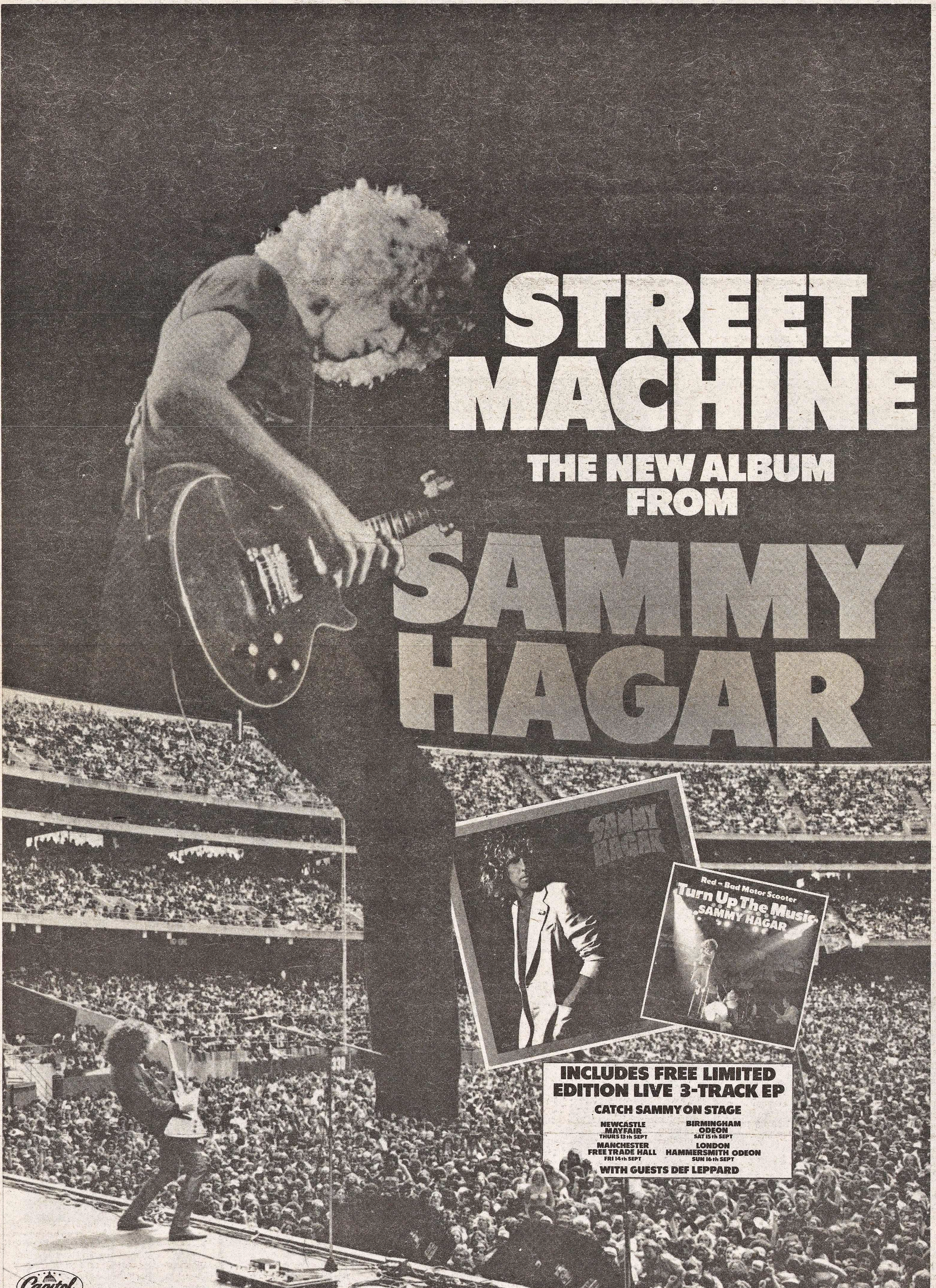
EIGHTEEN: DOOR

A SHOW ON the Nils Lofgren tour. Lofgren leaps, skips, skids, bounces gently on a little trampoline tucked away at the side of the stage, grins, his jaw jutting powerfully and proudly. He makes love to his guitar. The band touch and soar through an astonishing number of inventive and fresh rock songs. It's a contemporary blues music, as much so as The Undertones.

Lofgren is immersed, inspired. The end of the show is 'Back It Up', and Lofgren does his little run up to the trampoline and flips up and over again, this one out of real triumph. It's been a great show and his face is clenched tight in delight and pride.

The band desert the stage. Nils is just about to do the same, last one off, when he remembers he had to take off his guitar to do his trick. He retrieves it off the floor, and lovingly hugs it. He walks his splayed-feet walk off the stage to cheers. Just as he walks through the rectangle of yellow light that is the side stage door, he looks round at the empty stage. He's gently holding his guitar. There's a look of awe on his face.

Look what I've just done.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SIOUXSIE AND THE BANSHEES

Polydor

NEW ALBUM JOIN HANDS

THRILLS

Weller's Immaculate Conception

Jam 'Concept Album' Shock Horror

THE MODERN palatial Townhouse studios are one of Virgin Records latest investments and its there that The Jam are pacing their way through a new album. A month has already passed and a second four week shot should see the finished product ready for mixing. So far, between innumerable games of pool, the band have laid down some five tracks.

We're seated mulling over the remains of a salad when the Jam's guitarist and current object of hero-worship amongst the nouveau mods (a situation he finds disomforting and the result of misinterpretation — "We're a punk band" he states adamantly. "We started with punk and that's where we're staying.") enquires whether I'd like to see some of the lyrics for the new album. An eager nod sends him to fetch a makeshift portfolio. Inside are four or so completed song lyrics. The titles — 'Little Boy Soldiers,' 'Burning Sky,' 'The Eton Rifles', Thick As Thieves' and 'Meet Me On The Wasteland' form an albeit fragmented vision of the next Jam album. The project is a concept album after a fashion — a term Weller bristles at and is at pains to point out that "the story is based around the songs as opposed to the usual concept approach which is strictly vice-versa."

The story itself is strong even in Weller's precised form of rendition. "It's about three guys — three close mates — who get split up when the civil war occures." Set in Britain sometime in the 1980's "one joins the left, one veers off to the right while the third one doesn't feel any particular affiliation whatsoever. He's the abstainer. After the war's conclusion, three splintered ex-comrades plan to meet up again." The conclusion Weller refuses to divulge.

Although the story is told through the songs the saga has been specially written in the form of a TV play with Weller collaborating on the script with friend/poet Dave Waller.

As far as the music on the album goes, Weller curtly described the tunes and basic sound as "closer to a dance record." The superb '66 anglo-rock in a '78 setting of "All Mod Cons' was, Weller stated a little too cynically "all overdubbed guitars because that was the thing happening that year." The new projects emphasis is concerned with "more rhythm and less embellishments. It will still be the wonderfully melodic Jam though ' he retorts self-effacingly. "Even more so."

What's more The Jam have even started their own book company, the first product being Dave Waller's *Notes From Hostile Street* a poetry collection due out in October. Weller again: "The book company's name is Riot Stories Ltd. It'd be nice to encourage people to send in stuff — poems, short stories, novels — but already I've received some works from two kids and the writing's great. I just don't want it to get out of hand."

Finally I ask Weller which of the three characters portrayed in his play he most identifies with.

"The Abstainer", he replies immediately.

NICK KENT

THRILLS

Pennie Smiths picture of a gent walking down the street is spoiled by The Jam poking their heads in.

And Now . . . A Chance To Write An Editorial.

THIS may come as a shock to our readers but once again your humble servants in the rock press are under fire from the "adult papers".

This time, it's not merely the demented froth of the Sunday horrids ("Must we fling this filth at our pop kids" — *Sunday People 1976)* but the bewildered condescension of than the *Daily Telegraph*.

Nestling alongside the social news of Princess Alexandra's visit to Fiji and the Prince Of Wales' luncheon at the Ministry Of Defence, the "Personal View" column of September 5th has Roy Kerridge (Who?) reviewing the rock weeklies under the title of "The New Young Literati". Claiming that studying the rock press is so much more bearable than listening to rock music, Kerridge is clearly disturbed by both the popularity and content of those papers.

Did you know, for example, that you were reading a paper that is "the enemy of pop".

We are also accused of "luring the reader into accepting a world of swearing, promiscuity and available drugs". True, everyone knows that every right thinking Briton, from our glorious leader down to the humblest unemployed school leaver, wouldn't dream of letting an oath pass their lips, a lustful thought cross their minds or a GP prescrirbed valium lark in their medicine chests unless provoked by an over literal reading of a rock paper, preferably *NME* — the people's choice.

Kerridge is also completely baffled by any socio/political stance that refuses to sit in corners marked left or right. "There is no left or right wing. Only upwing or downwing," to quote Bob Dylan. And the NME considers itself an upwing paper.

This is what Mr K thinks we stand for — We stand for our culture, the you culture, and we have high up sociologists to support us. Our music has evolved in Darwinian style, from epoch to epoch, every fashion leading mankind to a higher plane. Punk is the hope of the future . . .

We recognise no pre-20th century art but admire the writings of Kafka and George Orwell . . . if only rock'n'roll fans would unite we could save the world. This is our aim."

Funny that's not what we thought we thought, but if that's what he thinks we think, one of us must have been thinking something else entirely.

We can only reply with a resounding shout of Gabba Gabba Hey!

IAN ST JOHN LIARS

THRILLS

Are Coming To Get You

NEVER mind The Alien, here come The Space Invaders . . . in fact, they're already here, living among us, and doing very nicely thank you.

Space Invaders — an electronic video game made by the Taito company of Japan — is already a massive cult in the land of the rising sun and is catching on with breathtaking speed in Europe and America.

The format's simple: shoot down a few score advancing cosmic uglies with your laser before their massed missiles wipe out your bases. The more you kill, the faster they come. Destroy them all and you will win a replay.

So fast has the Space Invaders invasion been that the game's already replaced pinball as the major attraction in several West End arcades.

An avid fan is Virgin Records supremo Richard Branson who has purchased three dozen of the machines to sprinkle about his empire. Virgin Records building already possesses one such where several Virgin staff give it more than merely professional attention, not to mention a substantial part of their incomes, though none have apparently taken the top scoring title from The Members, whose roadie holds the house record with a score of well over 10,000.

Another addict is The Pretenders Pete Farndom whose involvement has extended to using the machines galactic warfare soundtrack as the intro tape to live Pretenders shows.

Next: a rock opera about a deaf dumb and blind kid who can lick all comers at the controls. Altogether: "He's a Space Invaders wizard . . ."

DAFT RAIDER

THRILLS

Pic: Robert Legon

Then — And Now

The Who Sell Out

SAVE PERHAPS for the time when the Rolling Stones got themselves involved in making a Kellog's Rice Crispies TV commercial, rock stars frequently display an uncanny knack of endorsing all the wrong consumer products. Things haven't altered. At a fashion show presented by up-market glad-rag designer Succhi, at the Lyceum on Thursday night, The Who's credibility went over the cliff to join the wreckage of Jimmy's scooter when they forsook rock to venture into the *schmutter* trade.

I should have been forewarned by the invitation: "The Who, in order to protect their fans and their name, and to avoid unapproved use of their labels or symbols, have formed a company with Succhi —Quadrophenia."

There's a difference between protecting one's interests and blatantly exploiting the same, and on this occasion it seemed the second predominated. None of the Who were there.

"We don't ever want to be associated with this kind of rubbish," stated the offended *Maximum Speed* contingent, as the spectre of narcissistic models — presented so as to bring to life(!) the familiar *'Quadrophenia'* movie poster — minced and pouted around before an audience of mass-market clothes manufacturers.

A certain Mr. Hamilton whose job it is to help promote this clobber on behalf of both Succhi and The Who, reckons that the Quadrophenia trade mark will emerge as the Mary Quant of the '80s. He honestly believes that "all that nasty punk fad . . . what with all that spitting," is well and truly dead and therefore no longer worth milking. As a result, they anticipate a quick killing with this new line of smart (sic) clothing. Hamilton argues that the main point of sales is that, "every design has been *personally* approved by The Who."

THE WHO
SUCCHI

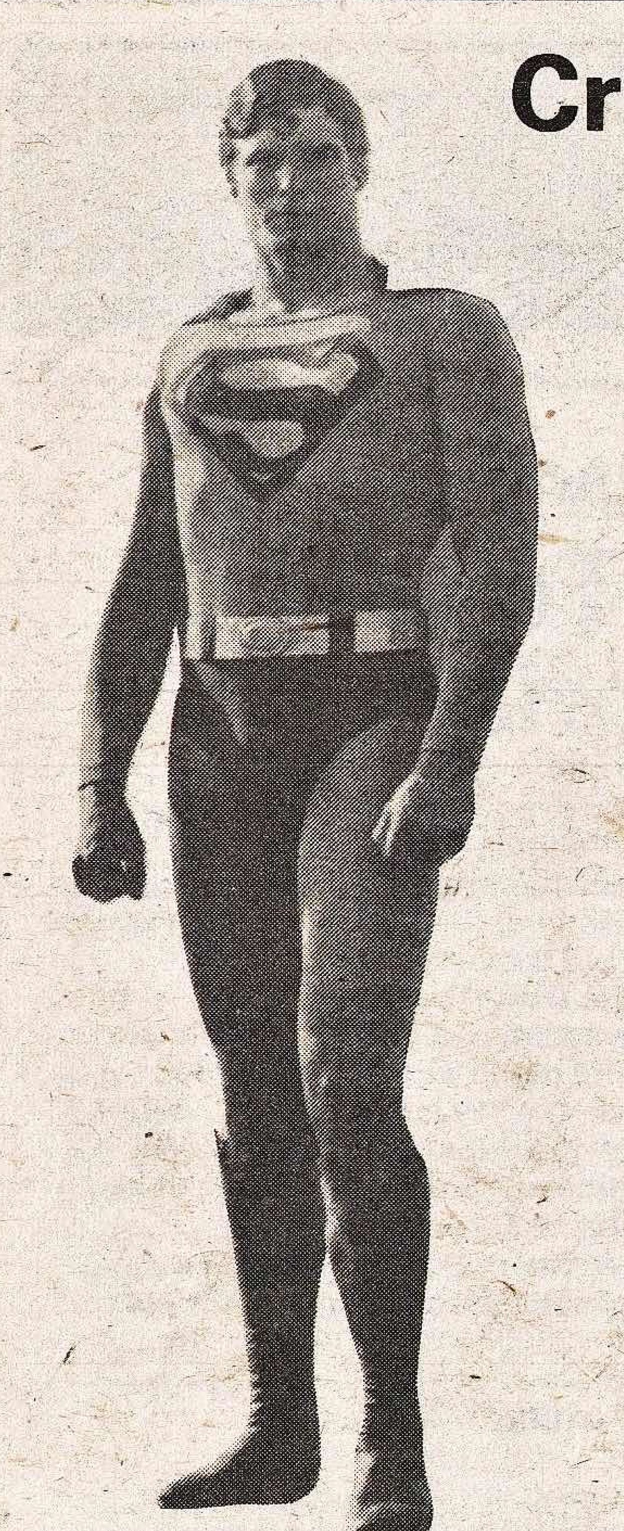
I hope none of The Who would be seen dead in the dreadfully-cut silver mohair Sting-inspired suit that was put on show.

Patti Smith Group guitarist Lenny Kaye put everything into it's correct perspective when he said, "As soon as I get back to New York, I'm gonna endorse a full range of switchblade knives."

How does the song go? "Won't Get Fooled Again."

ROY CARR

THRILLS



Cryptic Krypton

POOR OLD Christopher Reeve. He had an impoverished childhood, growing up with a scholarly father and mother in the Ivy League college town of Princeton New Jersey where he was only given works by Dickens, Melville and Mark Twain to read.

Once Reeve was picked for the part of Superman, he became enlightened. "I never realized how much intelligent and scientific knowledge went into writing comic books," he admitted. "Once I got the part I read everything I could about Superman.

"It was my job to concentrate on the human aspect of this man, so I concentrated on his emotional background. The guiding principle behind Superman is that he's an orphan, and an alien."

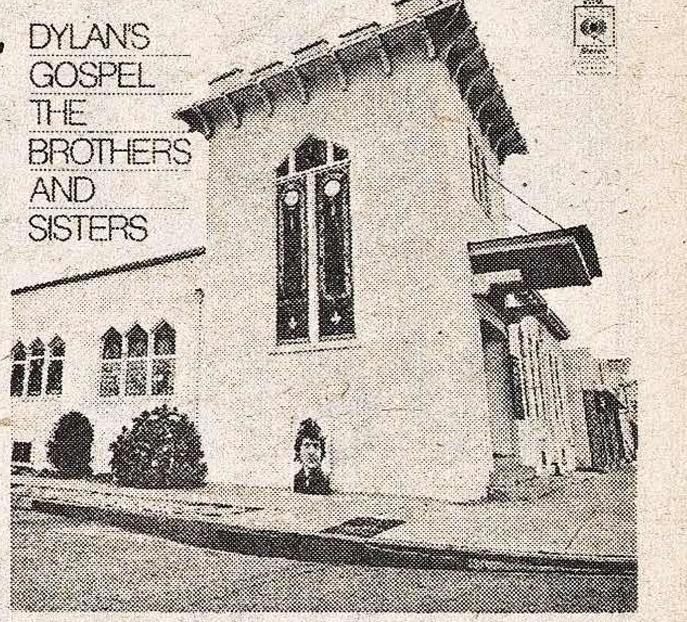
And in *Superman II*, Reeve explained, Superman meets the affairs of the heart with Lois Lane. "His father Jor-el prepared him for everything, except for feeling. He knew about every culture, but he didn't know what would happen to him when he finds he has these strange feelings for this girl Lois Lane."

At the very least, he's learned something from doing *Superman*. "I found out that trying to be a superbeing was impossible. After all, I come from New Jersey, what can I say?"

BRAD BALFOUR

THRILLS

There Was I, Waiting At The Church . .



THIS WEEK we applaud those amazing folk at CBS who anticipated Zimmy's (Well, he said we could call him that!) 'Slow Train Coming' some 10 years in advance by releasing an album called 'Dylan's Gospel' in 1969. A Lou Adler production, it featured a 28 piece gospel choir that included Gloria Jones, Clydie King and Merry Clayton, praising The Lord on Gene Page arrangements of 'All Along The Watchtower', 'The Mighty Quinn', 'Lay Lady, Lay' and others from *Zim's Ancient And Mod.*

Next month, CBS issue 'Ten Folk Songs Of Ted Nugent', 'The Strict Tempo Ball-room Favourites of Earth Wind And Fire' and 'Clash Songs For Swingin' Millionaires'.

See you in 1989, folks, same place, same paper, same spot on the page!

PAUL T. GEIST

THRILLS

Buskers Final Chapter

WHILE you were staring petulantly at the ITV apology card, Court 2 of Wells Street Magistrates were snuggled together watching telly repeats of another kind. Namely, a condensed video film shot last August in Leicester Square by the BBC news team showing a demonstration by street entertainers and the subsequent arrest of four of them (as previously reported in *Thrills*).

However, after three court appearances and hours of testimony spanning 11 months (plus the special procural of the video at the defendants' own expense) the Magistrate declared that the case "could have been decided in twenty minutes flat".

"Leicester Square — pedestrian precinct that it is — is classified as highway and what these men were doing constitutes obstruction and unlawful use of authorised property."

. . . Even though the methods of arrest were far from impeccable and three of the four defendants were bystanders, albeit crazily dressed (?) — this was a claim substantiated by the film but thrown out by the Magistrate — "It could then be said," he added "that during a concerto when it comes time for the violin solo, the orchestra wasn't taking part in the performance." Very witty.

Of course, a verdict of 'Not Guilty' would virtually amount to a free invitation to performers of any type, to set up and play in public areas with the minimum threat of being penalised.

So, even the most sympathetic legal hand is bound to some degree in sticky red tape. And the world is still not safe for unicycles and ukeleles as Jonathan Graham, Tony Allen, Norman Boyd and Jismi will probably tell you. Each received a conditional discharge of 12 months.

ELISSA VAN POZNAK

THRILLS

The Lone Groover

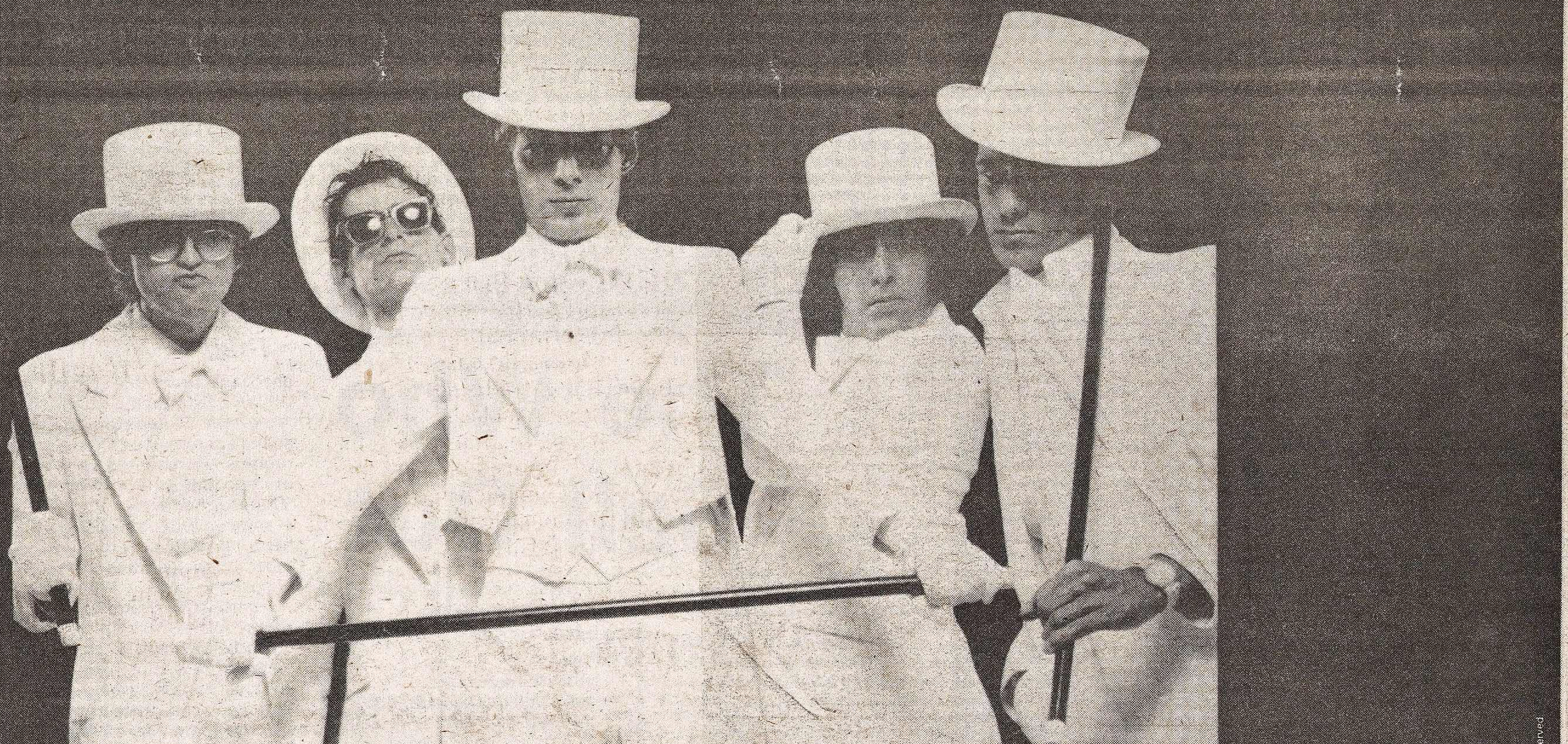
Benyon

Blockheads!

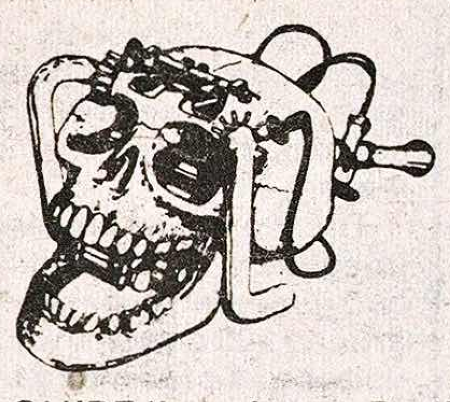
Yes, we realise it's September, the leaves are falling off the trees and none of us is as young as we used to be. So, sooner or later, one day or another, all things being considered fair in love and in war, each one of us must take stock of his or her existence on this planet and ask the one, nay the only, really meaningful question. When the f* are NME gonna publish the results of their so called Blockheads comp? Alright, alright, it's a comin' just as soon as Kozmo Vinyl deigns to return from the big A across the pond and cast his jaundiced eye in the appropriate direction, and Dury stops larfin' at the entries. Promise!**

Have we ever lied to you?

THE 60'S FINALLY END HERE
"NIGHTS IN WHITE SATIN"
THE DICKIES NEW SINGLE
AVAILABLE IN WHITE VINYL AND FULL COLOUR SLEEVE



CHUCK WAGON IS A DICKIE TOO AND HIS SINGLE "ROCK N' ROLL WON'T GO AWAY" WON'T
For Details of Dickies Tee-Shirts etc. Send Self Addressed Envelope To: Dickies Merchandising, P.O. Box 69, Ilford, Essex



Pirate Radio

"YOU'RE listening to Radio City, radio's only r&r station, broadcasting on 238m London Medium Wave from 12 to 4 o'clock every Sunday afternoon . . ."

And if you are you're breaking the law, 'cos just listening to pirate radio is, technically, an offence.

Pirate radio stations are nothing new, although one, Radio City, does claim to be unique in that it plays solid r&r and rockabilly, and is the ultimate outlaw station — run by "ordinary working class people for their ordinary working class friends," according to Luke 'The Duke', the 3-4 pm spot DJ.

"We go to the same r&r clubs," — which they plug continually over the air — "drink with them, talk to them, and swop records, whereas a lot of these other pirate stations are run by typically middle class ex-students, trendy communists (!) you know what I mean? — fighting for the workers and all that; when their parents live up on the hill in a mansion.

"They're all wimps. Maybe that's why we don't get hassled by the Home Office as much as them, because they're more frightened of us. They know if they come round one of us'll probably lay one on them," he said, adding that all of Radio City's six D.J.'s (Rockin' Chop, Artful Dodger, Wild Willie West, Superman, The Duke and Toking Ray) and most of their mates are bikers, as if that explained everything.

Despite the threat of grievious bodily harm the authorities can and do track down pirate radio stations, which then face up to a £500 fine, and confiscation of equipment, and records. This is why no stations transmit live because if the transmitter is tracked down during the show, but the show is pre-recorded, the only thing the post office can do is confisicate the transmitter.

According to Luke, all the stations have been caught at one time or another, some several times, but Radio City itself has been relatively lucky.

After publicity in a *Time Out* article on pirate radio stations earlier this year. Radio City's transmitter was tracked down to the field where it was rigged, and de-tuned, weekening the signal in the hope that the pirates themselves would dash out to investigate.

However, the saboteurs were seen, no-one attempted to intervene — despite the threats of "laying them out" — and all that was lost was the transmitter — about £50 worth.

The cost of starting a pirate radio station isn't that great. Providing you've got the technical know-how you can build a decent transmitter for between £30 and £50, such as Radio City's, which covers the whole of London as far as Croydon in the south, Romford in the east, Staines, Twickenham in the west and Luton in the north. These are run off car batteries, using a special converter, but smaller versions, run off the mains, can be built for as little as £10, although they would not transmit very far.

The stations come and go, and vary in what they have to offer. Radio Jackie (Medium Wave) is probably the longest running (10 years) but its format is basically Top 40, and if you're bothering to tune into a pirate station you presumably want to hear something a little different.

Radio Invicta is a little more selective, playing solid soul (mostly imports) across London, and probably puts out the most consistent, professional pirate sound in the country. Edge City is also popular, featuring new wave and r&b mainly.

Radio City is relatively new but it does a fairly thorough and worthwhile job for a minority audience who, on the whole, are not catered for by the popular music press or radio.

I mean where else on the radio could you hear four solid hours of classic r&r featuring Bill Haley, Eddie Cochran, and The Andrews Sisters, and golden oldies such as Joe Brown's 'A Picture Of You', Johnny Kid and the Pirates' 'Shakin' All Over' and Tommy Steele's 'Rock With The Caveman'?

And you don't have to be a Rockabilly Rebel with a Triumph Bonneville to listen to it either.

DEANNE PEARSON

THRILLS

Three, er, 'fans' of pirate radio. Pic: Jill Furmanovsky.

...And Something Else

"Well, madam, what do you think about the role of the media in a post-industrial consumer society?"
"Nothing, but can I say hello to Mum, Dad, all at number 33, and . . ."

THIS will surprise nobody but, with a few exceptions, the quality of rock-oriented material on television is at worst atrocious and at best absurd.

TV's teenage diet is notorious for its mis-reading of the target audiences' tastes and attitude — and often seems prepared under the guiding principle that young people should see, consume and not be heard.

But don't take the axe to your set because, thanks to the efforts of Auntie's Community Programmes Unit (a gesture towards open access to the most powerful of media), another kind of rock television will soon be flickering across your screens.

Called *Something Else*, the programme is produced by a group of the very same people who are actually supposed to watch it, a group selected on anarbitrary basis in each of the various urban centres from which it will come.

The teams are asked to work out what they want from a teen show, then the CPU tells them if it's feasible, and supplies the facilities to make it.

The pilot show, featuring The Clash, was screened last year. But the first of the actual series — a far more effective and coherent 40 minutes due partly to it having been made with a regional bias — goes out this Saturday (15th) on BBC2 at six o'clock from Manchester.

On it will be Joy Division and The Jam doing two songs apiece. The Jam play 'Eton Rifles' from their new album, which they recorded live, despite please from their camp to be able to use backing tapes.

John Cooper Clarke delivers a particularly seedy monologue to round things off from the vicinity of a local convenience.

There's more controversial content too, involving MP Cyril Smith, the Manchester constabulary, Radio One DJ Paul Burnett, and others. Turn on, tune in, and treat yourself to TV's first rock fanzine.

And in case you miss the first installment, the second will be run early in October from Birmingham with The Specials and Linton Johnson, promising to be just as bold and not a bit more professional.

PATRICK MOORE

THRILLS

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Fashionable Audio for discriminating people.

The elegant Teleton Collection has been created for those individualists who appreciate fashionable design and good performance but prefer something that little bit different.

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Our radio cassette recorders have that extra touch of style that puts them in a class of their own.

If you're an individualist send today for your personal colour copy of 'The Teleton Collection' with full specification, and we'll post it by return.

TC 204 Hi-fi Centre

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14/9

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Revillations!

Revillos On Road Again: War Averted: Crime Rates Fall: Production Rates Soar: etc, etc.

ON TURNING round from my box seat at a Cramps/Police gig some months ago to investigate the stramash evolving on an adjacent balcony, I found myself to be the focus for the affray.

"Yeah, you! why're ya takin' notes and lookin' smug? you fuckin' wanker!" Hanging dangerously off the balcony mere feet away a she-devil in a red mini-dress: snapping black eyes; features hideously contorted with fury, shrilling further gutter filth at your timid, reclusive commentator (apparently for being a journalist).

Not exactly an introduction but, records and gigs aside, that was my first encounter with a Rezillo — viz. Fay Fife.

Despite legends of similar volatile behaviour, Eugene Reynolds is polite, friendly, and patient during my fumblings with notebooks and cassettes, as, an hour or so after The Revillos' Edinburgh debut, he explains the new group.

I glance nervously whenever Fay looms, but she remains disappointingly normal.

Eugene discusses the new name, which is closer to the original source ('Revilo' — a cafe in an old Marvel comic). It implies a return to the original concept, and neatly subverts Sire's refusal to relinquish rights to the 'Rezillos' name.

"It's much more like early Rezillos: we used to have backing singers, a saxophone player, and there were two guitarists."

Aside from Fayand Eugene, the new group has original Rezillo Hi Fi Harris on guitar; Eugene's brother Robo Rhythm as drummer; Felix on bass; and backing vocals from Babs & Sherry.

The original Rezillos had started with early 60s cover versions, and mutated from there.

"We did the same; we got some covers together, then started writing our own songs. All these new songs have been written in the last six months. The single, in fact, was the first song that Fay ever wrote, which was about a week after the old group broke up.

"Fay and I had to learn to play an instrument each, and write songs, which is what we've done." Fay will play organ after suitable rehearsals. Eugene plays guitar and organ. "I've got stickers to show me where the notes are. I have to have an anglepoise on the organ to show me where the coloured dots are."

The live show has all the old prime Rezillo intensity. Several songs sound fairly weak, but overall the quality is astonishing, considering the composers' (Fay, Eugene and Hi Fi, mainly) inexperience. Both sides of the singles — 'Where's The Boy For Me? and 'The Fiend' — are particularly impressive. With the addition of squeaky organ and backing vocals, the current sound, as someone remarked, is B-52s on speed.

The single is released on Snatzo, The Revillos' own label affiliated with DinDisc, Virgin's new project. So far The Revillos have full control of Snatzo; can issue singles at will and sign who they want. However, "We've got to get it working with our own group first; know what we're doing, and then we can go on to thinking about other groups. This way we don't feel inhibited. I'm very pleased with it at the moment.

"What we'll probaly do is a composite LP of, hopefully, greatest hits, and rework some of the singles in new ways."

The tour plans are also imaginative and enthusiastic: two gigs every weekend, around 100 a year, thus saving voices and preventing tour fatigue, yet comprising more work per year than the busiest touring band.

Eugene on touring: "You just get blanked out; turn into a zombie after four or five nights. There's no point."

With The Rezillos, Eugene was frustrated by what he considered to be gross inefficiency from everyone working for the band: dissatisfied with John Callis' songs ("too serious"); the artwork — everything. Now he's involved in every aspect.

"Some things I think, 'God, this is brain damage doing this', and I'll start farming that job out to someone else; but I've gotta know.

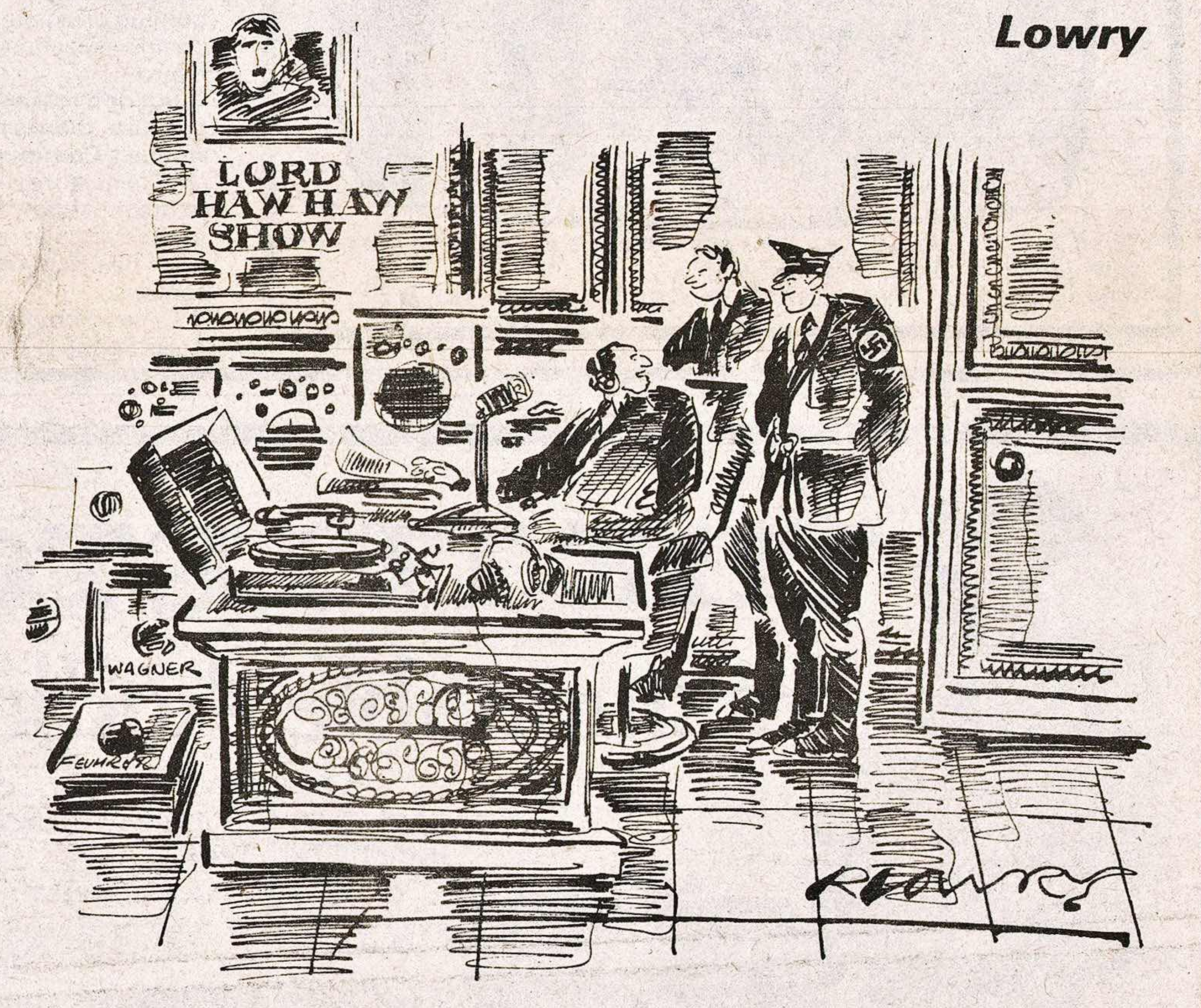
"When we got the single this morning, it was really exciting. We tipped the record out, and we looked at it, and we put it on the record player, and we looked at everything. We felt really excited because *we'd* done it: we recorded it; produced it; did the label artwork; the sleeve artwork; set up the photosession; directed the photosession; (deep breath) made the clothes; wrote the songs — did everything. And we felt that we'd got it much more how we wanted it."

GLEN GIBSON

THRILLS

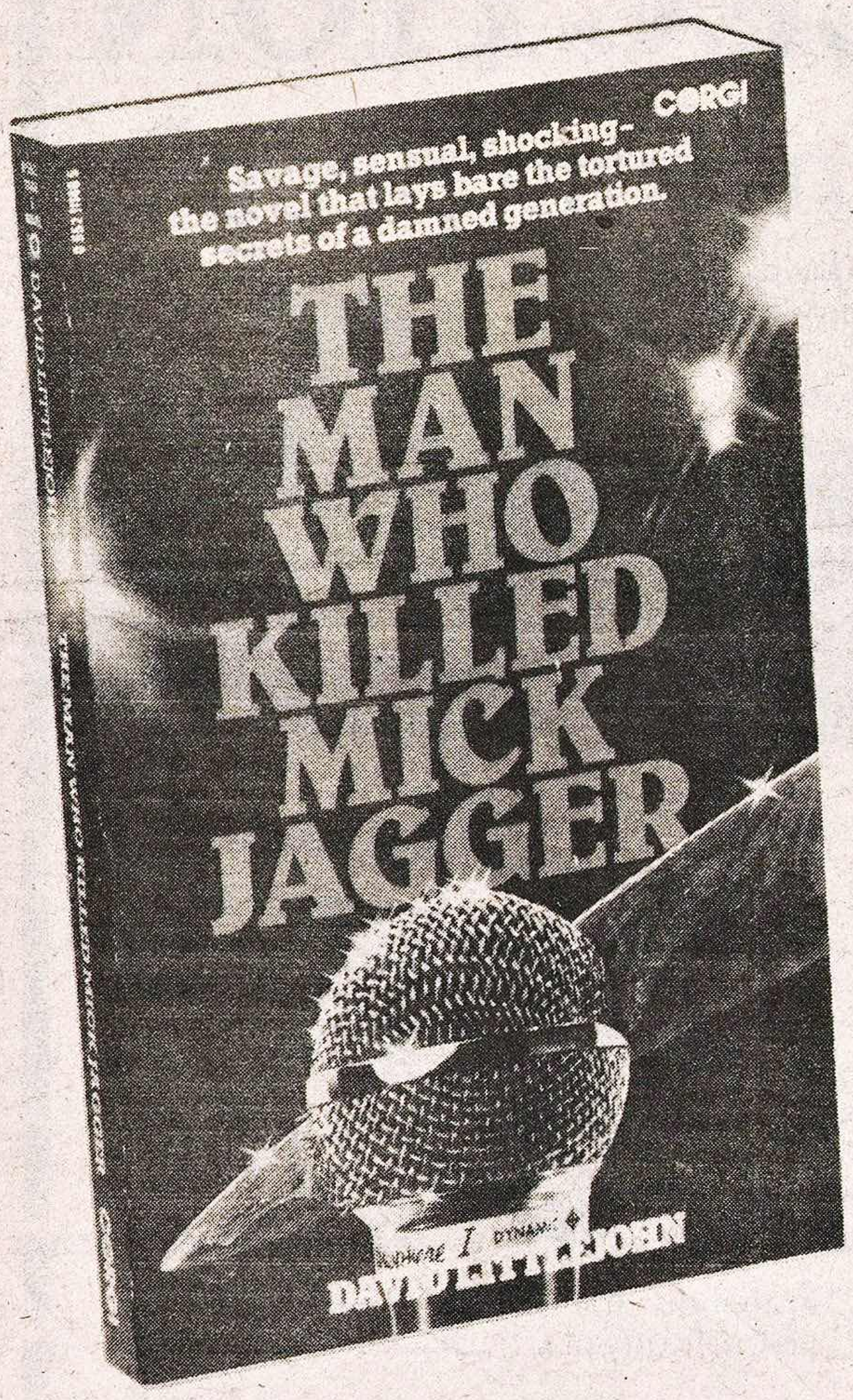
Eugene Reynolds, Fay Fife. Pic: Chris Horler.

Lowry



"It's a great job being paid to play your favourite records on the radio. Course, I have to read out these political bits as well."

An electrifying novel that depicts the agony and the ecstasy, the resounding anarchy of the sixties.



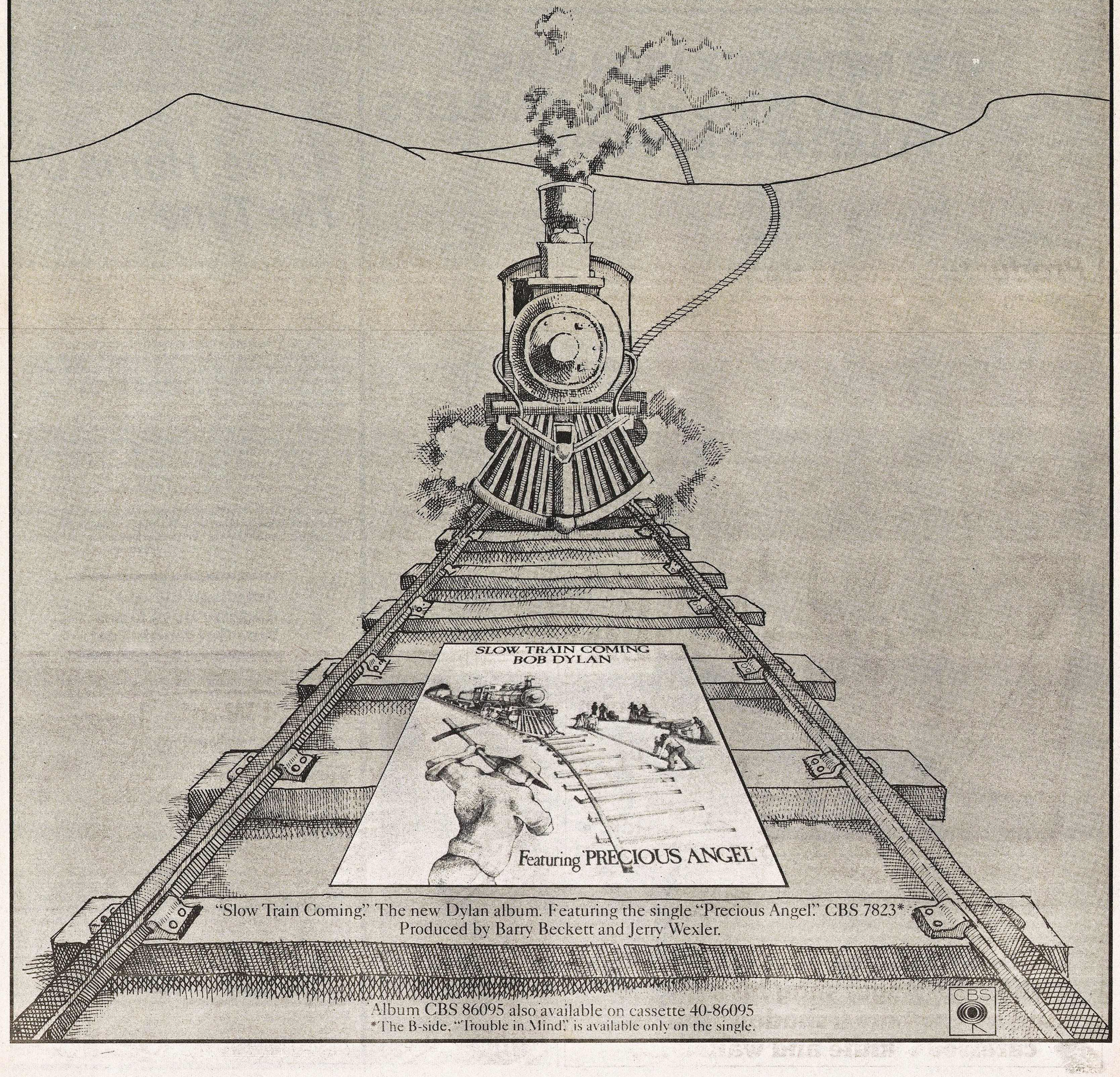
THE MAN WHO KILLED MICK JAGGER
by
David Littlejohn

A CORGI Paperback £1.25

The music throbbed, the bodies writhed while the singer sang his song . . .
And all the time a shadow watched, caressed a knife and waited . . .

"SLOW TRAIN COMING"

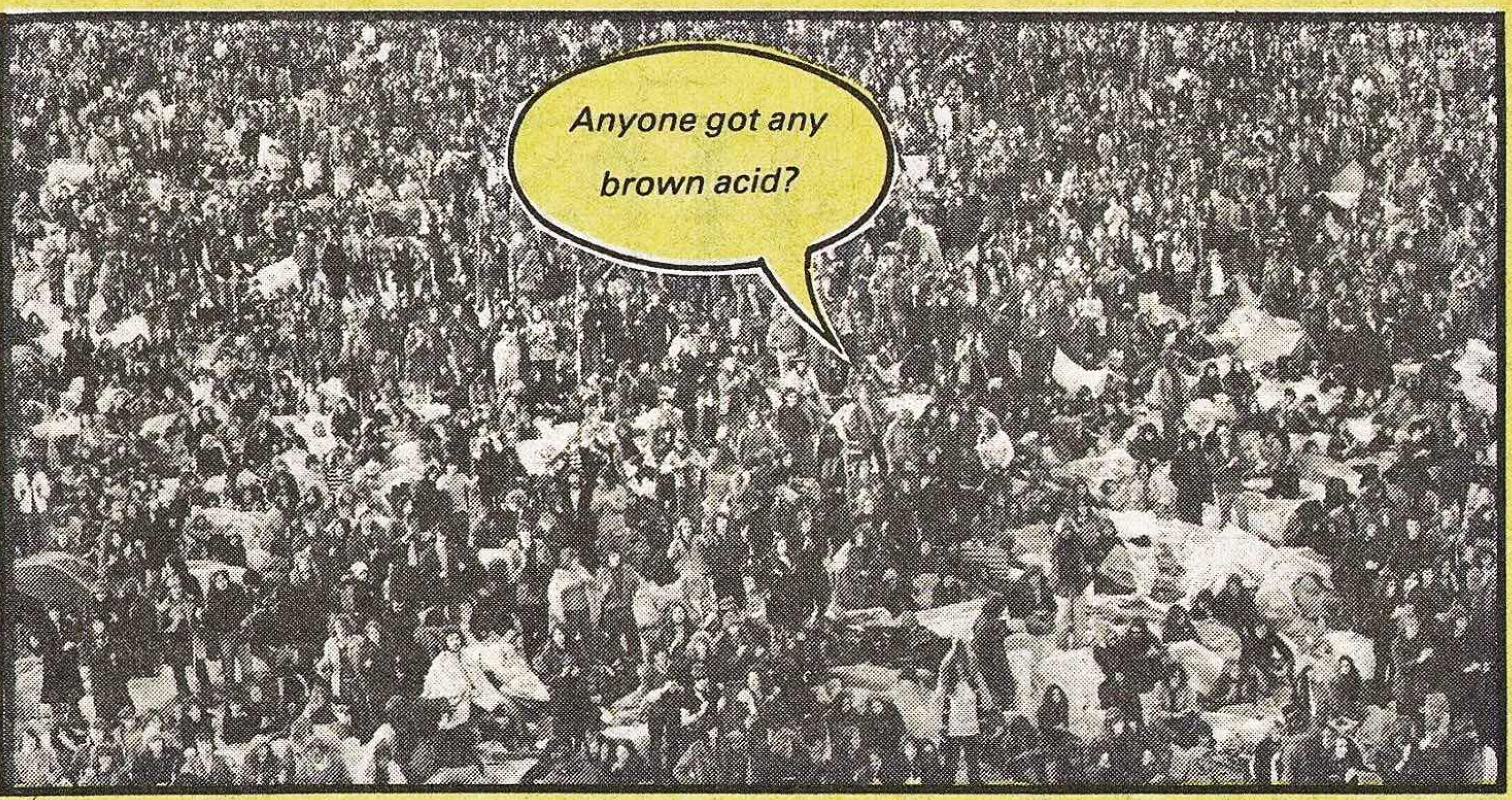
BOB DYLAN
Well worth the wait!



"Slow Train Coming." The new Dylan album. Featuring the single "Precious Angel." CBS 7823*
Produced by Barry Beckett and Jerry Wexler.

Album CBS 86095 also available on cassette 40-86095
*The B-side, "Trouble in Mind," is available only on the single.

Beware! Woodstock Is Coming



TEN YEARS ago, over a quarter of a million people congregated in a field in upstate New York to get high on luv'n'Haight. The place was Woodstock. And what better time than now to revive it?

Europeans who missed out on their first chance to get back to the garden can catch up with the package tour titled, surprisingly, *Woodstock In Europe 1979* with Country Joe, Arlo Guthrie, Richie Havens and Joe Cocker when it hits various Continental cities later this month. The tour is a labour of love for Daniel Farhi, the organiser, whose efforts towards it are so exhausting that "sometimes, while I'm doing this, I get the feeling that I'm doing something completely different!"

Farhi, who now lives in Switzerland, but "like Moses" was born in Egypt, feels resigned to the changes that have gone down since the first Woodstock. "It's easy when you keep an idea as an idea, but once you try to make it happen then you're in for some hard times."

Nevertheless UK residents won't be able to participate in the second coming of the new millenium because no promoters in Britain wanted to know.

And it's too late now, but had you been meditating *verrry* deeply last Saturday, you might just have caught a few stray vibes from *The Reunion Concert: One day to remember . . . Three days of peace and music'.* Not at Woodstock this time, but somewhere near exit 68 on the Long Island Expressway, somewhere near New York.

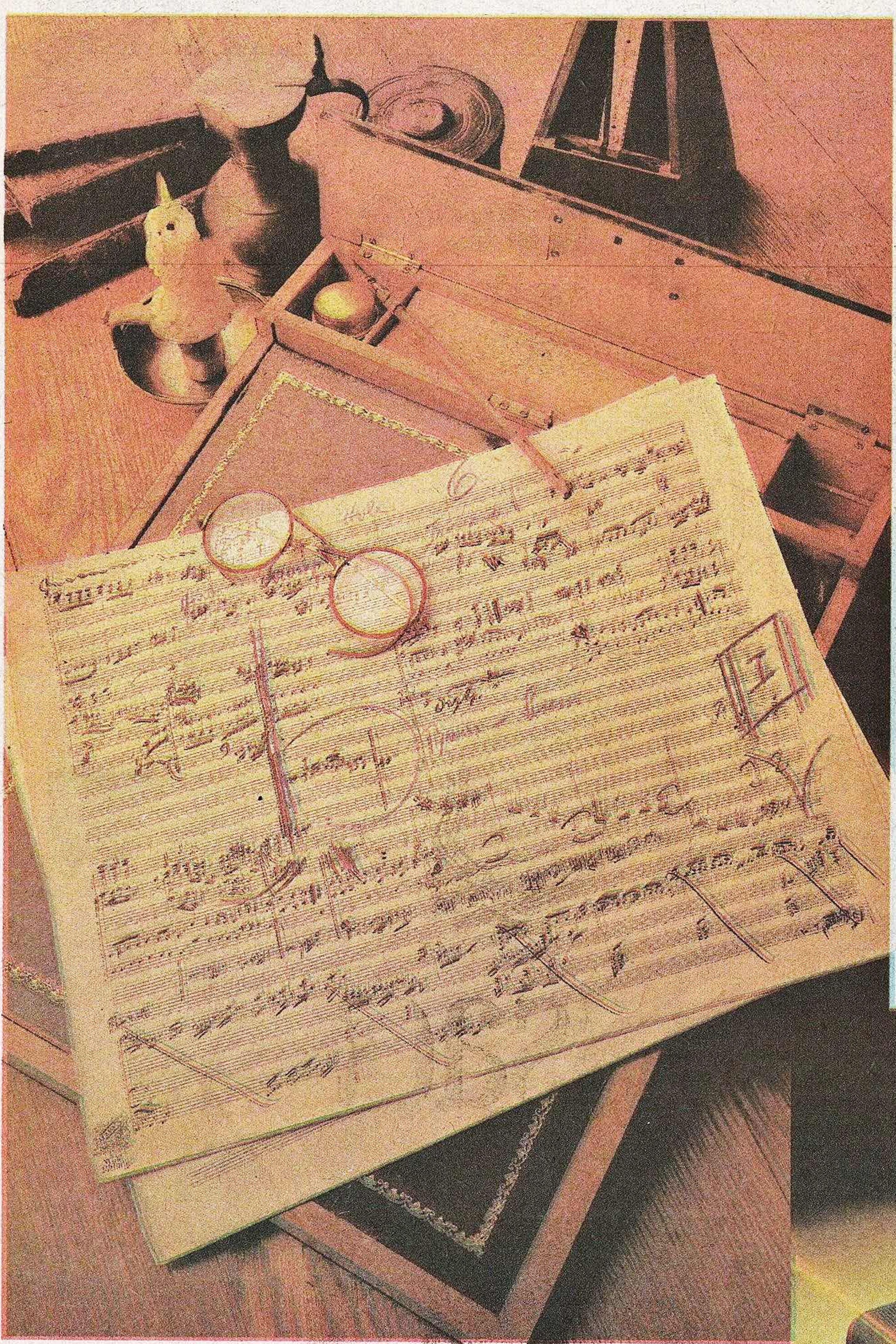
With tickets at $20 a throw and festivities confined to one day, this was hardly the event that was once envisaged, but they were all there; a whole galaxy of top counter-culture attractions such as John Sebastian, Country Joe, Canned Heat, Jorma Kaukonen. And even an incredible super jam featuring Michael Shrieve (ex of Santana) and Leslie West (ex of Mountain).

Word has it that Steve Stills showed up to jam. Far out eh? See you at the Isle Of Wight reunion next year . . .

TINY TIM

THRILLS

NEW MEMOREX HIGH BIAS. THE TAPE THAT WINS WITH MAHLER'S FOURTH SYMPHONY.


Original manuscript for the first movement of Gustav Mahler's Fourth Symphony.

Choose eight measures of Mahler's Fourth that are especially rich in the high frequencies. The type of passage that MEMOREX HIGH BIAS tapes are designed for.

Record it on your favourite high bias cassette, using the Chrome/CrO2 setting. Then again on new MEMOREX HIGH BIAS.

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We are convinced you will have a new favourite.

New MEMOREX HIGH BIAS is made with an exclusive ferrite crystal oxide formulation.

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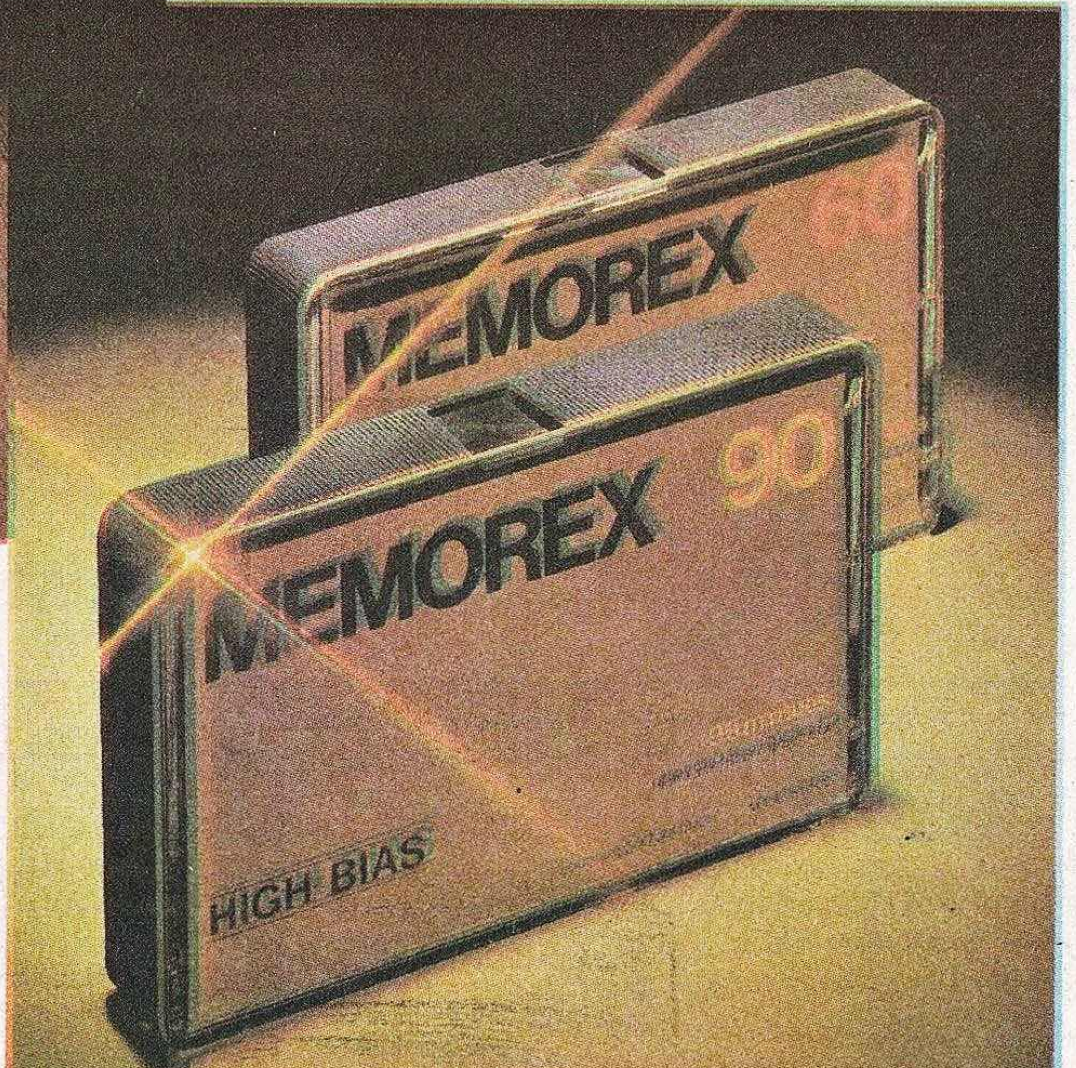

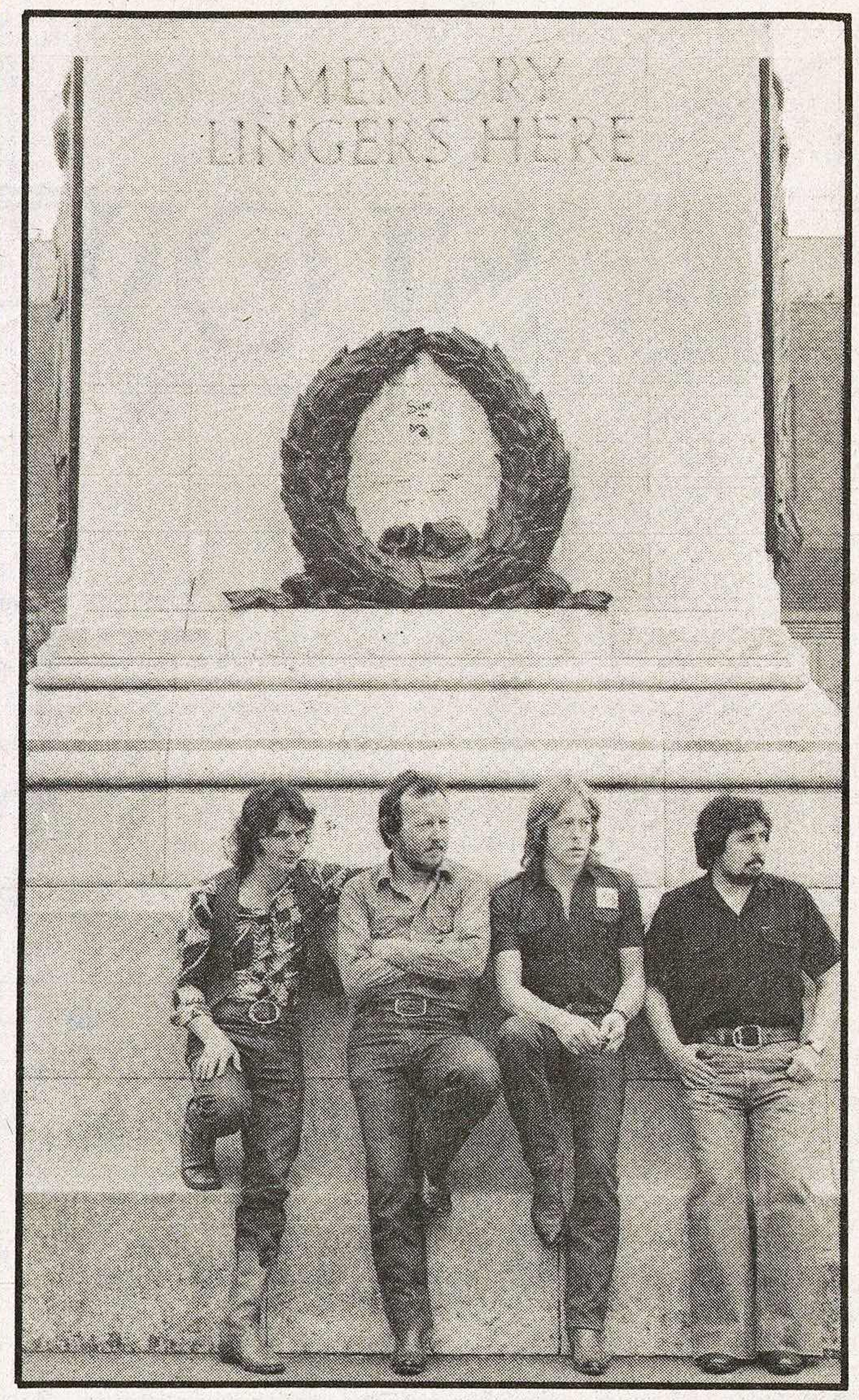
American Echoes: l to r: Martin Duffy, Jim Hornsby, John Hutchinson, John Cader.

Home, Home On The Tyne

IF THERE'S anything harder than finding an empty cab in Kensington High Street on a Saturday afternoon it's getting a single released by an independent record label onto the Radio 1 playlist.

It's the vicious circle we know too well; no playlist — no hit/no hit — no playlist. Breaking ground with English country and western music is even harder than that.

But *the* single most difficult task facing such hopefuls and said small label must surely be to impress Tony Parsons so much that he makes it his single of the week. Sheeit — it's all happened for American Echoes from the deep north, down Newcastle way. Oo—wee!

Their single 'Las Vegas' was originally released by Newcastle's Blueport label on blue vinyl before Mike Maurice clinched a leasing deal with Phonogram, who released it on plain old black on their Mercury label. Mike, who takes part in Echoe's management, singlehandedly persuaded Tony Blackburn's producer Paul Williams to get it onto the playlist via a live session specially recorded at Maida Vale Studios for Blackburn's use.

Dave Lee Travis liked the single so much he made it his single of the week (what an honour! — Thrills Ed) while on TV *Nationwide* also filmed the band live in Newcastle, but only aired it in the region. A lot of positive reaction.

American Echoes: Country Boys From Way Out North-East

For anyone (and I must assume that means the vast majority of you) who hasn't seen the band, American Echoes are a four piece fronted by guitarist/singer/songwriter John 'Hutch' Hutchinson who was once part of Bowie's entourage and appeared with ol' red eye on the fabled *Ready Steady Go.* They possess a driving rhythm section in John Calder (bass) and Martin Duffy (drums), venturing slightly into the rock territory with emphatic ease. The shining light of the band must be seasoned guitarist Jim Hornsby who adds so much colour to the basic sound with his master of country picking, banjo, dobro and pedal steel. They may not be spring chicken pickers, but there's not an ounce of fat on this band.

Although the standard of Hutch's songs is high the single is a Gram Parsons/Rik Grech song, which they perform with not inconsiderable verve. As they do play country music, their problems are not the same as the problems of heavy metal or new wave bands. Record companies seem to take a dim view of English c&w, whilst churning out the American stuff on cheap labels with titles like 'Your All Time Top Country Favourites'. And most of the other bands seem content to play cabaret (my god, I mean have you *seen* Poacher?) or to back up third rate balding American artistes as a pick up band. No way no how for Echoes. They're masters of their craft doin' what comes natural, and doing it particularly well, especially from their audience's point of view.

The final question, is, given that they have a lot going for them, will the single chart? For American Echoes from sunny Newcastle, Opportunity Knocks?

DAN TANNA

THRILLS

SNORTERGATE:

INSIDE DOPE

By DICK TRACY

REGULAR readers of this column will no doubt be familiar with various rumours and allegations over the last couple of years linking the White House and cocaine — Carter's Georgian links with Capricorn Records (Greg Allman/Scooter Herring), evidence of widespread coke sniffing on the campaign trail, the incidents surrounding the resignation of Dr Peter Bourne, Carter's advisor on drugs and now — Hamilton Jordan.

According to Steve Rubell and Ian Schrager, co-owners of Studio 54, who are currently facing charges of tax evasion, obstruction of justice and conspiracy, Carter aide Hamilton Jordan snorted cocaine in the basement of the club in the presence of Rubell and a dealer named Johnny C.

The White House have naturally characterised Jordan as the victim of "false and sensational charges"

This has all been duly reported in the British press but there's another story on the same subject which has yet to get an airing.

This story begins on May 16 when a federal grand jury in Omaha handed down an indictment naming 24 defendants charged with one of the largest marijuana conspiracies ever.

One of the defendants is Dana Beal, Yippie leader, publisher of *Yipster Times* (recently renamed *Overthrow*, and a contributing editor of *High Times*.

This is where the White House Connection comes in. Both the Yippies and *High Times* have been the Carter coke connections and Beal knows more than most. It is believed that the DEA (Drugs Enforcment Administration) included Beal's name on the conspiracy rap to force him to reveal all in court at a politically damaging time for the Democratic re-election campaign.

Beal is currently on the run, but colleagues have no doubt that he has the hard evidence necessary to prove the White House connection. Well-known radical lawyer William Kunstler, acting for Beal, claims that whatever happens, the trial of the Omaha 24 could easily become a major affair in which the marijuana laws themselves could be put on trial.

THE RECENT publication of the government report by the Advisory Council on the Misuse of Drugs was immediately followed by a concise critique by the Legalise Cannabis Campaign, entitled *Trash Rehashed*.

These two events even got the marijuana issue aired on Nationwide.

It's now ten years since the Wooton Report recommended major charges in the laws relating to cannabis and it was hoped that the Council's investigations would take their recommendation a step further. As it turned out, this was to remain a pipe dream.

Hardly surprising when, as the LCC's critique points out, the Misuse of Drugs Council contained no practising solicitors, barristers, probation officers or others involved in drug treatment and rehabilition.

As long aso as 1976, the editor of *Police* commented on the Misuse of Drugs Act: "This Act is just one . . . of a regrettable recent trend of passing hastily conceived and ill thought out legislation which appears to be designed on the basic premise that 'there ought to be a law against it'."

Yet the Council's report, instead of opting for major reform, is muddled and inaccurate and has merely tinkered with the penalties to little real effect.

Governments respond to public pressure. It appears that only when marijuana smokers come out of the closet will there be any hope of real reform.

(Trash Rehashed is available from the LCC, 2 Blenheim Crescent, London W11. Price 95p+10p postage).

THREE LIGHTER stories worth recording.

It is now claimed that drugs are being smuggled over the border from Mexico into the US by "Marijuana Missiles" also known as "Pot Shots". Several mystery missiles have been tracked by radar in the last few years and, although no hard evidence exists, it appears the Drugs Enforcement Administration are taking the threat seriously.

Also in the States, outspoken Senator William Proxmire has been at it again. Every month he gives his special Golden Fleece award to the government project which he considers to be the greatest waste of taxpayer's money.

Recently, the Fleece was awarded to a $6,000 project backed by the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration which proved that marijuana is harmful to scuba divers. As Proxmire put it: "On the scale of national needs, this experiment seems to have a very low priority."

Finally, a psychiatrist at the University of Minnesota claims that Adolf Hitler was probably taking massive doses of amphetamine during the second half of World War II and that his consequent erratic behaviour probably helped shorten the war. . .

DICK TRACY

THRILLS

ARCHIVE FUN

SOME PEOPLE! Look, just because this bunch of creaking old tossers finally made a decent album and got a smasheroonie in the States they figure they've got the right to hop the nearest passing trend and attempt to get mileage off the success and achievements of such pioneers as Secret Affair and the Merton Parkas! Yes, The Kinks have no shame! Facelifts, 1965 clothes hauled out of mothballs, Pete Quaife hauled out of mothballs . . . these tricksters will stop at nothing in the fevered hunt for spurious authenticity. Still, they will suffer the same fate as all bandwagon jumpers mark my words boy. Well, I don't know (etc etc etc).

SID BAXTER

THRILLS

Kinks, l to r: Mick Avory, Peter Quaife, Ray Davies, Dave Davies.

Benyon

Would you listen to th'last confession of a disgustingly permissive rock star, Father? — Th'whole revolting story that th'Sunday papers would paya fortune for?

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And containing previously unavailable material

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SOUL SPECIAL

Pic: Dennis Morris

SOCK IT TO 'EM, JB

GET UP, I FEEL LIKE BEING A RAP MACHINE

Says NICK KENT

Be my guest says JAMES BROWN

JAMES BROWN is late for our appointment. But then it would almost be heresy on his part were he not a regal 45 minutes behind schedule. For James Brown to be granting audiences with the rock press is rare enough as it is.

But why the comparatively humbling (for one as overtly pompous as James Brown) ordeal of the interview at this particular time?

Well, first and foremost, two or three weeks back, Polydor released their prestigious funkmeister's latest album entitled 'The Original Disco Man'. Heralded not merely by yours truly in these pages, but also in the States, as a generally superb return to form, this was in fact a dramatic departure from Brown's former output — principally in the way JB's previous complete control of his oeuvre has been usurped by outside influences. Chief among these was producer Brad Shapiro, who also played a formidable hand in composing the record's six tracks, none of which happen to feature Brown's compostional moniker.

When the absence of Brown-penned material and instrumental arrangements is raised, The King chooses to tackle the lack of personal input thus — of course making sure not to belittle his own contributions:

"See, I just wanted to sing different, concentrate more on my singing back and fore. And he (Shapiro) just couldn't believe it y'know — he thought my timing was so incredible! Cos, dig, I'd take his tune and make it funky like *I* wanted it to be.

Ironically, considering Brown's consistent delight in working up new self-definitions, however crass or ridiculously inspired they've been in the past, the comparatively tame boastfulness of the "Original Disco Man" tag was not his conceit, but an attempt on Polydor's part to launch Brown into the mainstream disco market. To Brown, it makes good business sense.

"The record company wanted it said that I am the Original Disco Man — always was and always will be. See, I watched disco, and when it made that real quick upward turn using all those one-timers or Village People puppets I realised the music needed *identity*, the type of substance and identity that a force like me can kick into it. And not just me, other artistes who've picked up a whole new audience through the disco thing."

Later on in the interview, deep under the braggodachio and officially amenable "need for a new approach" explanation behind 'ODM', a stray question about Brown's recent albums draws a feistier openness from Brown in which a hint of animosity can be denoted in regard to Polydor's meddling with his product. Prior to 'ODM' Brown had recorded an album entitled 'Jam' which he now claims "Was too constructive for them (Polydor). It's got this jazz orientation with the licks all moulded from a jazz base. Wow! If I played it for you right now it'd blow your mind, no two ways about that."

Jazz, Brown felt, was the next natural step for him. "It's the real professional music and I am a real professional," he claims, half-boastfully, half-sardonically.

So what was his response to the record company's manoeuvre?

"So," continues Brown with characteristic nonchalance, "I got heavy into *sex*!"

The first result of this already well-strutted JB theme was the hideously titled 'Spank' single, a dance effort of little merit that unsurprisingly made little commercial headway.

Bemused by these failures, Brown next released the equally absurdly titled '(For Goodness Sake) Take A Look At Those Cakes', which he claims was "too funky for Polydor" and "too black for the States" in general.

Brown's final effort was "a really pretty ballad kinda in the vein of 'Try Me' or 'Prisoner Of Love' entitled 'Someone To Talk To'."

The latter's nose-dive finally shook even Brown's reservoir of self-confidence.

"I'd taken every style to an extreme, only to be told it was either too funky or too pretty."

Brown naturally refuses to regard 'Disco Man' as an alien conceptualisation, but does admit to the sense of compromise inherent in its creation.

"It was, like, Brad doing the instrumental arrangements and me on the vocal arrangements. So Brad would kinda imply that 'Yeah well the bass guitar sound could do with a little watering down, that guitar could be a little cleaner, ah, and let's put a little air-freshener on the drums'.

"Yeah, so they watered down my sound a little bit but only so's that hopefully all the people could see what it's all about and once they latch on we'll get back to the hard-core James Brown."

The next LP, Brown stresses, will contain at least five or six of *his* songs.

A BRUSQUE analysis of King James under scrutiny needs no Freudian-like psycho-suss. Candour in the crusty old pro's book is a vehicle of expression that a man like himself should steer well clear of. More important is the relating over and over of Brown's various philosophies and self-definitions which shape him as a man absolutely besotted with his own sense of self-esteem.

Such is the extent of his ego that a self-consciously humble pronouncement can turn out sounding outrageously boastful. His sense of humour never swerves in on himself and self-effacement is a term that he obviously has no time for or comprehension of.

And yet despite the egocentric fetishism one can't help but be drawn into these brashly overt displays of flat-out pomposity, because Brown even when he is deluding himself as much as the listener, has the requisite charisma to pull his boasts off.

More to the point, he has been the centrepin of soul music's peak years, taking his music into areas of rhythmic hyperdrive that, like other true innovators — be they figures as diverse as Jimi Hendrix and Captain Beefheart — leave all other so-called peers gagging on the dust of their music's mercurial pulsebeat.

Brown's own history has been fairly well documented, from the poverty stricken days of degradation as deprived brat on through to young-blood years caged in the ghetto area of Augusta, Georgia (the official date of birth stands at 1933, although claims are still made that Brown's age is several years beyond the above date, thus placing him in his early 50s) through the early years of his musical career.

His wretched origins and subsequent ability to transcend the stifling small-town mentality to become a millionaire and a figure so respected amongst the black Americans that a single televised appearance the night of Martin Luther King's assassination quelled a mass riot — these things are referred to

■ *Continues over*

GARTH HEWITT
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..OR WAS HE PUSHED?

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JAMES BROWN

■ From previous page

constantly throughout the interview so as to press home the gargantuan influence he has held over American negroes. Only rarely does he choose to go into details.

"Do you know, dig, I started dancing for nickels and dimes in a real low-life poverty-ridden environment. Now I'm a legend, a king, but back when I started recording, man, you weren't even allowed to have a black man's face on the cover of your own record! It was always some nice sexy middle-class white chick lookin' all sweet as pie instead.

"The term 'nigger' was still in full use for us coloureds and the few black radio stations around. White kids'd have to hide their radios under pillows at night so's to tune in to 'em — the music was considered so taboo by their parents."

Brown, although barely educated, was no fool, living first on his wits and street suss and later developing cocksure business sense.

More to the point, his physical presence in performance was, from all reports, always near-explosive. Signed to King Records in '56, 'Please, Please, Please', a regional hit, finally broke the precincts of the national charts under the reworked and improved guise of 'Try Me' in late '58/early '59. The song's mention drags up one of Brown's proudest boasts, as usual expressed in terms of self-amazement.

"Do you know that every single I've made since '59 has made the national charts? I mean, can you believe that?" Brown appears quite transported by this declaration of triumph, staring wide-eyed, silent for a second and then howling one delirious bark of laughter. "Ha! Twenty years of hits, goddam! Ain't that something?

Eyes now misty with quasi-self-idolatory, the very consideration of this achievement leaves him agog. Brown's verbal capper even outweighs all previous bouts of manic self-assertion. After a moment of blithe pondering, His Royal Highness speaks, his voice virtually aghast:

"Y'know, sometimes I look back on my life and wonder just how one man could achieve all I've done."

TWENTY YEARS of chart entries Brown may well have enjoyed, but even the most casual observer of the ostentatious funk emperor's career could tell that Brown's real halycon era was the '60s.

Kick-starting that decade off with the desperate pronouncements hollered against the sullen cut-throat riffing of 'I'll Go Crazy', Brown piled hit upon hit from the mule-kick riffing of 'Think', the jazz-soul instrumental interlock of 'Night Train' to the elegant 'Mod' shuffles and stop-chart dynamics like 'Out Of Sight', 'Papa's Got A Brand New Bag' and 'I Feel Good'.

Looking back on this period, a sense of genuine awe is the only salient emotion. Brown after all was not merely creating the most invigorating dance music around; his ear for arrangements was innovative to the point of genius, and during that half decade he literally shaped a whole new form of music, the perfect dance beat twitching with horns and a trigger tight pulse that wouldn't quit.

Still, as superb as these records remain (not to mention equally awesome triumphs like the spine-shuddering 'Man's, Man's World' and the jack-hammer swing of the whole 'Cold Sweat' era), Brown's quintessential forte was as a live act.

Very simply he was *the* performer, unsurpassable, *the* live experience against which all other troupers would have to gauge their stamina and their moves.

Brown at his '60s peak was unsurpassed as a dancer. He would coil and uncoil his ankle muscle relentlessly through 360° spins and pirouettes in marathon displays of one-legged strutting that put flamenco dancers to shame whilst punctuating this ceaseless activity with knee-drops and/or splits that worked directly in sync with the frenetic pace of the music.

Stories of his performances at the Apollo Theatre (where two albums were cut, the first a single affair recently reissued and possibly Brown's finest album ever, the second, a double, now criminally deleted) are as legion as they are legendary.

Due to some ludicrous oversight a James Brown Apollo show was never filmed. However, Brown's scene-stealing performance in the T.A.M.I. show of 1965 bears out most of the hyperbole. The event is now an affair scrawled large in the annal of rock history: Brown, second-billed to The Rolling Stones, completely stole the latter's thunder, causing such pandemonium that the Stones were fortunate to play an above average set and acquit themselves from the jaws of disgrace.

Referring to the T.A.M.I. show and Brown's overt piece of upstaging, he as usual speciously plays the gentleman in his summation of Jagger's follow-up chore.

"Well you know I really think that the show and its build-up was actually very, very good for Mick. He learnt a lot that night about how to project himself just right, how to work constructively on his professionalism, and above all how to find an identity of his own."

And of course Brown and Jagger are the best of friends — according to Brown anyway.

Ah yes, James Brown the eternal diplomat. Brown may perhaps loathe Mick Jagger and

Pic: Dennis Morris

The Rolling Stones, but he would never say anything beyond how much he loves him/them/her in this context. As it happens I have heard that the Stones on one of their '70s tours of the States invited Brown and his revue to support them, only to be turned down by the King in a fit of pique. When I ask Brown about this tale of him supposedly refusing such a lucrative gig, he just shrugs: "I never heard that.

"See you gotta understand, the hardest thing in this world is for me to find an act that'll follow me. People are just too frightened to put out that much. They think 'Ooh no, that cat Brown he's just too hot to follow'."

This is an obsessive topic with Brown. Having run down an admittedly arduous list of dates upcoming, the King, still proudly proclaiming himself "the hardest working man in show business," states, "I enjoy a tough pace cos it keeps me moving constantly and I feed off that drive, that energy flow. But, see, these younger performers . . . a lot of them have yet to learn about a few basic truths, about exactly what this business is about.

"All entertainers must have a theory of knowing that when you do a show for people, you ain't doin' them a favour. Instead they're doing you a favour by coming in the first place. So, what it means is, do one hell of a show!

"See I used to work 12 to 15 hours a day onstage for very, very little money, but I now can do a show, take care of a whole lot of people, give 'em jobs and still make pretty much what I want to money-wise."

Brown, besides employing "a whole lot of people", was also known for firing those he hired for playing the occasional bum note. This, claims the boss, is no longer the rule.

"Sure, time was when I used to — but the band that I got now've been with me for some time and know it all inside out."

This, once again, preludes a "me and my band are so good no one on this planet could dare follow us" rap. True, his current band as witnessed at the Venue are all pros, but beyond a young drummer placed to the right of the stage I can't denote any budding Bootsy Collins, Maceo Parkers or Fred Wesleys. The aforementioned triumvirate played with Brown in the early '70s and although Brown was the main force with his finger on the pulse of the rhythms and arrangements, all three actively contributed to the 'Sex Machine/Soul Power' era of their leader's sound.

Players like Collins, Wesley and Parker added ideas, frills and embellishments whilst Brown's current crew simply play the riffs on automatic. More to the point, these three have found solace working in the Parliament/Funkadelic conglomerate led by the US's most maverick entrepreneur/band leader/system confuser, George Clinton.

James Brown doesn't like George Clinton much.

Not that he will actually say so in so many words, but it's evident enough from the brusqueness of Brown's almost cancerous sounding drawl to remarks made concerning the current fate of Wesley and Parker.

After a nonchalant, almost half-mumbled, nod of approval toward Clinton's business acumen — "He's a smart man, that Clinton. He's playin' a real crafty game, and his company's smart, ain't no two ways about that" — he lets his veiled animosity toward the new Funkmaster come out into the light.

"When Maceo and Fred were with me they were stars in their own right, even though my outfit was real tight. Now when they joined Clinton — well, Bootsy's doin' OK — but the other two just got swallowed up in this huge great package deal." (This latter phrase is virtually spat out.)

"Maceo, man, all Maceo needs is his horn and a good arrangement and he's a star. But he and Fred lost their identity in Clinton's enterprise. He ate them up and I hated to see that. I don't like talkin' malice but seein' that makes me very angry."

Whether Brown is genuinely concerned at seeing Parker and Wesley's fate in the Clinton complex, it's hard to say. My hunch is that Brown, no fool himself by any stretch of the

■ Continues page 61

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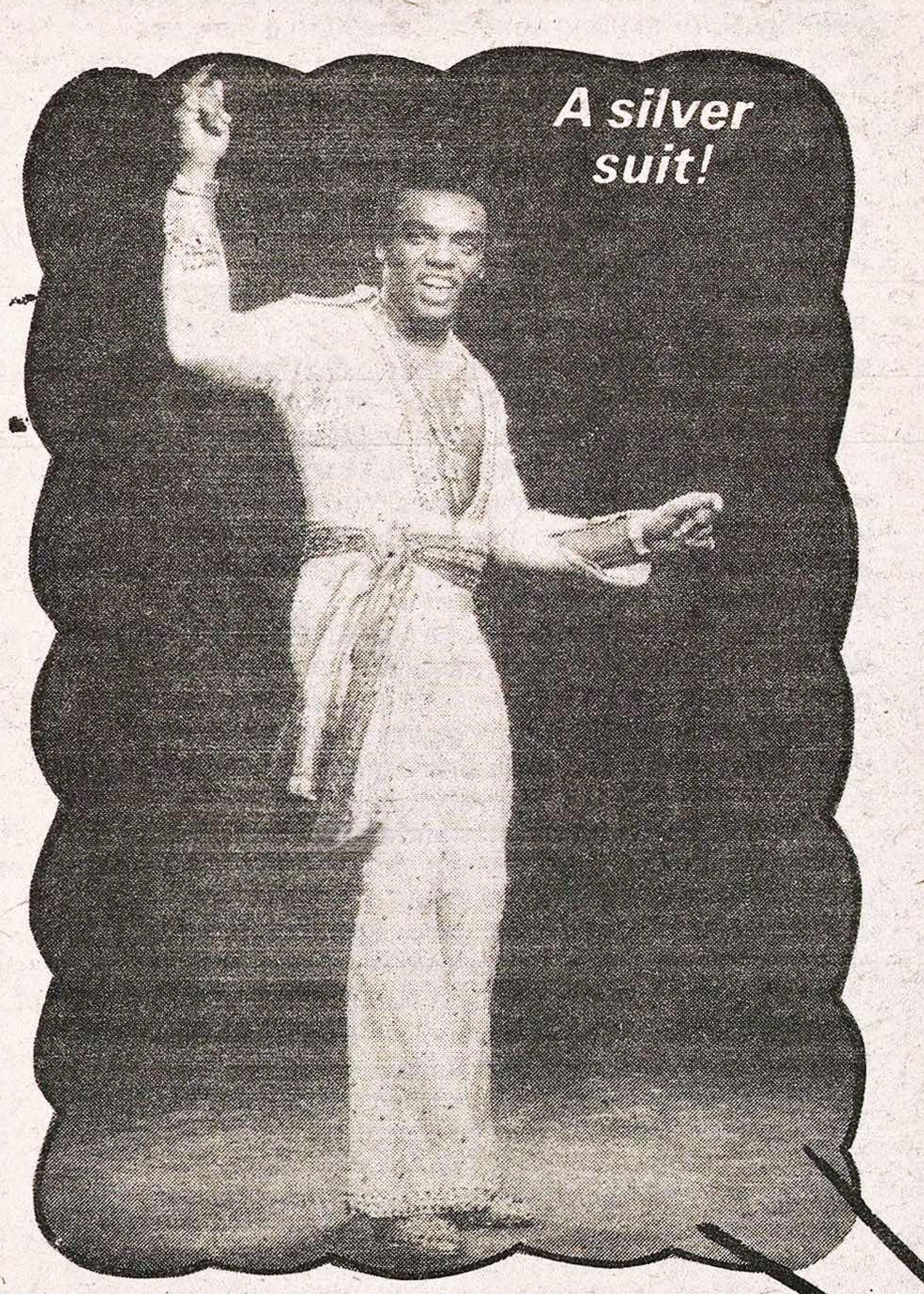
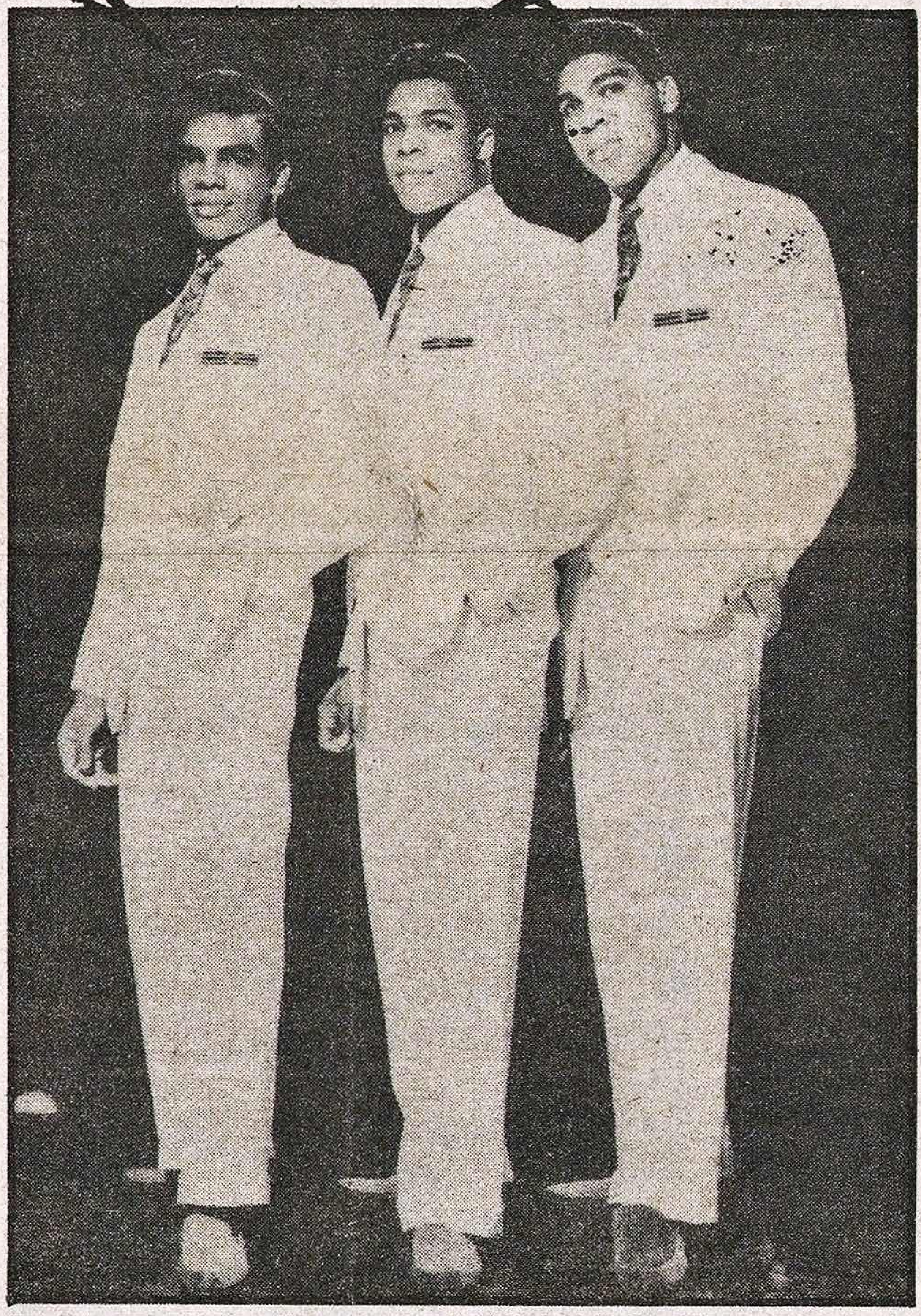
SOUL SPECIAL

One of these days I'm gonna get me . . .

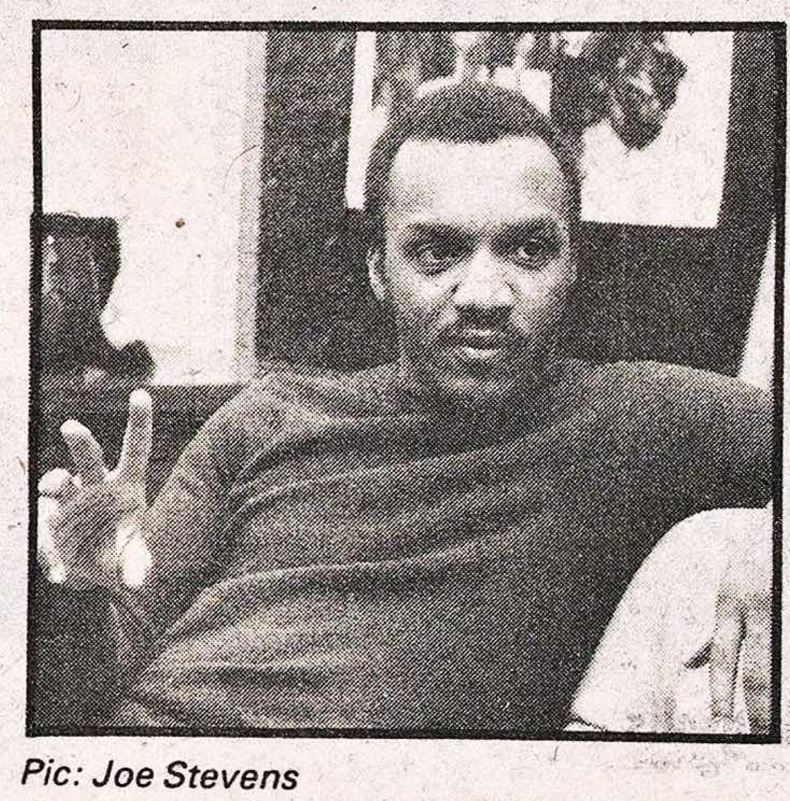




Top: current Isleys Ronnie, Rudolph and Kelly. Above: original Isleys Ronnie, Kelly and Rudolph.

The Gospel According To The Isley Brethren

ERNIE ISLEY (left) guides PHIL McNEILL down the highways of the lives of the 3+3



Pic: Joe Stevens

THERE ARE a lot of curious records around these days — Tottenham's defensive record, to name but one — but strangest of the lot are the two current Isley Brothers records: 'Shout!' and 'Winner Takes All'.

Stick them on the table by turns and you have a microcosm of one of the most extraordinary rock'n'roll careers ever.

On my left, 'Shout!', a spanking new 12-inch collector's item discomix astutely pressed up by RCA to celebrate the twentieth anniversary of the title track 'Shout', cut in New York City on July 29, 1959, and still one of the most raucous slabs of sanctification ever committed to black wax: definitely not the kind of homely golden oldie that saturates the nation's soporific airwaves.

And on my right, 'Winner Takes All', four sides of the clenched fist funk, sinuous soul and disco rock that have made The Isley Brothers the most consistent music machine of the '70s: a law unto themsleves, six men with the strength of God, the family and a collective performing experience of damn near 150 years wrapped around them like a shield of superiority.

They've been teenage superstars and twist craze has-beens, they've been Motown puppets and Merseybeat icons, they've put R&B into church and Hendrix licks into black power anthems, they're the worst dressers and best singers the world has ever known . . . and they're a mystery.

Vacuum sealed inside their independent T-Neck Records organisation, the enigmatic Isleys make Neil Young look like Bob Geldof.

So you can imagine the hoots of disbelief that greeted CBS's announcement last month that The Isley Brothers were about to embark on their first visit to these shores since 1964. Believe it when we see 'em we said . . . and of course we didn't. Even though they were only coming over to talk, not play, the mission was aborted at the last minute — apparently, and shamefully, for lack of media interest.

Still, if you can't have 'em in the flesh you can still get 'em hanging on the telephone. The notoriously fruitless option of a transatlantic talk-in was touted and only *NME* and one reckless national were hardy enough to pick up on this unprecendented offer.

So let's just interrupt a routine day in the office for 27-year-old businessman, drummer, guitar hero and musical director Ernest Isley and spend an hour tripping gaily along the highways of the lives of the six and only Three Plus Three — The Isley Brothers.

RAISED IN Cincinatti, Ohio, the three original Isley Brothers — Ronald, Rudolph and O'Kelly — had already served a lifetime's apprenticeship singing gospel songs on tour with mother Bernice's piano when they moved to the small town of Teaneck, New Jersey, ten miles outside of Manhattan's pleasure machine centre, and cut their first record in 1957.

It didn't mean a light, but two years' solid graft in the vicinity of the breadline brought them to the attention of RCA producers Hugo and Luigi (the men later responsible for The Stylistics' slushiest mega-hits), and whammo! Ronnie, Rudolph and Kelly plundered their gospel roots for a self-penned song called 'Shout' and flogged their first million copies before the year was out.

This was hard-line black music, wild and almost primitive like their probable influences, James Brown and Little Richard. When they followed it three years later with the mannered yet impassioned 'Twist And Shout' the Isleys wrote themselves deep into the aural textbooks then circulating amongst Britain's legions of awestruck fledgling beat groups.

Their influence on The Beatles, in particular, extended far beyond the 'Twist And Shout' cover version; if the Isleys could have copyrighted that inimitable falsetto scream they'd be even richer than they are.

Not that young Ernie was more than a little sprog in those days, but how does it feel when he listens to those old tracks?

"You remember it like it was yesterday," he assures me. Oh.

One curiosity is that 'That Lady', the song that launched the Isleys to their massive worldwide success in '73, was originally the B-side of some no-hope single issued in 1963. What was it like then?

"Uh, it was different," Ernie laughs. "More cha cha. Calypso-like . . ."

And then along came Jimi. Around '64/5, when Ernie was just getting to grips with his "first love", drums, Hendrix joined the Isleys' back-up band. Ernie swears it's coincidence that his latterday guitar style owes such a debt to the great man.

"I take it as a compliment — that's usually how it's intended. Sure, I met him a few times, briefly — but I was like 12 years old and he was eight or ten years older than me. He left in '65/66, but my brothers stayed in touch with him till the end."

By now The Isley Brothers had already recorded for more labels than most artists do in their entire career: Teenage, Cindy, Gone, Mark X, RCA, Atlantic, Wand, UA and Atlantic again. Feeling the draught of the British invasion though, they decided upon what must then have been a well radical step: they started their own record label, T-Neck, recording with Hendrix in the band.

It was a gamble that failed to pay off at the time. Those were depression days for any artist with pre-'63 associations and the Isleys needed a niche in the '60s. T-Neck was "put on the shelf for a while" and the Brothers signed to Motown.

A whole string of explosive, wailing singles ensued as the Isleys allied their powerhouse howl to the Tamla factory overdrive: 'This Old Heart Of Mine', 'Behind A Painted Smile', 'I Guess I'll Always Love You', a stupendous version of 'Take Me In Your Arms (Rock Me A Little While)' . . . great sounds.

So how come they left the fold? After all, it's not generally considered a wise move. The mortality rate among ex-Motown acts is pretty off-putting; where are Martha Reeves or even The Four Tops and Temptations now?

"The contract was up with Motown," Ernie explains, adopting a press statement manner. "There was no bitterness. I have the highest admiration for the company and the Gordy family.

"We learned a lot while we were there," he adds, proudly recalling how he once played drums behind Martha and the Vandellas at a Philadelphia gig when he was just 14.

The lessons must certainly have been good, because in 1969 the Isleys relaunched T-Neck Records with 'It's Your Thing' and immediately scored their third million-seller — something that had evaded them throughout their days under the watchful eye of Holland, Dozier and Holland.

FREE OF THE Motown system, The Isley Brothers spread their wings in sometimes weird and sometimes wonderful ways. A string of commercial successes came out Stateside on T-Neck, ranging from the Isleys' own souped-up Stax-like epics 'It's Your Thing' and 'I Know Who You've Been Socking It To' to laboured stabs at crossover credibility with 'Lay Lady Lay', 'Fire And Rain', Carole King's 'It's Too Late' and a strange medley of Neil Young's 'Ohio' and Hendrix's 'Machine Gun'.

■ *Continues over*

LES FRERES ISLEY

■ *From previous page*

All this went down largely unnoticed over here, partly because T-Neck had distribution problems and partly because some bright product manager at Motown UK managed to chart a whole series of reissues around the turn of the '60s, including half the Isley Brothers catalogue.

Experimenting with a wide array of sounds and line-ups as if to make up for lost time, the Isleys spent their early independence gradually integrating Ernie (guitar), Marvin (bass) and cousin Chris Jasper (keyboards) with the three singers, Ronnie, Rudolph and Kelly. Blueprints were laid down — including, in 'Freedom', what sounds like the inspiration for their friend Don Covay's acclaimed 'It's Better To Have And Don't Need' — and the band's rough edges, even then still its greatest strength, were honed off on stylish acoustic boogies like Steve Stills' 'Love The One You're With'.

"You can hear me learning on those records," says Ernie, who picked up a guitar for the first time in '68 "because I liked Jose Feliciano's 'Light My Fire'. I wanted to play acoustic guitar at first."

For an acoustic guitarist, that boy sure could play like Jimi Hendrix. In '73 T-Neck signed a worldwide distribution deal with Epic and unleashed 'That Lady', a track off the classic '3+3' album which also included 'Summer Breeze' and 'The Highways Of My Life'. Suddenly The Isley Brothers were out in a league of their own.

The early '70s was a time for self-assertion in black music. Stevie Wonder and Marvin Gaye stepped off the production line, Sly Stone skipped gigs and caused a riot. James Brown stated it — 'Damn Right I Am Somebody' — but the Isleys just did it, totally self-sufficient both as a group and as a company.

Musically, too, they forged their own path. Sure, one of the ghosts of Hendrix could be heard flowing through Ernie's liquid guitar lines, but the band fused rock and soul more completely than any of their predecessors simply because in the final analysis The Isley Brothers' music was neither. Rock vision, soul emotion: pure Isleys.

Plus three Isleys: Ernie (left), Marvin (top) and Chris Jasper.

"We see ourselves as a rock 'n' roll group," Ernie asserts. "We're only in black music because that happens to be the colour of our skin."

Another great strength, of course, came from the family connection. After all, when Ernie and Marvin joined the band they'd already been intensely involved in its music all their lives.

"The family thing, it's bigger than the music. It means you have other things keeping you together, you don't just talk about the last gig."

But towering above all the other factors, there was Ronnie Isley's extraordinary performance on lead vocals. The '3+3' album was a tour de force of languid soul vocalising, and if it didn't mark him down as *the* undisputed best singer in the world then 'Live It Up' and especially 'The Heat Is On', did.

The second side of 'The Heat Is On' consists of just three long slow love songs. The band lay down a bare minimum groove, and Ronnie takes it from there, crying, sighing, yelping, trading lines against himself in a flawless performance that almost sounds like he's thinking out loud at times, wrapping you in a strictly lights out aura of sheer sexuality.

Never has a song been more appropriately titled than 'Sensuality'. I ask Ernie how it felt recording that and such private. intense songs as 'For The Love Of You' and 'Make Me Say It Again Girl'.

"Actually it felt just like anything else at the time," he admits. "It was just work." Oh.

THE OTHER side of 'The Heat Is On' featured the title track and 'Fight The Power' — tracks which led to the Isleys getting a reputation as black power acolytes.

"Aw, it's had things read into it," Ernie protests. "There's no deliberate political overtones. You make of it what you will. Like you could see it now in terms of disco, if someone's anti-disco, or the gas shortage: it's fighting the powers that be, whatever they are."

Oh. You know you also have a reputation for not talking to white journalists. Like me, several of the writers around the office were surprised when CBS offered this interview.

"Yeah? Aw, that's crap! You tell your friends that's crap. We're not militant . . . We're nice guys — we smile on the covers of our albums 'n' everything!"

It hardly seems worth explaining that not all of us think of 'militants' as bad guys. Ernie is determined to bland this one out. Like he says, it's just work.

Though they never sink below a high level of excellence, some people might suggest that the apparent air of similarity in the Isleys' output these past few years was a sympton of this 'just work' ethic. Certainly, their independence has begun to look uncomfortably like insularity.

Though they are all good albums, there is little obvious change from 'Harvest of the World', through 'Go For Your Guns' and 'Showdown', to 'Winner Takes All'.

"Well if it seems the same may be that's because the line-up's the same. It's the same guitarist, the same keyboard player, the same lead singer . . . The main thing is to get a groove. That's the backbone of all rock'n'roll, the groove.

"The reason 'Winner Takes All' was a double album was because we needed a new challenge. There's things you can do that you can't do on a single album, where everything's gotta be hot."

So how does Ernie see the Isleys' musical future?

"We're gonna try and get funkier, like 'The Heat Is On'. There won't be any personnel changes, though we might use horns or strings."

If so, it'll be quite a departure. Nobody outside the family has appeared on an Isleys record since 'Live It Up'.

So how do the roles within the band break down? Do you have a manager?

"Yeah — Kelly Isley! He's like the leader of the band. It goes beyond the music — he's more involved with running T-Neck Records. Rudi and Ronnie, they're both involved in that side of things too.

"Everyone more or less participates in the music, though the majority of the seeds of songs come from Marv, Chris or me. We all collaborate in various combinations.

"But if you measure it on a scale of ten I'd say we're all 9.99 per cent involved in T-Neck. There's just us and two secretaries, though of course we get other people in to organise tours for us and so on."

Right now the only artists on T-Neck are The Isley Brothers, though there were a handful of acts at first. Ernie's hoping they'll be able to sign some people "when we get our studio together".

And that about wraps it up. An hour of probing and all Ernie has given me is a lesson in the American glossary of 'buzz-words'. I lost count of the number of times he talked about "communicating", communicating nothing.

A parting message for the fans: yes, they'd really lurve to come over here and play for the people. One day.

Meanwhile, whichever Isleys set you choose — vintage '59 or '79 — no way can you be disappointed. Even after five years of 'formula' albums, 'Winner Takes All' is a record to treasure. An Isley Brothers record.

It's taken them two decades to get around to their first double album, but right now I can't think of a better way to spend the next hour and a half than listening to Ronnie, Rudolph, Kelly, Marvin, Chris and Ernie do the thing they do best. Long may they continue.

DISCOGRAPHY

All seven Epic/T-Neck albums are still on catalogue, along with a '70s hits album ('Forever Gold') and a double compilation of pre-Epic T-Neck material ('Timeless'), Motown still have the 16-track 'Super Hits' available; RCA have just issued 'Shout' as a 12-inch single; 'Twist And Shout' was available on a DJM compilation of the Isleys' Wand material called 'Twist And Shout', which was deleted last December.

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6 NASHVILLE LONDON
24 TIFFANY'S EDINBURGH
28 LEICESTER UNIV. LEICESTER
29 ERIC'S LIVERPOOL
30 COATHAM BOWL REDCAR

OCTOBER
2 MANCHESTER POLY. MANCHESTER
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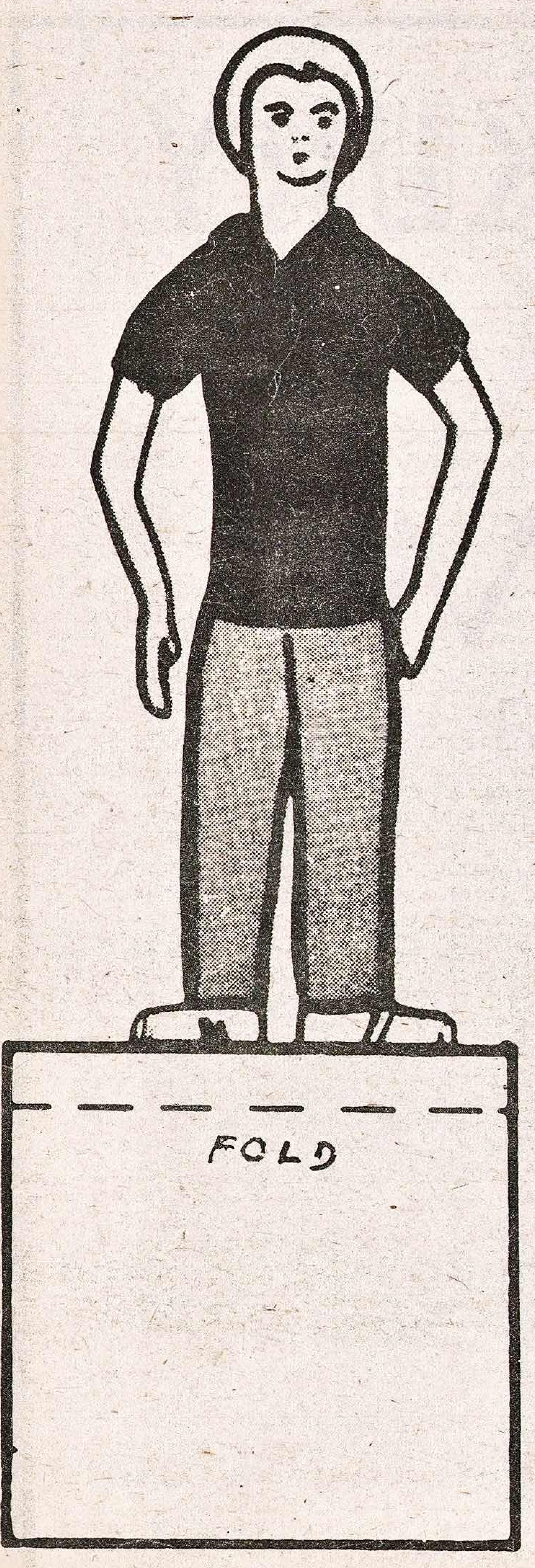

9 You sell Dad's old bike without him being told. Bit of money for the pictures. Have another throw.

39 You spot Nigel parting his hair (a good sign). Go on 2 spaces.

'Making Plans For Nigel'. The New Game from XTC
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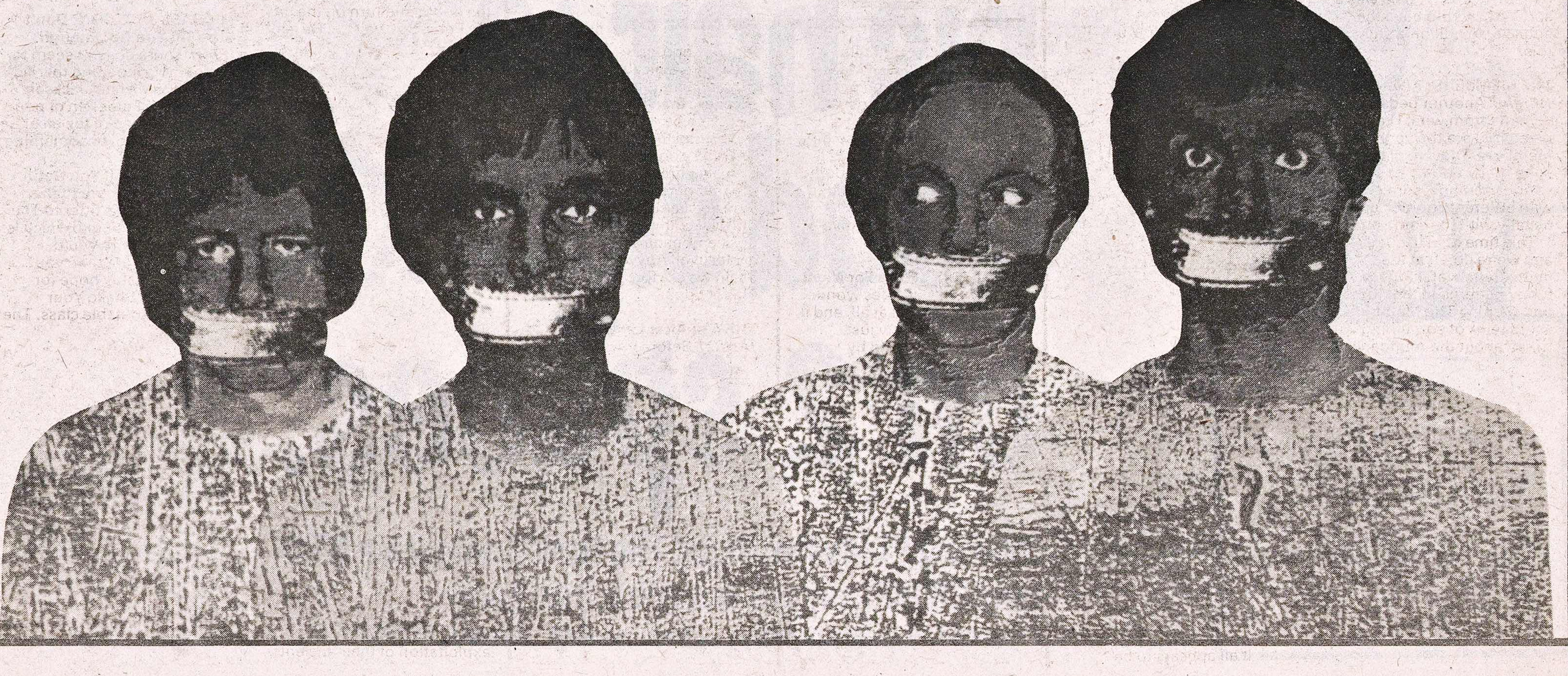
	22	RoCk GaRdEn	MiDdLeSbOrOuGh	13	eSsEx UnivErSiTy	CoLcHeStEr
	23	StAgEcOaCh	DuMfRiEs	17	NoTtinGhAm UnivErSiTy	nOtTiNgHaM
	26	StOwAwAy	NeWpOrT, St. WaLeS	18	MaNcHeStEr PoLyTeChNiC	mAnChEsTeR
	28	nAsHviLLe	LoNdOn	19	midDLEsEx PoLyTeChNiC	midDLEsEx
	29	NaShViLLE	LOnDoN	23	PoRtSmOuTh PoLyTeChNiC	pOrTsMoUtH
Oct	4	nOrTh StAfFs PoLyTeChNiC	nOrTh StAfFs	24	cLoNeS	pLyMoUtH
	6	PoRtErHoUsE	eAsT rEtFoRd	25	birMiNgHaM uNiVeRsitY	birMiNgHaM
	10	CaScAdE	sHrEwSbUrY	26	wAkEfieLd UnivErSiTy HaLL	WaKeFiELD
	11	fUsioN	cHeStErFiELD	29	bAtH uNiVeRsitY	bAtH
				31	mArQuEe	LoNdOn



SINGLES

Start Here:
THE POLICE: Message In A Bottle *(A&M)*. You want pop? You won't get better pop than this. Its manners are so impeccable you could take it anywhere. Of course, in about two months' time you'll have had more than you can take, which only goes to confirm its eminence in the field.

Police singles are the rock counterpart to Chic, the most distinctive, charismatic sound around. And like Chic, the beauty of it is simplicity, and the strong identity of the vocals. 'Message In A Bottle' repeats the plaintive, lonely lilt of 'Can't Stand Losing You' that so well suits Sting's voice, and dovetails rock and reggae rhythms together so tightly the seams barely show. Actually The Selecter pull that last stroke off even better but we won't quibble.

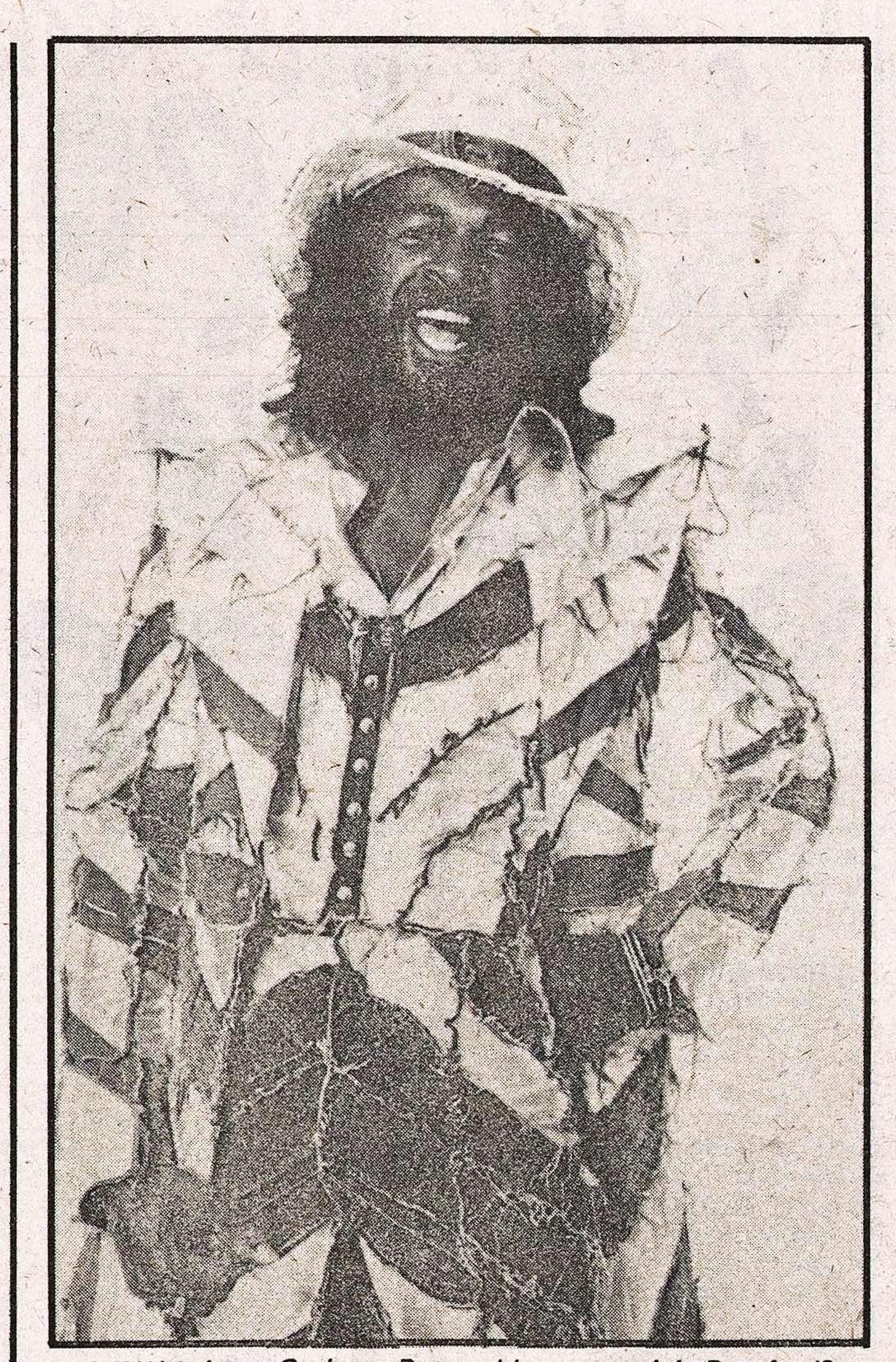
The Police make it all sound so effortless; like they could knock these things out by the hour. It's sophisticated without trying to be clever, suave without trying to be flash, too early yet to have sunk into formula, and one above their last. As the judge said to the thief, this one will cell and cell.

Single Of The Week (No. 1)
LARRY GRAHAM: Star Walk *(Warner Brothers)*.
This *is* . . . the heavy, heavy monster disco sound, edited down from its extravagant dancefloor length for seven inch consumption. Nothing less than a mutha of a rhythm to keep your body occupied until the sax comes in and blows you away. There isn't a great deal to it, but what's there will do nicely.

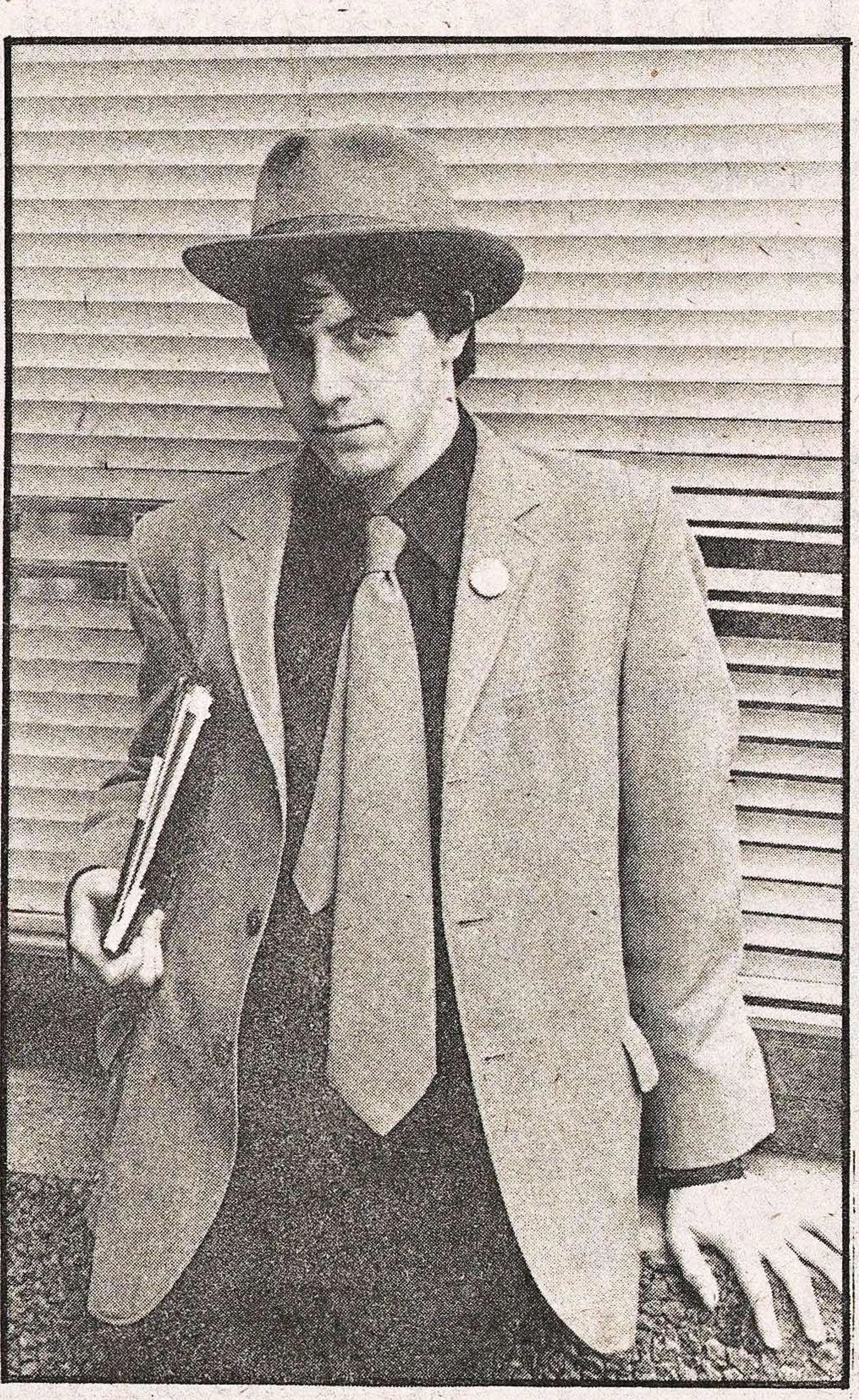
Larry Graham was the bass ace with Sly Stone, then his ego got the better of him, and Sly found one of the kings of the instrument in Rusty Allen. Graham went on to invent the outrageous flash that makes Bootsy Collins so popular, and after an album or two generously decided to drop out of sight. Now he's back and he's loud.

'Star Walk' trips the light fantastic in a manner so dumb it makes even Bootsy seem positively intelligent. It's pure funky nonsense about moonstomping, about the cosmos that boils right down to a function at the junction of the bass and the drums. A ridiculous synthesizer solo ushers in a jiving killer of a sax — worth the price of the record alone — and then it just sort of warps out amongst the outer planets.

Only someone who actually genuinely believed he was a superstar would have the audacity to pull off a stunt like this.



S.O.T.W.1: Larry Graham. But could you wear it in Deptford?



Pic: Mike Laye

S.O.T.W.2: Spizz. But can you wear it in Detroit?

THE MEMBERS: Killing Time *(Virgin)*. Another bedsitter vignette from what I keep being told are the very cuddly Members. They've played this song many times before, in various settings, sometimes with different choons, but usually with the same ending.

This time it's Tuesday night and we're down at the launderette watching the funny patterns in the rinser and wishing The Members could think of something witty to say about the mundane

NME Headlines Revisited:

Good Week For Men In Hats

realities of leaving home that they haven't already said before.

Like last year's Spacehopper, The Members' bouncy, beaty fun would appear to have lost its wind. The most amusing thing about 'Killing Time' is the packaging. It's either a case of too much too soon or too little too far. But in any case it's punky but weak. A toot from the Klaxon, and on to . . .

Single Of the Week (No. 2)
SPIZZ ENERGI: Soldier Soldier *(Rough Trade)*.
Built on a bass riff that would not seem out of place on a Giorgio Moroder record (because that's where it came from in the first place). The riff frog-marches up and down the octaves while Spizz rails against armed forces and a raspy clavinet pokes its nose in with progressively greater

determination and progressively less logic.

This record can't hide its unspoilt affection for the suface passions of pop, right down to the contentious subject of the title.

Spizz is able to blithely reconcile all the dizzy extremes involved. He drones, over the disco base, an almost childish rhyme, in an almost perfect punk monotone. He's swept along by the skin of his teeth in what seems the exhilarating flurry of a first take. It all appears to be absolutely straight-forward to him. He is what some phenomenologists call 'a natural'.

Fate may yet hand him a hit, too, should the radio discover the flip side's 'Virginia Plain' before Roxy have time to re-release theirs. Spizz brings nothing to his version other than genuine adoration for the song. He brings nothing to music other than an obvious love for it.

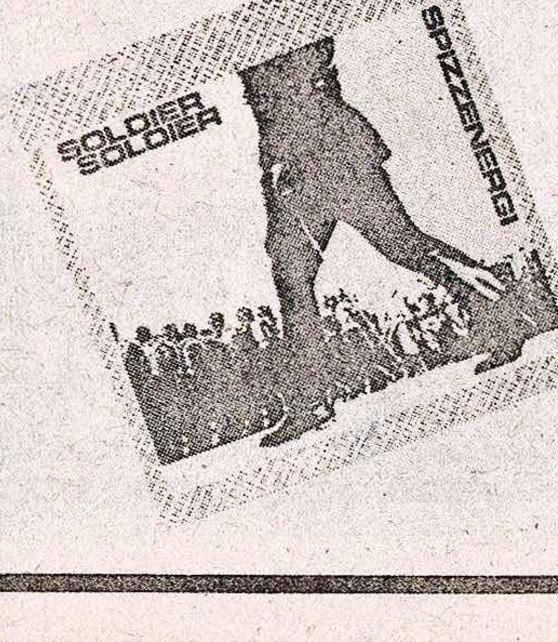
45s

picked and mixed

by PAUL RAMBALI

The charm — and this applies also to Swell Maps — lies in the feeling you get that the word career means nothing to him, making a record means nothing to him, and even if nobody heard a single note he'd still be doing it anyway. Who ever needed a motive to have fun?

Buy this record and give him one.



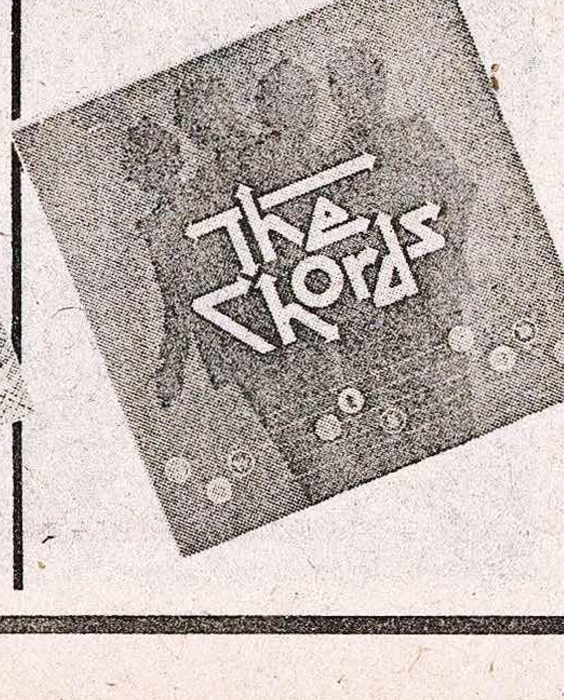
XTC: Making Plans For Nigel *(Virgin)*. I sometimes wonder if XTC really exist at all, and if they aren't secretly just something invented by Virgin's promotional department as a snappy way to keep themselves busy. By the time you've fully savoured the packaging concept it's easy to forget there's a record inside. This one comes in the form of a game: how to play snakes and ladders with your son's future. I surmise it has some connection with the title, 'Making Plans For Nigel'. Nigel is possibly a microcephalic in this context.

But it's appropriately crisp and witty, typically coy and fizzy, and marginally less eccentric than they have been known to be.

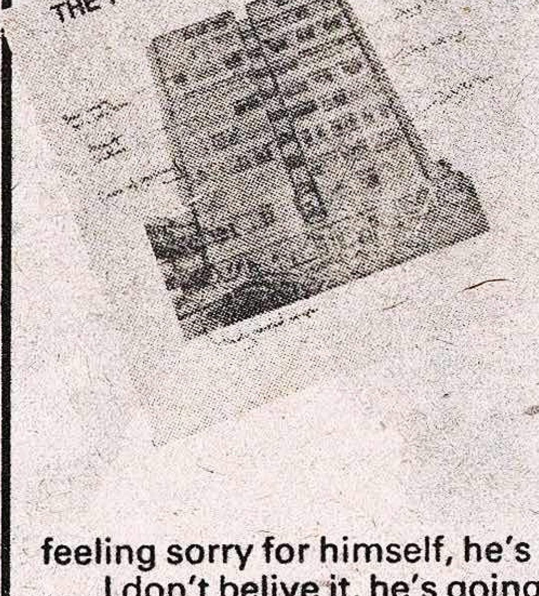
It's good that someone lets XTC carry on making records, even if at times, taking a broader perspective, what they do seems to be the musical equivalent of setting up a lemonade stand at a real ale festival. Anyway, once again we are forced to ask . . . This is pop?

THE A's: After Last Night *(Arista)*. Before you even know it, this record will be a hit. It'll be a hit first in America, then it will be a hit here. It's more instant than Nescafe and more commercial than a Tory election campaign.

This is the sort of song Queen would give their digital PA to have written, the sort of song Dwight Twilley should have sung, the sort of thing that makes overnite sensations of groups like The Knack. Is it possible to reconcile a love of true pop with a contempt for the cynicism that's often involved in its making? Records with this many hooks in their favour don't happen by accident. I hate it already.



PETER HAMMIL: The Polaroid *(Charisma)*. Still haven't plucked up the courage to lock the doors and turn on the gas, eh, Pete? But wait . . . He isn't



feeling sorry for himself, he's . . . I don't belive it, he's going to . . . to crack a joke! About a polaroid and a girl and a policeman. Very witty Pete, but why do you feel you have to call yourself Rikki Nadir to do it? Oh well, guess I'll just flip the record over, turn off the lights and practice systematically depriving my brain of oxygen.

THE CHORDS: Now It's Gone *(Polydor)*. As The Who's deplorable bare-faced exploitation of their ancient history gathers even more steam, I find the cynic in me surprisingly quiet. The current scam — joining forces with a clothing company to market mod gear — reduces their credibility count to a virtual zero, but what the hell. The utter lack of guile is almost admirable, All but the biggest sap will be able to see the manipulation going on, and only our sap will one day feel undersold.

Meanwhile The Who's accidental spawning — years after the fact — of lots of sprightly little Whos begins to crawl onto disc. The Chords muster a more exciting emulation than their cohorts, and tackle the reality of their position instead of hooking the song on some empty chant, but will probably fall on deaf ears. Their three minutes reveals lots of spunk, very little cunning, and tons of genuine affection for what is, after all, the quintessential English rock sound. Not for nothing did The Sex Pistols play 'Substitute'.

THE TRAINSPOTTERS: High Rise *(Arista)*. The Trainspotters are slightly down-market of The Members, they don't think they're so clever, and they live in a tower block. You need a few laughs if you live in a tower block, even at your own expense. This here's a rock'n'roll guided tour. It would be good sport to quote the lyrics but without a little black ball to bounce over them the full effect would be lost. So imagine Eddie Cochran's 'Twenty Flight Rock', The Small Faces' 'Lazy Sunday', and Buzzcocks' 'What Do I Get?, then divide by three chords, and transform the result into a page from *Whizzer And Chips*.

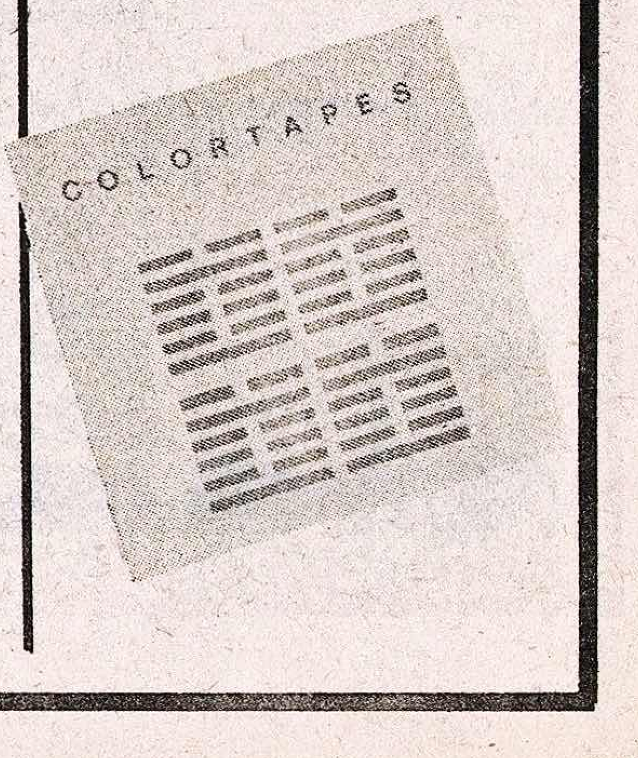
THE QUICK: Sharks Are Cool, Jets Are Hot *(Epic)*. If this is the same Quick who used to think Sparks were *rilly* neat and made an album on the West Coast to prove it, then just because Moroder managed to give Sparks some second wind with disco doesn't mean it'll work for them too. If it isn't the same Quick then that still applies.

THE CHEETAHS: Radio Active *(Zoom)*. A dull pun on wanting to listen to the radio but not wanting to be radio-active due to the energy source for the radio. If that isn't dull then the fault lies in how The Cheetahs tell 'em. And who needs an anti-nuke anthem that would have trouble stirring a cup of tea?

MICHAEL JACKSON: Don't Stop Till You Get Enough *(Epic)*. There doesn't seem to be anything stopping this kid at all. *Kid?* Michael Jackson must be the Peter Pan of pop soul, possessed of the elixir of eternal dancing, or something like that . . .

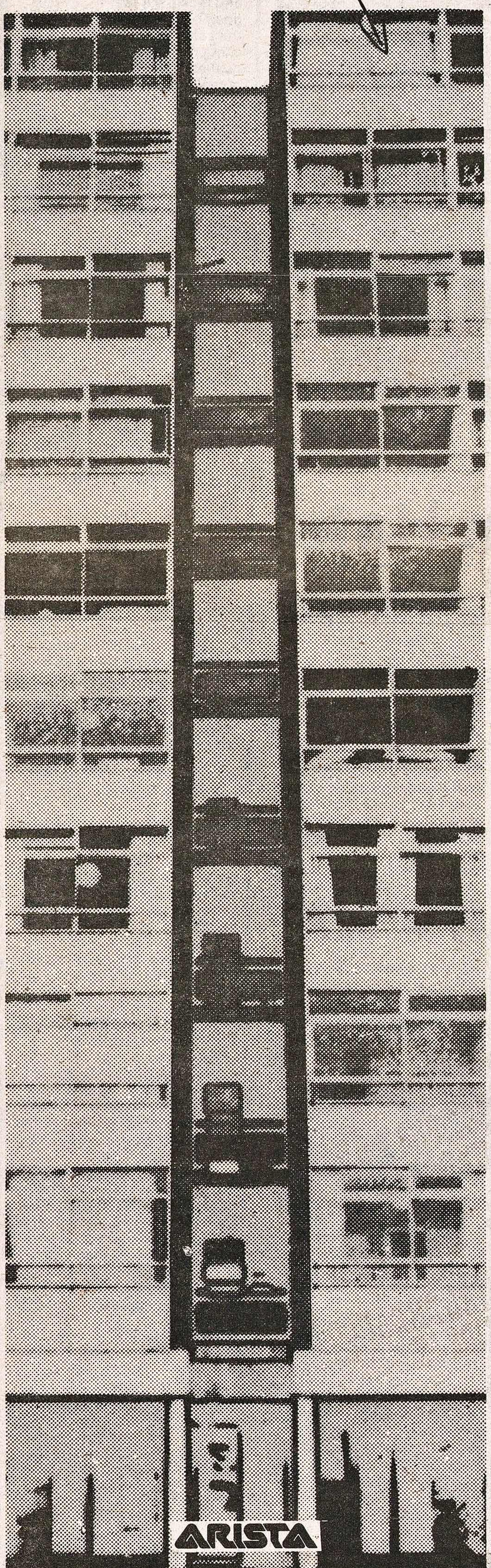
'Don't Stop Till You Get Enough' owes more than a passing tilt of the titfer to The Jacksons' last single, which is about as much as you'd expect and more than you could reasonably hope for considering 'Shake Your Body's indisputable class. The

Continues over



THE TRAINSPOTTERS
High Rise
ARIST 290

Thats where I live!



MORE SINGLES

From previous page

sound is the same, the rhythm and the song are different. It doesn't bounce around so much as swell and sway, and of course it doesn't have The Jacksons on it.

Now see if you can name the remaining Jacksons . . . (see what I mean).

COLOR TAPES: Cold Anger *(Wavelength)*. A band bred in Bristol, apparently out of the indigenous beatnik mould. Some trend-spotters say the Beatnick season will soon be with us. Color Tapes won't be ushering it in, though. They aren't as, ah, difficult as another celebrated group in their proximity, but they don't seem to get very worked-up. They waft about on clouds of inner expression, likely to start 'improvising' at any moment.

If this was 1973 they'd be called Hatfield And The North, be signed by Virgin, and be played by John Peel. The difference now is that they'll be played by Peel before they sign to Virgin. Another minor enigma.

ELLEN FOLEY: We Belong To The Night *(Epic)*. A big, but *big*, brooding ballad from the female voice on Meatloaf's 'Fat Out Of Hell'. She ain't exactly Darlene Love, but she sure can belt it out on the choruses, which is for the best really because the echo threatens to swamp everything in sight. If the drums were any bigger they wouldn't have fit in the studio. If Phil Spector had a dollar for every record he inspired he'd be an even richer man than he is already. Already.

METRO: The Mystery *(EMI)*. The mystery is why Talking Heads have never had a hit single and why the only thing Metro have going for them is a lead voice the image of David Byrne's.

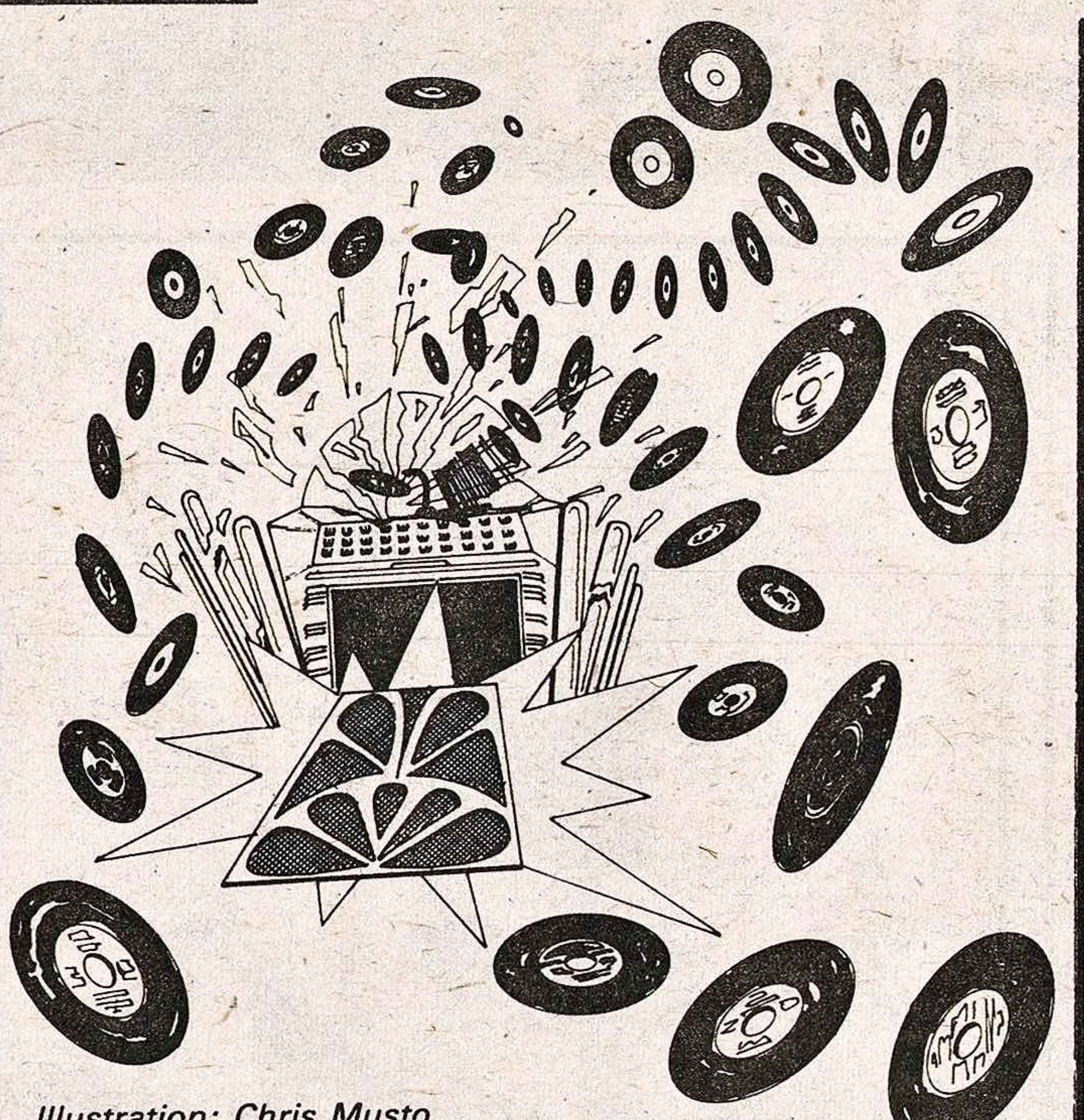


Illustration: Chris Musto

ROCKY BURNETTE: Tired Of Toein' The Line *(EMI)*. Here's another mystery: why do producers still think it's a bright idea to make records like Phil Spector used to, and why on earth should they want a David Byrne clone to sing it? That's two records this week that sound like he's on them. Are Sire twi— . . . No I can't bring myself to say it.

SHRINK: Silver Genes *(A&M)*. Not two but six tracks of insane, taunting, noisy, pointless garbage from a man who dares to look like the idiot mutant offspring of Gary's Numan and Glitter. Here's a worrying thought: the people who bring you Shrink are the same people who were right about Ian Dury, Dire Straits and Lene Lovich when everybody else said they were wrong . . .

JAMES BROWN: Star Generation *(Polydor)*; CURTIS MAYFIELD: Between You Baby And Me *(RSO)*. Soul vet stiffs, it saddens me to report. Curtis Mayfield is Ry Cooder's favourite guitarist and has been responsible for many fine records in the past but this lacklustre ballad with Linda Clifford almost vanishes in the grooves.

James Brown's latest, the second single from his new album, bops and grinds and makes all sorts of popular noises but barely gets up offa its butt. If you want to buy a James Brown record this year and you already have all his previous classics then get the last single, 'Too Funky In Here', because it's none too funky in here.

STEVE HARLEY: Freedom's Prisoner *(EMI)*. By the time he finally decides what his record is supposed to be it's over anyway. It's too late Harley, your time is up. You should have swallowed your pride and gone disco while you had the chance. Suitable for airplay and not much else.

TELEPHONE: Fait Divers *(EMI)*. A French band playing a song with English lyrics sung in a French accent made with an English producer and given a French title. You're still less confused than Telephone sound. Martin Rushent should be ashamed of himself, and not for the first time, either.

EXPOSE: Teenage Girls *(A&M)*. Graham Jackson and the Attractions, by any other name.

KATE BUSH: On Stage *(EMI)*. A live EP from saucy, squeaky, obsequious Kate Bush featuring four songs that have not been on her singles. Over half the people who will buy will do so once they see the video on *Top Of The Flops*, and Ms. Bush is obviously being groomed for a long career that won't be impeded easily. One of the titles is 'Don't Push Your Foot On The Heartbreak'. Ric Ocasek of The Cars says he truly believes that songs can affect your weight on the gas pedal. Kate Bush sends me to sleep at the wheel. Can I go now?

THE CLOSING CHAPTER....

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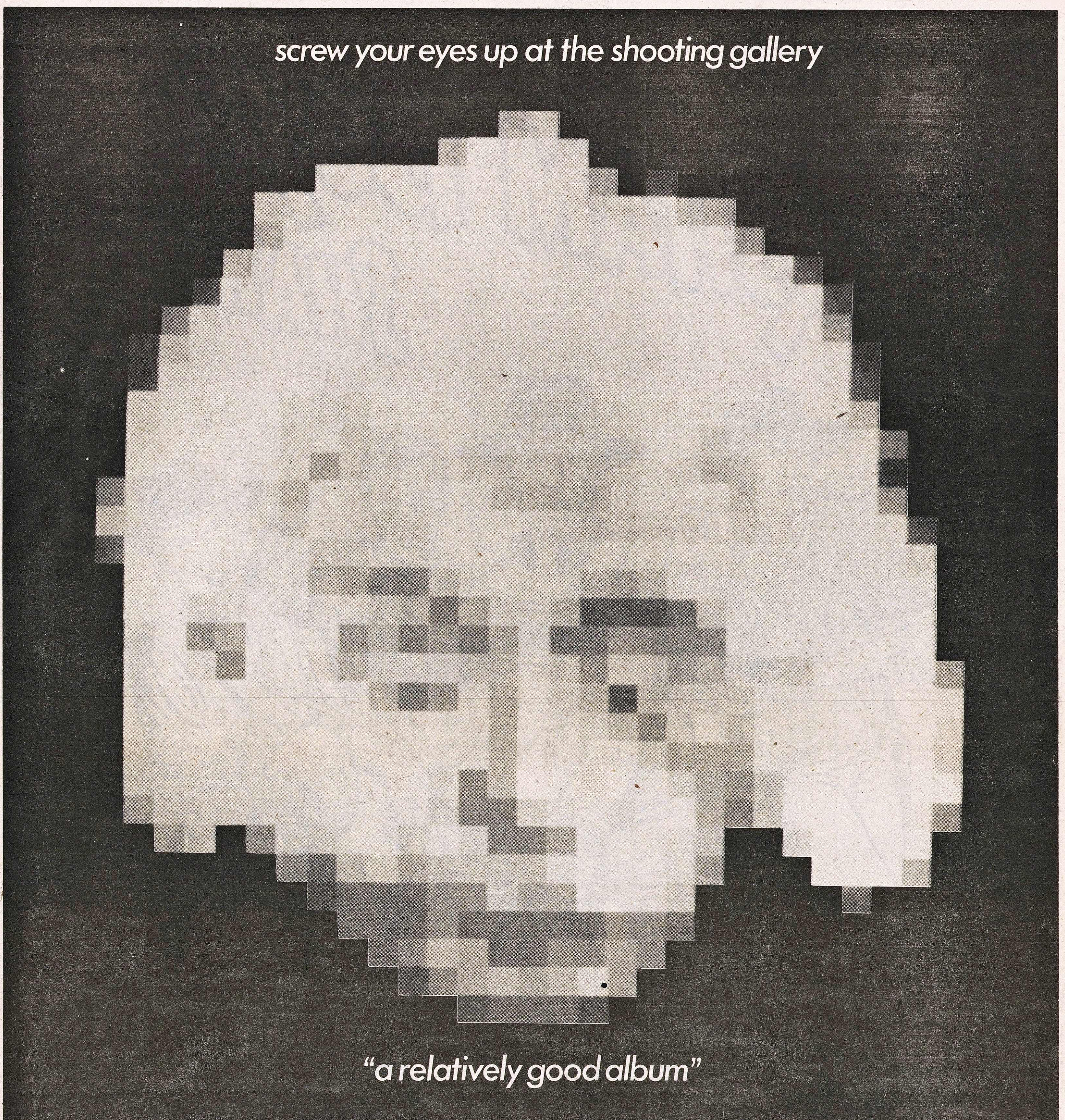
....OR IS IT JUST THE BEGINNING OF A LEGEND


screw your eyes up at the shooting gallery
"a relatively good album"
PH I LI P
RA M BO W
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GAL L E RY
»PHILIP RAMBOW/NEW ALBUM/"SHOOTING GALLERY"/EMI RECORDS & TAPES/EMC 3304»

Roosters'n'reporter (L-R): CSM, Garrie Lammin, Graeme Potter, Gary Eaves, John Hunt. Pic: Mike Laye.

IN ROMFORD they close the pubs at half two, but who gives a monkey's? When it gets dark, ancient rituals are enacted and re-enacted: the bikers and the scooterboys conduct elaborate stare-downs like something out of a Bruce Springsteen rewrite of *Quadrophenia* and when the pubs finally shut down the parties start.

One night awhile back this geezer called Garrie Lammin — used to be in a pioneer punk/bootboy crossover band called Cock Sparrer — was getting loud but not offensive like he usually does when he's got a few pints down him, and he runs into this other bunch of blokes in a pub called the Old Oak and they start talking about forming a band. They haul all their gear round to the drummer's place and start playing and it all falls together and suddenly — like in the old Zen saying — first there is a rock band. Then there is no rock band. Then there is.

It's called The Little Roosters. Lammin, a stocky sort of grinning type with a hedgehog haircut but whoever heard of a band called the Little Hedgehogs, is into raucous, sloppy R&B based around the Stones, Faces, soul music and Chicago blues. Graeme Potter, the drummer, likes Pop Music. Bassist John Hunt is jazz crazy, but he's wisely decided not to bother competing with Jaco and Stanley. Gary Eaves, who plays keyboards, doesn't talk much but he plays a bit. Naturally, they're mods. Sort of, anyway.

They say they're an R&B group. Mods think they're a mod band.

"We was playing the Bridge House a lot," recounts Lammin, elbows on the table. "Our first four or five gigs was there, and the Bridge House" (the centre of Canning Town's rock and roll universe) "was becoming a big mod hangout and all these mods would come down there when we played. They asked us, 'Are you gonna be a mod band? Your music's what we like listening to and dancing to.' I said not really, because that's a fad.

"R&B is not a fad. It's a way of life. It's a way of thinkin', it's a way of actin'. Anyone could just walk out of the door anytime and become a mod: you just get the haircut and the clothes and there you go. You can't do that with R&B. You're either R&B or you're not, but we started getting involved with the mod scene because so many mods was comin' to see us. We didn't choose them; they chose us, and as far as we were concerned, they were the only people who were takin' a serious interest in us. So I thought 'Great! If those kids want us they can *have* us, and not only they have us but we'll conform to what they want'."

"We didn't change the music though," Hunt interrupts hastily.

So what *did* they want?

"They want dance music and they like melody. They like a '60s sound, but we've got a different kind of '60s sound. We don't go in for trebly twanging guitars. We owe a debt to the earlier R&B bands, while most of the other mod bands draw from early Tamla and The Who. You talk to a lot of the other mod bands and all they wanna talk about is The Who and The Jam. I like them bands and I respect them bands, but I can't play like that; I can't play with that feel. What I can play is what I've always played: the Stones and R&B."

"A good comparison with us and Mod." says Potter, "is The Jam and punk. When they came out they did all the punk gigs and I thought they were a punk band 'til I saw 'em. Now people think we're a mod band because we do dress slightly mod. . ."

Slightly mod?

"Come on," says Hunt, pointing at Lammin's leather jacket and hooped rugby shirt, "does he dress like a mod?"

Welllllll. . . last time I saw you lot you were done up in parkas with Who badges and union jacks on.

"Oh. . . well, that was because we were on our scooters and it was pissing down with rain."

ONSTAGE, THE Roosters play hard, soulful pop R&B; not stoneblues and 12-bars a-go-go, but a straighforward, economical update of the way The Small Faces transmuted Stax music way back whenever. Saw 'em support Wilko's excellent current incarnation of The Solid Senders at the Marquee and the Wilko audience — R&B freaks who like their excitement straight — ate 'em up. The Roosters put their investment in a gilt-edged musical stock that can ride any fashion and doesn't date: they intend to be around, functioning and popular long after parkas and Sta-Prests are back in the attic waiting for the next fix of musical desperation. Rhythm and Blues!

"The reason we got scooters," says Potter, "is that we can't afford cars. If I could afford a car I'd have one."

"Mind you," retorts Lammin, "I can afford a car but I'm having so much fun on me scooter. The reason I got involved in mod wasn't because of the group: it was because I seen so many kids about havin' such a great time, all these kids the same age as me. We go to parties all the time now. I never used to get that before the mod thing started. . ."

Before Mod, Lammin's musical career had gone into stasis because of incipient fascism. Cock Sparrer's gigs had become ever more rowdy and violent (an unpleasant pre-echo of what sprang up around Sham 69 and comes to a head with the Upstarts), and when the band were approached to play a combined NF/British Movement party Lammin decided that things had gotten completely out of hand and quit. The rest of the band made an abortive attempt to relocate to New York under a cloud of rumours that the group had split because some of the members were racists and others weren't.

"Bullshit!" snorts Lammin. "When they was in New York they spent all their time hangin' out in the blackest bars they could find digging the music. We used to have the Popular Boys following us, and when they got involved with all that shit I told 'em not to follow us about no more. Two weeks later they came back and said 'We ain't into that no more, can we follow you about again?' In many ways I think we handled all that better than Pursey did."

"It was all so posy back in the punk days," recalls John Hunt. "'I was a punk before you were a punk' and all that type of thing. Now if there's a party and you run into a geezer who looks like a mod — or even geezers who don't look like mods — you just say, 'Come along and get out of yer 'ead'."

Sectarianism and tribalism are IN THE DUMPER. Lammin digs the Roosters' mod constituency, but he wants *everyone* Roostering.

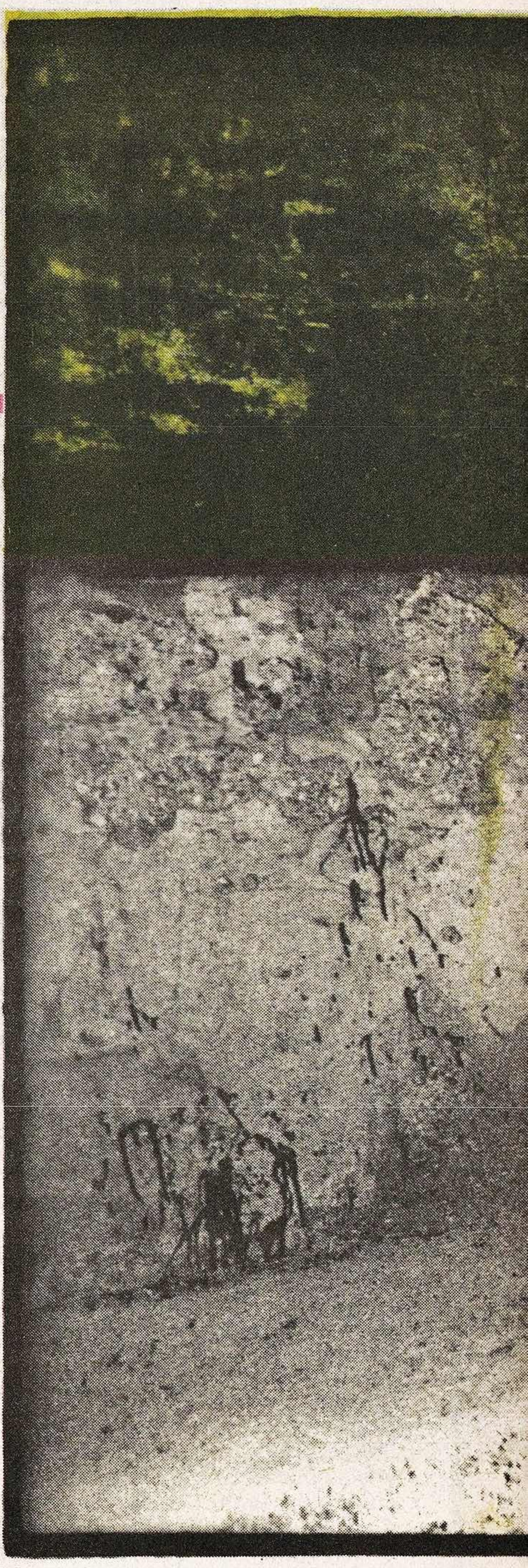
"I want everyone to be into The Little Roosters. I want The Little Roosters to be the biggest group in the world. I don't want people to dress like me or to believe what I tell 'em, I just want 'em to GET OFF. I want to be bigger than The Rolling Stones. . ."

Yeah, Gal, but being that big tends to make people go funny in the head.

"I don't care. I still want to be the biggest."

The Little Roosters' ambition is to provide the best fun in town, which is a laudable aim for a band based around Romford. Between the first time I saw 'em and the last time they improved so drastically that monitoring their progress will prove no chore at all. Parkas strictly optional.

The 'Tones zoom east from Ireland Adrian Thrills shoots up from England They all collide in Scotland



IN THE FAIR city of Derry there lived a young lad who, to his chagrin, was forever the luckless target of the wicked scorn of his schoolmates.

The lad was a fragile-looking creature with a pronounced squint, a massive nervous grin and a clump of lank hair that hung over his forehead and culminated in a greasy, sideswept fringe.

He was one of a family of seven kids living on one of the Catholic housing estates in a city torn in two by politics, religion and a river that runs through the centre of town.

What his classmates used to wind him up about was his incredible singing attributes. At the instigation of his proud ma, the lad was continually being entered for all sorts of local talent shows. And his distinctive high-pitched quavery whine usually meant that winning the first prize came as naturally to him as squinting.

Not that the youngster himself made too much of his vocal prowess. Being a performing puppy began to lose its attraction as his teen years approached. He set his heart on a job as an electrician, with a career in the civil service as the possible alternative. But, meantime, ma insisted that he went on singing, even forking out for some voice-training sessions.

"There was one competition," he recalls with a grimace, the Derry brogue coming over thick and strong, "that me ma entered me for 'cause me sister wasn't going to do it. So, of course, I ended up doing it. But I went in with the aim of making as big a ballsup of it as I could ... I came first!

"But that must have been the last one that I entered. It was a good crack at first, singing all the old traditional songs. But by that stage I was getting to really hate it all.

"All the guys at school used to really slag the shite out of me. That was the main reason I packed it up. I was really getting stick about it."

The flak came flying from most of his so-called friends, with a couple of notable exceptions.

One of these was a boy called Billy Doherty who was in the process of forming a rock group with his mate John O'Neill. All they needed was a vocalist and that kid with the amazing voice was a prime contender for the slot in Billy's eyes.

Not that this kid with the nervous squint was much of a pop fan. He had no more than a passing interest in the music, and that kindled by an elder-brother's hero-worship of the Stones.

But Billy was determined. He managed to get the kid along to a band rehearsal and even went as far as borrowing some flash new amplifiers to impress the outsider. Billy's little ploy worked and the singer hesitantly agreed to join forces.

His name was Feargal Sharkey. The band became The Undertones, the five wonderful waifs responsible for a stream of four magnificent singles from the yearning 'Teenage Kicks' through the thundering 'Get Over You' and the reflective 'Jimmy Jimmy' to the joyous 'Hear Comes The Summer', the likes of which have hardly been bettered these past 12 months. The group have also recorded and released their first album, called simply 'The Undertones', which surely ranks among the finest of the year.

FEARGAL Sharkey and I are talking after The Undertones' appearance at the Edinburgh open-air rock festival. Despite the handicap of a ludicrously early mid-afternoon slot on the bill, The Undertones had delivered one of the most exhilarating sets of the day.

Coming onstage long before the contrivances of Squeeze, the skeletal funk of Talking Heads and the more tepid games of headliner Van Morrison, The Undertones were the only real rock 'n' roll on show all day.

The sound system they were playing through was dire, but the band were uplifting, trooper Sharkey's soulful wailing soaring splendidly above the crackles in the PA and his infectious clowning and good-natured jibes at the punters crammed at the front of the stage further adding to the immediacy of the barrage.

Guitarists John O'Neill and his brother Damien — or 'Dee' as he's more often known — come over as the bastard sons of Johnny Thunders, their sound a wild mish-mash of the Ramonic buzzsaw blowtorch and jangling Byrdlike minor chords. Gangly acne-smitten bassist Mickey Bradley and drummer Billy Doherty — the one who coerced Feargal Sharkey into joining — provide a flexible anchor, proudly pumping the pop along, while the whole band chip in on the harmonies.

But it is Sharkey who commands the attention onstage, his passionate vocals giving the perfect expression to John O'Neill's vivid, melancholy laments of hung-up love and brother Dee's sprightly, sillier songs.

FEARGAL, bedecked in a checked cheesecloth shirt and a pair of unfashionable cord jeans that terminate way above his Doc Martens, fondly recalls that decisive audition and how he first got involved with the band.

"I used to be in the same English class as Billy at school. I knew he had this group so I always used to go singing away in class just to get him going. Billy would always be saying that he wanted me to join his band. It was when I went along to their practice and there were all these guitars and amplifiers and things that I thought 'For fuck's sake, these guys mean business!'

"It turned out that they didn't have one piece of equipment. They'd borrowed it all off a mate of theirs and they had to take it all back after I'd left."

The band's lack of equipment was still posing problems by the time they were playing their first gigs in places like Derry's Casbar.

"It was really hectic in those days for everybody. If we were playing the Casbar one night at 9 pm, we'd still be running around at half-seven trying to get amps and PA's and stuff. And we'd be playing two hours later! If someone bust a string onstage, then the whole thing would collapse.

"But it was worth it though. We used to come away from gigs like that feeling fucking great."

Sharkey, at that time, was working as a television repair trainee, having left school at 16 with one 'O' level (Geography), and spent six unhappy months 'in the brew' — that's the dole queue to any uninitiated Anglos. He'd tried getting a job in local government, but was turned down as a security risk, a decision he has yet to fathom out to this day.

The group's early progress was further hindered by political considerations. In Derry, the Catholic and Protestant communities are completely segregated by the river that divides the city, a situation which means that

The Undertones, Catholics all, can never play to a totally mixed audience in their home town.

"Most of the venues in Derry," laments Sharkey, "are on the Catholic side, so the Protestant kids are afraid to go along. You'll sometimes get a couple but not very many.

"But if we play in Portrush, say, which is a mainly Protestant town, you'll get all Protestant kids in the audience and the Catholic kids are frightened to come along.

"You even get some kids from the Protestant estates in Derry travelling 40 miles to Portrush to see us there 'cause they're too frightened to go along in Derry. And, once they're inside, wherever we're playing, the reaction is exactly the same."

SINCE their formation five years ago, The Undertones' progress from a ramshackle R&B youth club band to the pure pop heights of today has been a gradual process of self-realization and fulfilment.

Two critical moments in their history stand out. The first was the advent of punk in 1976. The second was John Peel's patronage of the four-track 'Teenage Kicks' EP in the middle of last September.

The Undertones, to me anyway, are still very much a punk group. This train carries no powerpoppers. The early punk of The Sex Pistols and Ramones had a profound effect in shaping the direction of the band.

While the doleful John O'Neill had been heavily into the likes of The Ramones and Eddie And The Hot Rods from early 1976, Sharkey's interest in the new music only began with 'Anarchy In The UK'.

"I remember hearing about the Pistols from the *Daily Mirror* after the Bill Grundy thing. I just sat and laughed at it. I thought it was fucking great.

"There was me ma saying how disgusting it all was and I was just thinking how brilliant it was. I went out and bought 'Anarchy' just to see what it was like. There were only three copies of it came into Derry and I got one of them!"

As for Peel, the band are all too ready to hand him the credit for giving them the break that really mattered.

It was Billy Doherty who first made the all-important phone call to Peel at the BBC. It came at a time when The Undertones were peeved at the distinct Belfast bias being shown both by Peel himself and N. Ireland's only fanzine of the period, *Alternative Ulster*.

"It really used to make us mad that *Alternative Ulster* would only be going on about bands like Rudi and Stiff Little Fingers! So first of all we sent John Peel a letter which he never got and rang him and ordered him to listen to us and sent him a tape.

"Then when 'Teenage Kicks' came out we sent him a copy of that. He was the only bloke we thought would give us a chance. It wasn't really worth our while sending one to Tony Blackburn.

"Before 'Teenage Kicks' came out we used to think it would be great if he could play our record just once on his show. We thought that would fucking well be *it!*"

In fact Peel played the EP a good deal more than once and his enthusiasm for the band proved infectious. By the end of October last year The Undertones, with reluctance, had left Terri Hooley's worthy Good Vibrations label in Belfast for a five-year contract with Sire.

The new deal also led to the group making their first appearance on *Top Of The Pops* at a time when the majority of the members were still doing day jobs. Sharkey, for one, was fixing TV's in Derry one day and recording a *Top Of The Pops* spot the next.

"I had to get three days off work to do *TOTP*. The boss had always been slagging me off about the band, going on at me about being up all night with the punk rock group of mine.

"When we got the phone call on the Tuesday to say we were on, I had to go and ask the boss for Wednesday and Thursday of that week off.

"He yelled 'What for?' When I said that I was doing *Top Of The Pops* he just stood there and stared at me!"

OV

THE UNDERTONES should be in the States right now. They have just started a fortnight-long trek across the big country supporting The Clash. Given their distaste for life on the road, the fact that they agreed to the tour came as a surprise to me.

Is their attitude to the rigours of touring

Pennie Smith pics through the wreckage

ERTONES UNDERTONES SIDEWAYS DOWN

mellowing? No chance. John O'Neill, a gloomy but amiable character, only reluctantly agreed to the trip because Feargal, Mickey and Dee were all strongly in favour of it.

"I think we'd be better off staying at home and writing some new songs," says John.

"These extra couple of weeks could be spent writing new stuff. But now they're being wasted. But we had a vote on it and most of the band wanted to go so I had to accept it."

The band's abhorrence of the music biz in general, still knows no bounds. Their resolve to remain based in Derry, too, has

strengthened with what they have seen of the business side of things in London.

"The more you see of it, the more you go against it," says Feargal. "I don't see why we shouldn't go on living in Derry. You can't work 24 hours a day, seven days a week. You've got to be able to just sit on your arse sometimes. And you may as well sit on your arse in Derry as move to London to do it."

"It's home," adds John affectionately. "I'd be scared of moving away from it."

The Undertones simply loathe being away from their home comforts — family, girlfriends, the local pub and even Rowntree's Lion Bars, Feargal's favourite chocolate, all figure highly on the homesickness register.

Even at the Edinburgh gig, for which they were only away from home one day, the entire band were quickly on the blower back to Derry within minutes of arriving, while John, Mickey and Billy had their girl friends by their side the whole day. It's a wonder they don't take them onstage with them.

"Living out of a van for two months," says Feargal, "would drive anyone off their head ... going to bed at three and getting up at eight for breakfast before driving a couple of hundred miles to the next gig."

JOHN O'Neill, the chief songwriter of the group, is one of the saddest-looking blokes I've ever clapped eyes on. His melancholy demeanour permeates most of the songs he writes. In fact, the bluesy sadness of songs like 'Teenage Kicks' and the brilliant new ballad 'The Way Girls Talk' is one of The Undertones' most endearing qualities.

"I haven't exactly had what you'd call a great, happy teenage life," he admits. "I couldn't wait to get out of my teenage years. That's just the way the songs come out."

The saving graces of being in a band, for John O'Neill, are working in the studio and writing songs. During recording, he is the only member of the band to stay with producer Roger Becherian for all the mixing duties. Not that he stops any of the others from joining in. It's just that he is the only one with the necessary degree of interest.

Unsurprisingly, he also has his own very definite ideas of exactly how the band should sound on record. "I think the production on our album suits the songs. But I also think that it is a bit overdone. There's a lot of stuff that could have been left out. For the second album, we could leave out a lot of the guitar overdubs.

"What I want to aim for is something closer to early Velvet Underground. Or something like Talking Heads ... dead sparse. I don't really like the wall-of-sound thing at all."

The Undertones go into the studio in December — after their British and US tours — to record their second LP. What it sounds like remains to be seen, but one certain thing is that the songs written for it are already far stronger than most of the stuff on the first album.

With songs like 'The Way Girls Talk', 'Whizz Kids', 'My Perfect Cousin', 'The Girls That Don't Talk', 'There Goes Norman', 'See That Girl', 'Nine Times Out Of Ten' and the new single 'You Got My Number', The Undertones are lifting their songwriting into a different league.

But, even then, it is not so much the songs, but the way they sing and play them. The Undertones' greatness is enigmatic and intangible, but it is a greatness all the same. It is hard to pin down exactly what makes them so good — probably a combination of various subtle factors from the passion of Sharkey's voice to the cheeky harmonic backing, John O'Neill's haunting chord structures and their collective innocence, honesty and boundless enthusiasm.

It is a greatness that the band themselves, modestly refuse to acknowledge. They cannot see that there is anything remotely special about themselves, and in many ways they are right — a more ordinary bunch of blokes you could hardly imagine.

As Feargal Sharkey was heard to joke once: "It sometimes feels a bit unreal. The way some people go on about us, you'd think we were the greatest thing since sliced bread!"

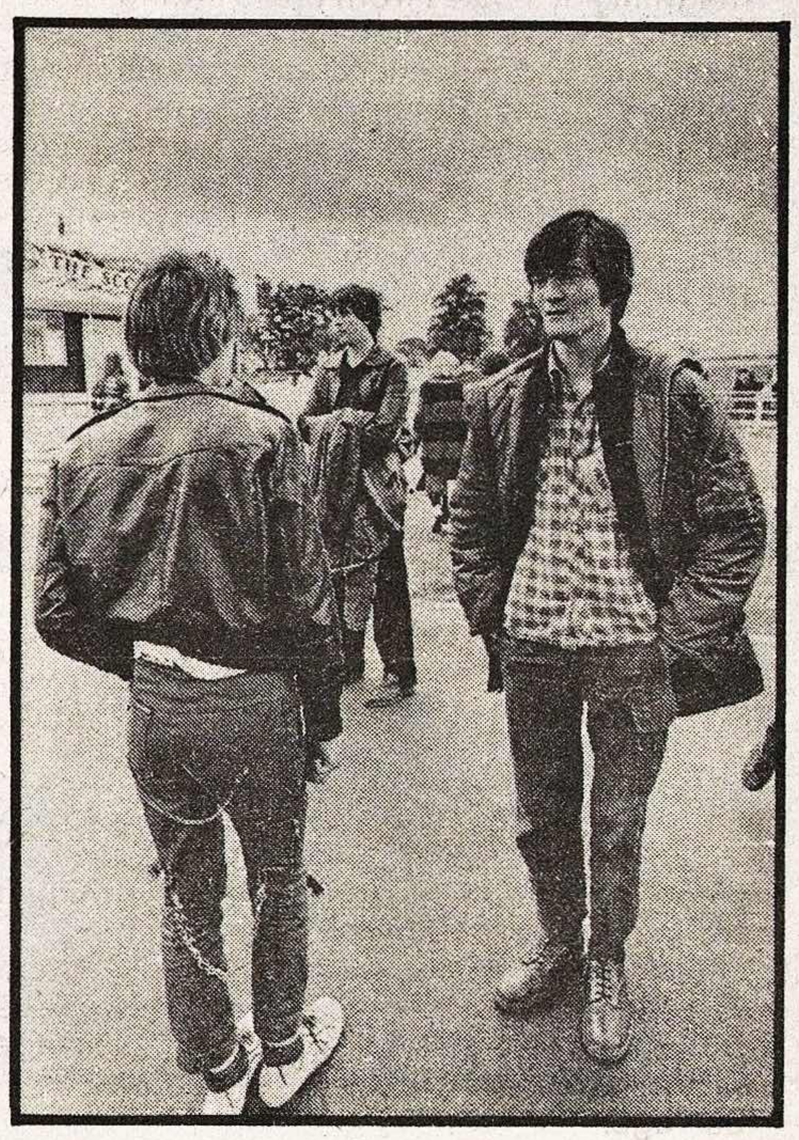
I just hope they stick around long enough to realise some of their massive capabilities. That they will is far from certain. John O'Neill has stated, categorically and gloomily, that he has no intention of remaining an Undertone — or a professional rock 'n' roller of any description — for more than another two years while, of the others, only Dee has shown any real desire to make his involvement in music a long-term one.

"We'll dry up after the next LP," says John O'Neill with trepidation. "We'll probably start repeating ourselves. It will be 'Get Over You Part Three'.

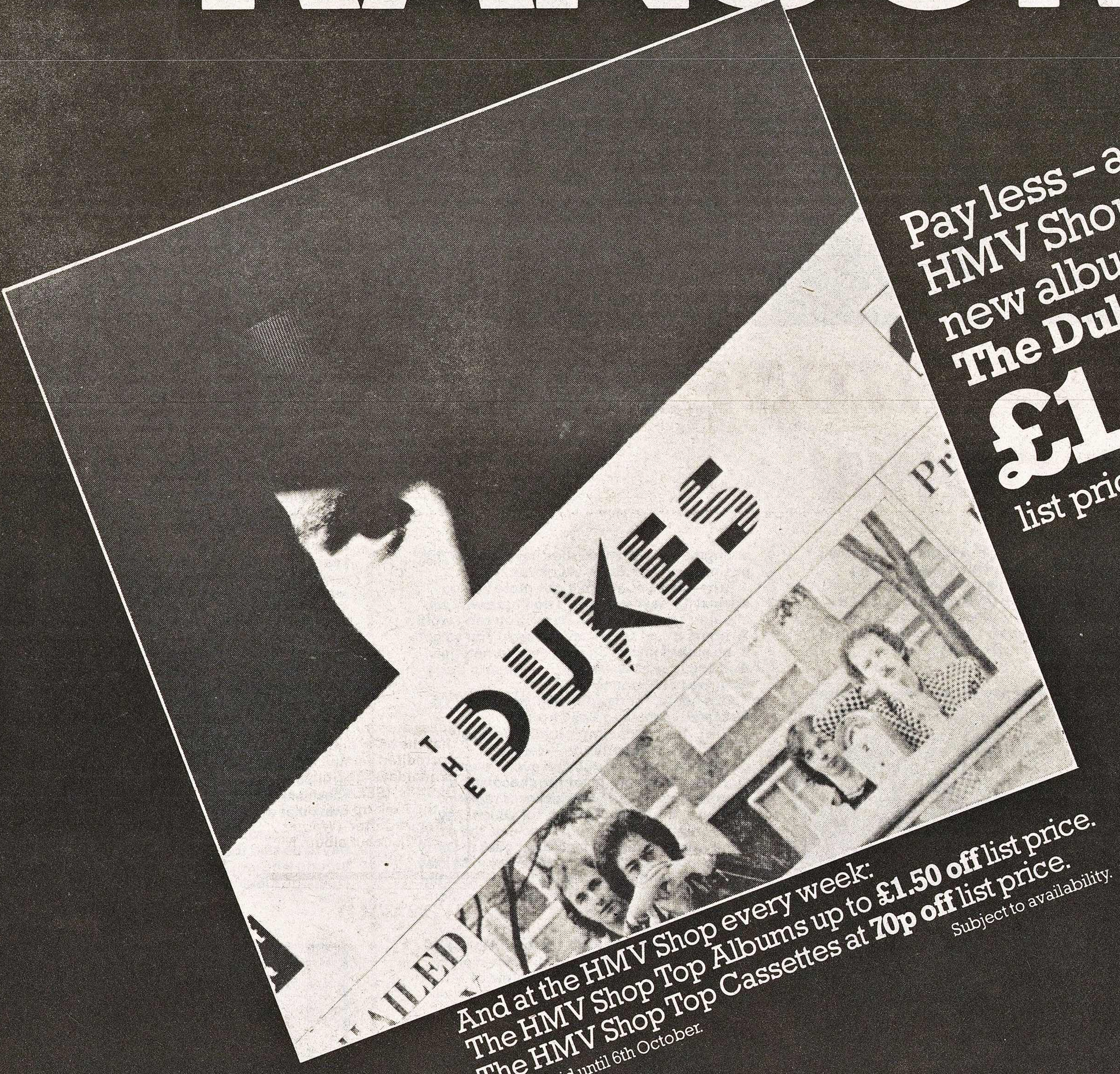
"When I see groups as good as Talking Heads, I just want to pack it all up.

"We're not one of the greatest rock 'n' roll groups in the world. At least we don't think we are. You know the way you get loads of groups who think they're the greatest, like the Clash and the Pistols did. Well, no way do we think that we are."

So as not to finish on such a gloomy note, it has to be said that there are a lot of people around who would beg to differ. To quote 'Teenage Kicks': *"A teenage dream so hard to beat ..."*



DON'T PAY A KING'S RANSOM.



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Information CITY

EDITED BY FRED DELLAR

This in not Kermit and Miss Piggy. This is Hawkwind and this is Stacia and a gentleman who has, perhaps wisely, decided to hide his face. Pic: Robert Ellis

GOT ANY tips on what to look for when trying to buy a good secondhand electric guitar and amp? **A. TOMLINSON, Birkenhead, Merseyside.**

● Personally, no — I'm a failed jaws-harp player myself. And as Mike Odfield wasn't handy (nowadays he's always up in his private plane trying to get away from those noisy aircraft he used to complain about!) I grabbed Paul Brett, the guitarist who's made a couple of albums ('Interlife' and 'Eclipse') with 'Tubular Bells' producer Tom Newman, and extracted the following info.

"Always try to buy privately, if possible — and get a Gibson or Fender guitar, because they hold their prices and are definitely the best buys on the secondhand market.

Check the instrument over and see if the frets are going — if there are little indentations then the string will buzz. Look down the neck and see that it's straight. Make sure there are no splits, especially at the head. The guitar is most vunerable where the neck meets the head. This is where most damage occurs when the guitar is dropped. Check to see that the head hasn't been glued back on again. Test the pick-up for response, twiddle the volume and tone controls to ascertain whether there are any electronic cut-outs. Also, make sure that the adjusters are not clogged because they can effect tuning quite a lot.

On the amp side of things, you've really got to make certain that the speaker isn't flapping. Try high and low frequencies to test reaction. I tend to start testing at really low volume, then move on to normal level before whacking things up loud — trying the response at each level. You'll probably get some distortion at high level, though this is not necessarily the fault of speaker flap. Listen to hear if the tone and volume controls on the amp are noisy and check the channels, putting the guitar lead into each channel in order to test that each is working. Probably the best amps to look out for are the Fender Reverb, the H&H Combo, the Roland Combo or a Marshall."

But Brett adds that when it comes to guitars, he would rather pay £300 for a new Aria rather than lash out on a secondhand Gibson.

"I know I demonstrate Arias, but that's because I believe in them and think they're bloody marvellous. Why buy something secondhand when you can get a really excellent guitar at the same price — and one with circuit breakers, noise switches, 12 or 14 tone selections, not to mention a year's guarantee?"

I RECENTLY bought Steve Hackett's 'Please Don't Touch', on which Richie Havens provides a couple of vocals. Can you give me a little info on Havens and recommend any of his solo efforts? **JOHN ROSS, Metton Park, Gosforth.**

IS there a Steve Hackett Fan Club? **J. CORNHILL, Huntingdon, Cambs.**

● I've never though of Richie Havens as a one-hit wonder — but he is, having notched one lone US top 20 hit with 'Here Comes The Sun' in 1971. Now 38 years old, the emery-voiced New Yorker came out of the Brooklyn-Stuyvesant ghetto, became a street corner singer as a kid and by the age of 14 had formed The McCrea Gospel Singers. A unique guitarist — he uses an E-chord open tuning — he became a Greenwich Village favourite during the early '60s and cut his first album, 'Mixed Bag' for Verve-Folkways in '66. He scored heavily at Woodstock in 1969, was in the 1972 stage production of 'Tommy' and continues to be a popular live entertainer even though his records generally refuse to take off. The now deleted 'Richard P. Havens 1983' (Polydor 2610 001 — 1971) is possibly his best album, while 'Mirage' (A&M AMLH 64641 — 1977) is his most recent British release.

But, as a youthful NME up and comer named Neil Spencer once commented: "Why anyone should feel the need to own more than one Richie Havens album eludes me!"

Meanwhile, those requiring the use of a Steve Hackett Fan Club, will find one willing and waiting at 58 Turner Avenue, Whitelas Estate, South Shields, Tyne and Wear NE 8NT. Badges, a quarterly newspaper and special privilege membership cards are all available if you'll merely sign your name to a cheque or postal order for two quid.

PLEASE could you tell me what kind of harmonica Richard Davies of Supertramp plays and also list any other rock-stars that use the Echo range of harmonicas? **DICKEY MINT, Hitchin, Herts.**

I HAVE bought a Hohner Blues Harp in C and hope that you can tell me about any good book on how to play it. I've already got one called *First Step* — which I can tell you is a right load of rubbish! **KATZ WALLER, Bridport, Dorset**

● Richard Davies was in Saskatchewan when I tried to phone him, so I then called Lew Lewis — but he seemed to be down the local boozer! Finally I contacted Hohner's Gary Mann, who readily explained that most rock stars of consequence — even Blast Furnace — have played the Echo Super Vamper at sometime or another, most of them kidding everyone that they were using the Marine Band, a US model which you couldn't buy in this country for quite a while — though it has since superceded the Super Vamper here. Mann also claims that the Blues Harp and the Special 20, a harp which utilised Teflon plastic instead of wood, enabling it to be played faster, have also acquired their fair share of admirers along the way, while bookwise he'd recommend *The Blues Harp Album* and *The Blues Harp Songbook,* both by Tony 'Little Sun' Glover, or *Blues Harp Method* by J. Ackley, a publication which also included a couple of demo records.

I WONDER if you can tell me the title of Hawkwind's first album and list the musicians who played on it? **K. JENKINS, Ystalyfera, Swansea, W. Glam.**

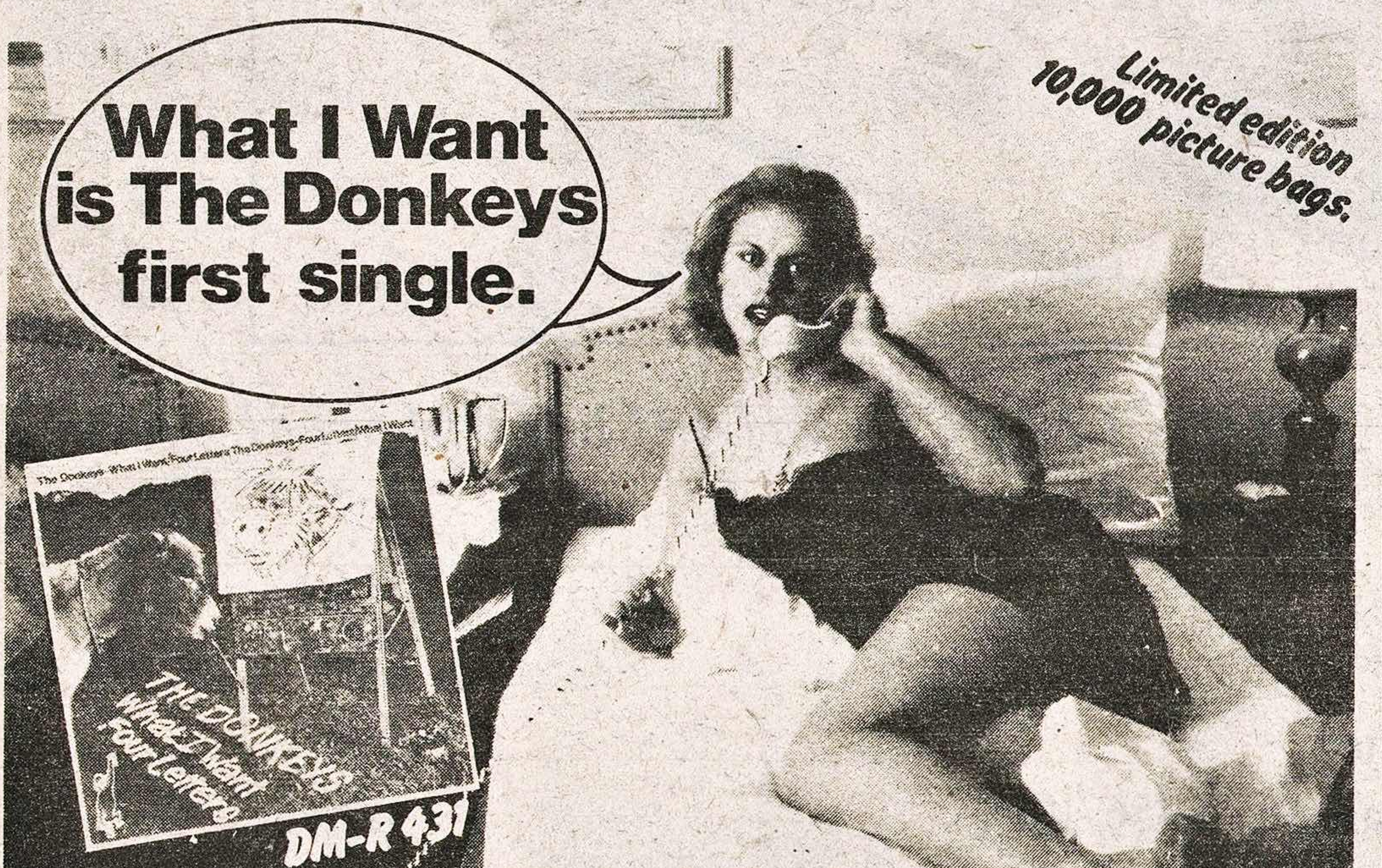
IN THE *NME* rock encyclopedia I saw that Hawkwind were on an album called 'Greasy Truckers Party'. Can you tell me which label this was on and provide a catalogue number? Also, is it still available? **M. A. SMITHERS, Fernhurst, Haslemere, Surrey.**

WHO published Robert Calvert's book *'Centigrade 232'* and where can I get a copy from? I once read in *NME* that the book was published by Quaser but when I tried to order it from my local bookshop, they claimed that they couldn't trace the tome. **G. FOULGER, Gt Holland, Essex.**

● Ah, Hawkwind! The name conjures up so many memories — of spiked coffee at recording sessions, of Nik Turner and silver paint, of Stacia stripping at an *NME* Xmas party, of. . . but enough of that, let's get on and answer the questions. Hawkwind's first album was enterprisingly called 'Hawkwind' and came out on Liberty in 1970, gaining a re-release on Sunset SLS 50374 in 1975. The band, which had been known as Group X and Hawkwind Zoo, comprised Dave Brock (vocals, guitar), Huw Lloyd Langton (guitar), Terry Ollie (drums), Nik Tuner (sax), Dave Anderson (bass) and Dikmik (electronics) at the time of the first recording sessions, this personnel changing drastically by the time of 'Greasy Truckers Party' which emerged on UA/Greasy Truckers UDX 203/4 in 1972 but has long since been deleted. Incidentally, it was from the 'Party' out-takes that 'Silver Machine' the band's only major hit ('Urban Guerrilla' proved a minor one) emerged. Finally, *'Centigrade 232'* did come out through Quaser but is now out of print.

HOWSABOUT a list of all singles released by Graham Parker And The Rumour? **RICHARD CHAMBERS, London E.1.**

● A fairly lengthy listing this, considering ol' Foster Grant features has only been Rumour-mongering for just over three years. The whole deal commenced in March 1976 when Phonogram issued "Silly Thing/'I'm Gonna Use It Now' (6059 135), this being followed by 'Soul Shoes'/'White Honey' (6059 147); 'Silly Thing'/'Kansas City' (GPS1 — given free with the 'Heat Treatment' album in October 1976); 'Hotel Chambermaid'/'Don't Ask Me Questions' (6059 158 October 1976), 'Pouring It All Out'/'Help Me Shake It' (6059 161 — January 1977); 'The Pink Parker', actually an EP containing 'Hold Back The Night'/'Sweet On You'/'White Honey' and 'Soul Shoes' (Park 001 — March 1977), 'New York Shuffle'/'The Bleep' (6059 185 — November 1977), 'Hey Lord Don't Ask Me Questions'/'The Moon Came Down' (Park 12 and Park 002 — March 1978); 'Hey Lord Don't Ask Me Questions' (a 12" single issued as part of 'The Parkerilla' album — May 1978); 'Protection'/'I Want You Back' (9189 101 and 6059 219 — March 1979); and 'Local Girls'/'Discovering Japan' (6007 319 — May 1979). The Rumour sans GP made 'Do Nothing Till You Hear From Me'/'Something's Going On' (6059 174 — July 1977) and 'I'm So Glad'/'This Town' (6059 181 — October 1977) before signing with Stiff and cutting 'Frozen Years'/'All Fall Down' (BUY 43 — February 1079) and 'Emotional Traffic'/'Hard Enough To Show' (BUY 45 — May 1979). A song called 'Mercury Poisoning' has appeared on an Arista promotional single in the States and, while this is not an album discography, I guess it's worth mentioning that the band play an uncredited version of 'Back To Schooldays' on Stiff's 'Bunch Of Stiffs' (SEEZ 2) and appear as the back-up unit on 'Carlene Carter' (Warner K56502), debut album Nick Lowe's missus.



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ALBUMS

Pere Ubu — industrious men in industrial setting, etc. *Pic by Chris Gabrin.*

Pick Up A Picnic

The Ubu-men offer a new line in snacktime. MAX BELL takes a bite.

PERE UBU
New Picnic Time
(Chrysalis)

Pere Ubu is the type of band that enjoys banging its head against a concrete art-form — it makes an interesting sound and a crazy image. Pere Ubu is no longer a tentative operation after three albums and an extended player, and it's part of the irony — and the fun — that such a bunch of potential no-hopers should live to tell their tale at all. Ubu's record sales seem to indicate the law of diminishing returns. At 10,000 units a time an accountant somewhere is rubbing his head and wondering; he's confused, and so am I.

Pere Ubu, as I'm sure you know, are an industrial band from Cleveland, Ohio, America's most bankrupt city. Hold on, let's make that an industrious band lest we forget the fruits of their labours. 'New Picnic Time' is no country and western album but it catches them at the hop. Side one is your standard parking lot stash, all verbal contortions, mix and match electronix, hideous drinking songs, snatches and refrains from the nightmare blue collar world where you found yourself locked in the steel works without a box of matches.

Fortunately, Pere Ubu don't usually leave you enough time to get frightened. They spend half their record breaking down walls, using spontaneity in the jazziest sense to rid themselves of structure, and the other half building them up again. They're difficult to take seriously if you listen too hard, relax a bit and why . . . David Thomas is raising a chuckle.

It's the big man's sense of the absurd that *is* Pere Ubu to a large extent. His best moves seem accidental, like slipping on a banana skin. Thomas derives much inspiration from art forms that have nothing to do with rock and roll. Fragments from late 19th century gothic literature, silent movies and anachronistic deadpan cliches are littered around like so many calling cards.

Enter Thomas, stage right, the modern fat man, a direct descendant of Fatty Arbuckle, Orson Welles and even W. C. Fields. *"It's me again,"* he shoults on 'Have Shoes Will Walk (The Fabulous Sequel)' while underneath a rant that includes such lines as *"Put out the fire, put out the cat"*, Pere Ubu draw on a lazy rumba, Beefheart-style, their conventional instruments and basic tempos gaining momentum from some radical tangents.

'49 Guitars And One Girl' and 'A Small Dark Cloud' are utterly inscrutable and not as demanding as I'd hoped. The Scott Krause/Tony Maimone rhythmic lynchpin is locked in place, Tom Herman's obvious psychedelic fixations are as fluid as ever, but Allen Ravenstine's synthesizer is low on surprise and Thomas merely babbles, suggesting a state of premature senility that verges on tedium.

'Small Was Fast' is nearer

David Thomas explains everything. Pic by Janet Macoska.

the mark as the singer experiments in an extraordinary soprano, the band slipping away from him on a deadly funk groove that introduces Weather Report to The Rivingtons. Pere Ubu wait until the closer on this side, 'All The Dogs Are Barking', to unleash that unsettling funeral march into the sub-conscious which is their live speciality. The common denominator here is probably early Velvet Underground, indulging feelings without thought. Thomas reels off a list of things *"You've gotta have"* without explaining why. It's painful, unnerving and not very nice.

Side two's opening 'One Less Worry' follows on so naturally that it suggests a recording sequence. This is Pere Ubu at their most intriguing, no discernible over-dubs, just them, producer John Thompson and the studio. Thomas leads the listener towards an undefined object with mischievous aplomb. You travel (hopefully) and never arrive; Talking Heads work the same patch occasionally.

The remainder of 'New Picnic Time' is anything but new in tone or sound; the textures, dark and shade become increasingly retrospective, leaning towards circa '69 post-psychedelic experimentation. 'Make Hay' and 'Goodbye' allow the band room to breathe; Herman and Maimone pick around a raga that gradually develops into a monotonous and heady East Coast riff via Can. Thomas almost seems to be imitating the Detroit school of hard rock vocalists.

'The Voice Of The Sand' peers farther into the past with its lyric adapted from a Vachel Lindsay song. The combination of Lindsay's post-World War One 'new poetry' and Ravenstine's eerie evocation of a turbulent sandstorm is one reason why Pere Ubu remain the band most likely to formulate a lasting avant-garde legacy for others to dilute.

And then it's back to the modern dance. 'Jehovah's Kingdom Comes!' is a kind of calm. An ethereal, coldly beautiful song that pitches biblical horn against a swelling R&B stomp, tinny electric organ and Thomas assuring us that *"These are the best times of all"*, and not sounding too certain about it.

In fact, repeated listening to 'New Picnic Time' indicates that the singer's uncertainty is shared by the rest of Pere Ubu. As usual they resemble nothing so much as the character in 'Heart of Darkness' who imagines himself equipped for the wilderness but isn't sure what he's going to find there. Still, for a bunch of old hippy stumblebums, The U-Men wander through some interesting vegetation. £3.99 and it's yours.

Max Bell

THE YARDBIRDS
Five Live Yardbirds
(Charly)

APART from their commendable recirculation of the Sun catalogue — all doff quiffs in a Hammersmith direction — Charly have also exhumed numerous '60s curios, notably various Yardbirds compilations. Now the latter's live-at-the-Marquee rarity is once again available from your local diskery.

Barring a tasteful Charly logo or two, packaging is as before, including an astonishingly Bolanesque profile shot of bassist Paul Samwell-Smith and Giorgio Gomelsky's sub-Andrew Loog Oldham sleeve note. The bad news is that 'Five Live Yardbirds' greatest asset was undoubtedly its unavailability.

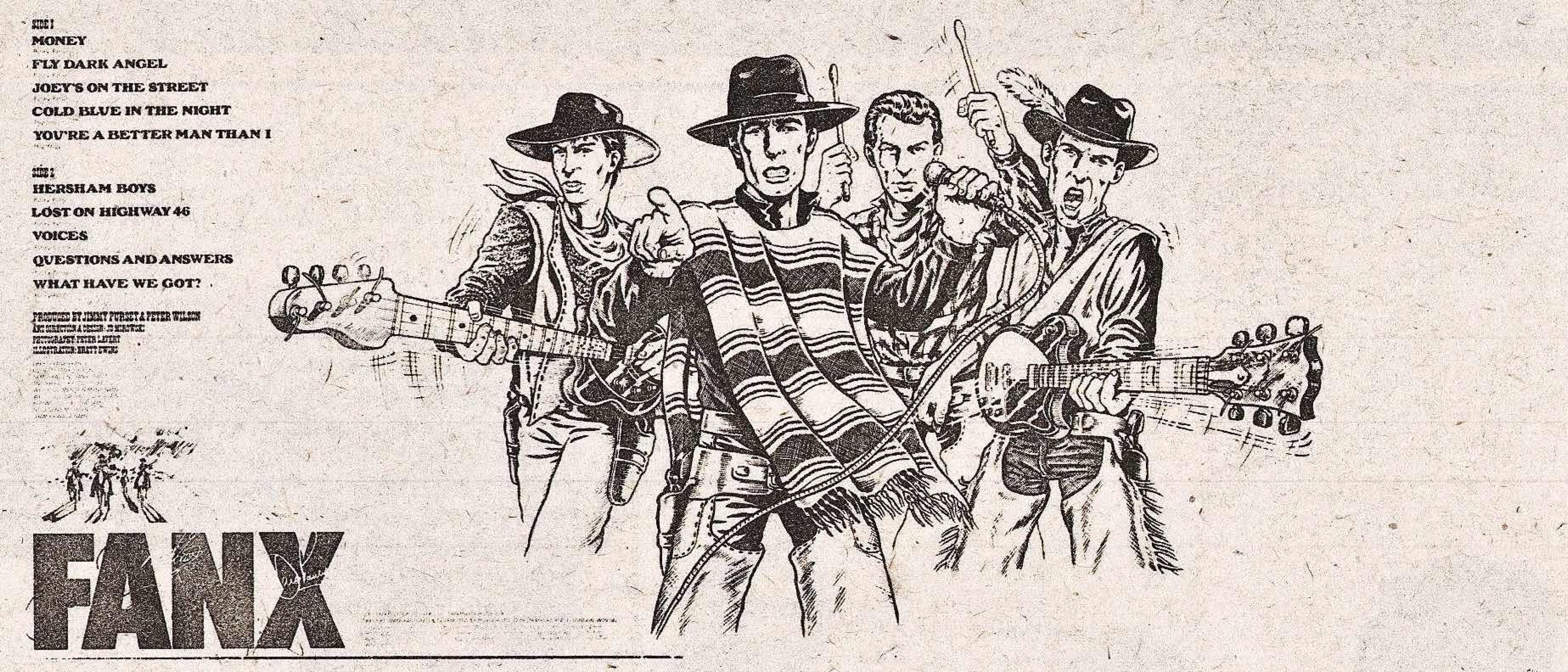
The early Yardbirds' affection for the blues was probably no less sincere than their predecessors at the Crawdaddy Club, but it seems incredible that Clapton preferred these inept dabblings to the zany, experimental pop they edged into with 'For Your Love'. Like a prehistoric Hot Rods, bass and drums constantly trip over each other in the rush for the tape, while the guitars fail to impose any shape or edge on the general shambles.

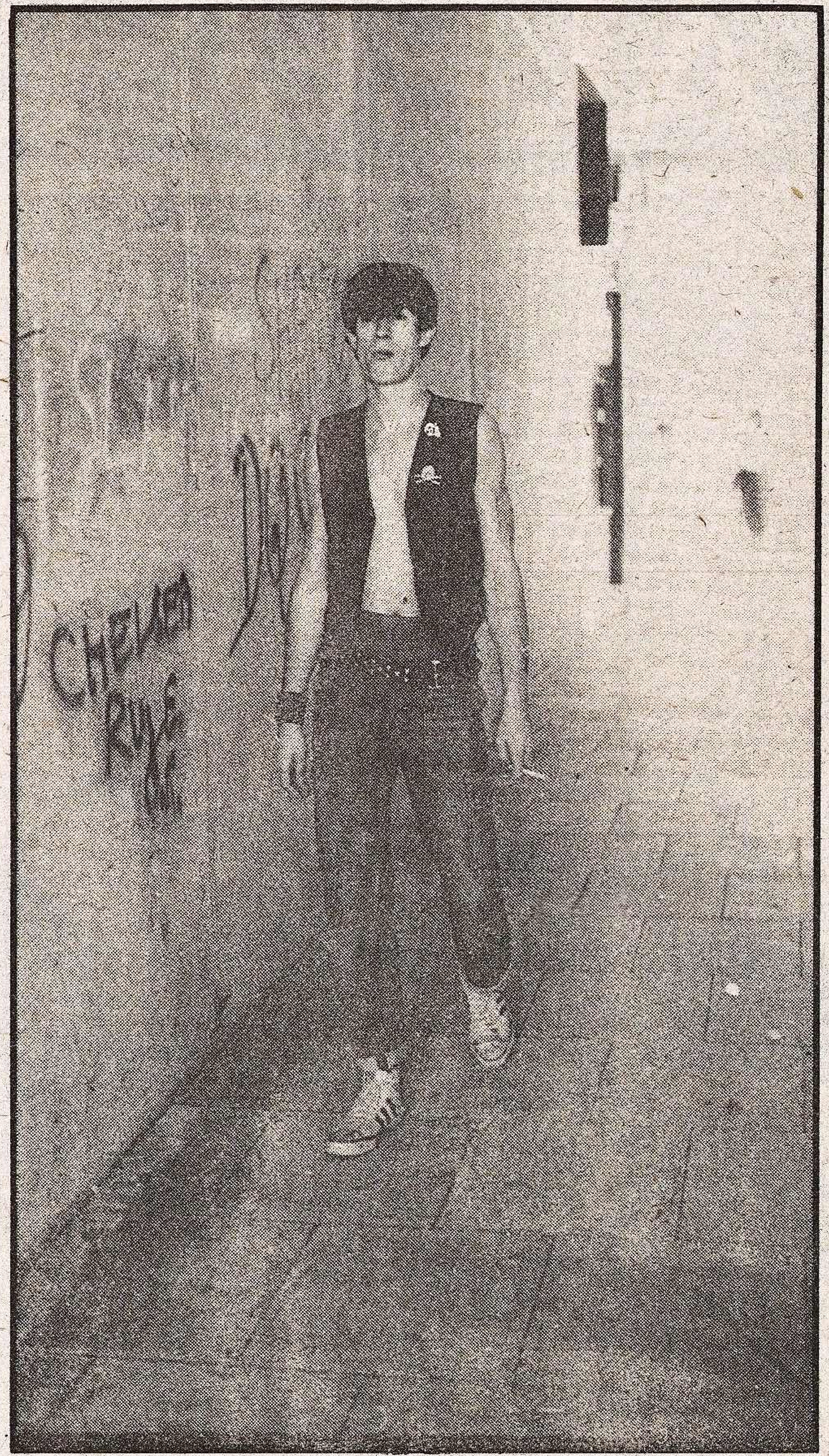
What with Keith Relf's notorious unsuitability to such material — Slim Harpo, J. L. Hooker, etc — and the dreadful sound quality, 'FLY' is impossible to recommend to first-timers. On this last point, Charly rashly decided that 'Good Morning Little Schoolgirl' was even worse than the rest and substituted the studio version, replete with harmonies every bit as gauche as the Stones' on their pseudo-live 'Fortune Teller'.

I was going to say 'For collectors only', but such tampering with history probably rules out even them.

Harry George

Cowboy's Last Round-Up





Pursey ignores the writing on the wall. Pic: Pennie Smith.

The Final Sham Album—Till The Next One

SHAM 69
The Adventures Of Hersham Boys
(Polydor)

Sham's last vinyl stand, at least till further notice; the third album, taken to be posthumous, from a band Missing Presumed Dead; a deluxe-wrapped message from limbo. And what have we got?

Not a lot, as it turns out, not a great deal at all. It's just the last sad thrashings of a spent force — patchily spasmodic, apathetic in stretches, lost like the headless chicken who's headed only for a fall.

Decked out for the cover in cowboy togs, cheroot in gob and six-gun blazing, Jimmy Pursey has made the world's first spaghetti record. You can now riot in the comfort and privacy of your own home. I'm sorry the contract said this record had to be made, because it smudges the memory of Sham 69 something rotten.

Forgiveably, Jim sees the thing a bit differently, as he writes on the back of the glossy gate-fold cover: "Jim turned to face the rest of his weary warriors then faced his own face by looking straight ahead. This was the final assault, no surrender. Just the way they arrived, Sham burst in and out. 'That's the way the story goes folks and it always will' — said Jim and smiled . . ."

Of course it'd be nice to go along with all this. He went through such a lot, did such a lot in the group's short career that I wouldn't begrudge him the right to romanticise a bit — even if writing "No legend my friends," for a sleeve-note does seem to be pushing it slightly, a shade disingenuous.

Personally, I'd suggest that he try pulling the other one; but no matter, on to the contents.

There's a couple of the singles, 'Questions And Answers' and 'Hersham Boys' — welcome enough in this context for their punch 'n' fun, pure 'n' simple, but you've already got the buggers, haven't you? There's a couple of things that were really meant for *Quadrophenia* anyway — specifically 'Money' and Dave Treganna's 'Cold Blue In The Night'.

And there's a live version of 'What Have We Got', with the response altered to 'I got you". Well I suppose it does take the grooves up to the label.

Side one's 'You're A Better Man Than I' isn't a Sham song at all; it's an old Yardbirds number. Kind of quiet, with earnestly preachy lyrics, producers Pursey and Peter Wilson have given it an exact 1966 feel which I think works very well indeed — even if I can't see many Sham fans agreeing with me.

That leaves us with four other songs: one terrible, one great, two just in between.

'Joey's On The Street' and 'Lost On Highway 46' are the inbetweenies: rough, driving rock played by a very fine band it was only too easy to underestimate. 'Voices' is a superb piece of classic Sham anger, stark and crashing, galvanised by all the energy and bruised confusion which have marked the band's very best work in the past. They play the song fast and tight and, for these few moments, they give you the feeling they know where they're going. It says its bit and gets out.

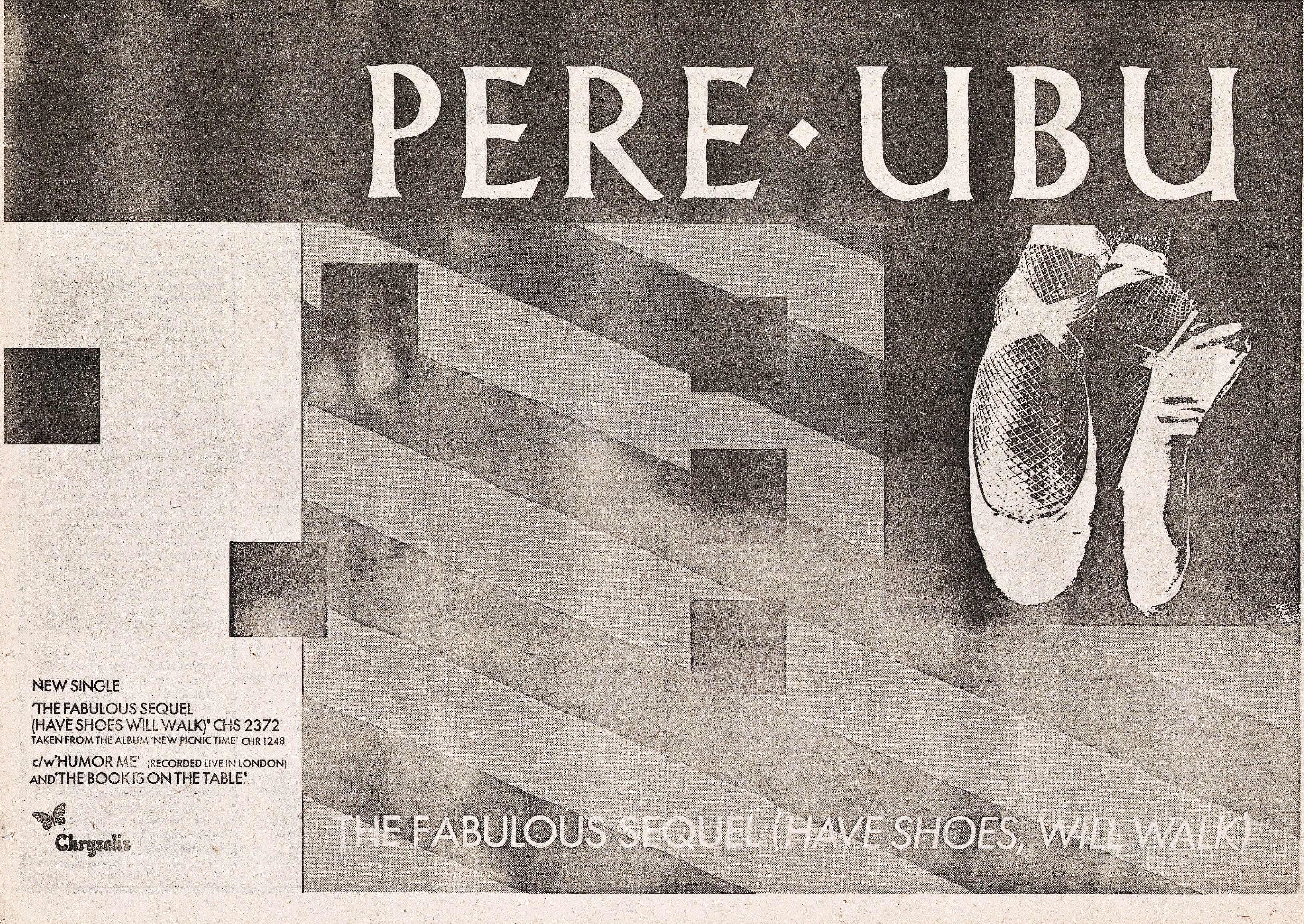
But 'Fly Dark Angel' (and the title alone is enough to worry you) just doesn't cut it. It's Jim waxing lyrical, although his voice fails to adapt, in a distinctly Dylanesque ramble — and it makes you want to look the other way. It's an attempt at innovation, at some manner of poetical atmospherics, and maybe a hint of its writer's bid to break through the creative impasse that three years of definitive dead-end anthemising have brought him to; the song only reinforces my suspicion that Pursey's a writer of populist power but not of any introspective depth.

There's also a 12" giveaway, featuring long (long as in interminable) renderings of 'Borstal Breakout' and 'If The Kids Are United', which sound bored and sound boring. Free records are a fine idea, but only if they sound as though they're worth anything in the first place.

I've never subscribed to those smart circles where it's done to pronounce Sham with a mocking forefinger squashing the nose. But this album won't do a thing to help Pursey's reputation. As much as I can see he's made the effort to experiment I'm appalled at his lack of judgement in letting the results through to us.

Never trust a man in a cowboy hat.

Paul Du Noyer



WILLIE NELSON AND LEON RUSSELL
One For The Road *(CBS)*

Here for your perusal is a double-album suffering from schizophrenia — one disc believes it's a country music offering, whilst its partner thinks it's Martini MOR. No wonder, when its parents are none other than Lone Star Willie Nelson, who's currently trying to be all things to all men, and Leon Russell, a stetsoned Santa Claus given to appearing in the guise of one Hank Wilson.

Little wonder too, that 'One For The Road' has proven a Top 30 album in the U.S., where a trip to the psychoanalyst's couch has always figured high on the list of party games among those with plenty of time and even more money. Where 'Road' should score — on the first disc when the Texan and the Tulsan do what comes naturally and duet on bar-room singalongs that include 'Don't Fence Me In' (a cowboy song by Cole Porter), 'You Are My Sunshine' (the Ray Charles hit originally written by a gospel-singing Governor of Louisiana) and 'Riding Down The Canyon' (a Gene Autrey and Smiley Burnett special) — nothing really registers because the chief protagonists sing as if they were solely engaged for a quick flip through the song-sheets, while the band plays politely in a manner befitting an old mums' knees-up, strict tempo drumming and all. Even an uptempo version of Richard M Jones' gorgeous blues 'Trouble In Mind' fails to win through — and this despite aid from the voice of Maria Muldaur and the slide guitar of Bonnie Raitt.

Conversely, where the duo *should* flunk out, in creating fare for the mohair suit set, things gell for all the wrong reasons. This portion of the proceedings acts as a follow-up to Willie's successful 'Stardust' album, on which he sang a series of easy-listening evergreens — so Nelson tackles all the vocal chores while Russell merely comps keyboards and provides backgrounds of shimmering strings. But because Willie has no real voice and lacks even a resonable range, he often makes the material more interesting than it has a right to be, the listener being left on tenter-hooks.

So should you buy this package? Frankly, I really don't know what to advise. I guess it all depends on which way you like to look down a telescope.

Fred Dellar

MIATTA FAHNBULLEH
Miatta *(EMI)*
LIGHT OF THE WORLD
Light Of The World
(Ensign)

Since Messrs Gaye and Wonder first got metaphysical, there can be no excuses for believing that you have to be white — and preferably a member of The Moody Blues — to achieve ultimate cosmicity. But if 'Float On' and its ilk didn't do the trick, a quick listen to 'Miatta' or 'Light Of The World' should bring home this fundamental truth.

Ms Fahnbulleh sounds like nothing so much as a dusky Melanie, the massed backing vocals recalling that quintessential flower child's brief liaison with The Edwin Hawkins Singers. All but one song were written or adapted from Liberian sources by the lady herself, who also produced.

The lyrics are idealistic and awkwardly literal, the tunes insubstantial and the presence of former F.B.I. and Lene Lovich bassist Lenny Meade, percussionist Gaspar Lawal and Pacific Eardrum's Jim Cuomo (soprano sax, arrangements) can't raise matters above the sluggish. If this is the 'Jungle Music' evoked on the first track, then Miatta's found herself a sleepy old clearing.

There's no accident about Light Of The World's name. The gosh-awful cover features two hands grappling with a bar of light against a thunderous backdrop, while for good humour Vinnie Castellano twiddled the knobs on behalf of Dark Cloud Productions Inc.

Add the inner sleeve photos of the band, all clad in Man At C & A casuals and beaming like eight funky Cliff Richards, and the prospect is daunting. Not a rude boy in sight.

Yet the contents are really quite steamy, despite titles like 'Dreams', Aspects' and 'Mirror Of My Soul'. The chanted vocals may be on the wispy side, but the guitars of Nevil 'Breeze' McKrieth and the since-departed Jean Paul 'Blue' Maunick are needle-sharp and Paul 'Tubbs' Williams bass string snappingly taut and dynamic.

If Light Of The World can devlop their singing, a share of The Real Thing's market is the least they'll deserve.

Harry George

IMPORTS

THE Beatles' 'Rarities' LP (Parlophone), previously only available as a collectors' carrot with EMI's limited edition boxed set of complete mop top albums, is now available as a separate record at Virgin's Megastore and the HMV Shop, which are both located in London's Oxford Street.

Imported from Australia and still bearing the "sampler album — not for sale" tag, 'Rarities' costs a hefty £7.59 — but then, that's well over £40.00 less than many Beatle buffs spent in lashing out on albums they really didn't need anyway.

Mention of the Megastore reminds me that this recent addition to Branson's bazaars has turned out to be much more than just a super-colossal, coffee-bar bedecked supermarket. For, after a duff start, the import stock has now improved greatly and now boasts an impressive array of **Dylan** hard-to-gets including the 'Blues Project' album on Elektra, on which the Zim, disguised as **Bob Landy**, lines up **Geoff Muldaur, Danny Kalb, Erick Von Schmidt, John Sebastian, John Koerner** and Co. to produce an urban blues set.

'Circus Maximus' (Vanguard), the 1967 album by the **Jerry Jeff Walker-Bob Bruno** band of that name, is also around, as is 'Neverland Revisited' (Vanguard), the band's second offering, cut around the time Jerry Jeff and **Dave Bromberg** were taping 'Mr Bojangles' for airing on a Greenwich Village radio station.

The list of other Megastore marvels is extensive — **The Youngbloods'** 'Elephant Mountain' (RCA) and 'High On A Ridge Top' (Raccoon); **John Hiatt's** 'Overcoats' (Epic); **Leon Russell** and **Marc Benno's** 'Asylum Choir' (Shelter); the various **Fugs** releases on ESP; all **Vinegar Joe's** albums, now re-released in Europe and bearing a "with **Robert Palmer** and **Elkie Brooks**" banner; the highly rated quartet of releases by **The Nighthawks** — 'Open All Night', 'Jacks And Kings', 'Side Pocket Shot' and 'Live' — on Adelphi; The Newport Folk Festival 1963-4 albums (Vanguard) with their many stars . . . the reasons to be cheerful seem endless.

Unbelievably, also in stock right now is the marvellous 'Lubbock — On Everything' double-album (Fate) by **Terry Allen**, whom Little Feat freaks will remember as the composer of 'New Delhi Freight Train' on 'Time Loves A Hero'. Allen's great, a spaced out, piano-playing cowboy whose songs edge in somewhere between those of Shel Silverstein and Loudon Wainwright. Aided by the **Joe Ely Band** and other Texan troubadours, Allen provides a new outlook on the traditional 'Wreck On The Highway' via 'Truckload Of Art', a song about a disaster befalling the Art Ark, a truck full of West Coast-bound avant-garde dreamed up by New Yorkers ("They all got together and decided they would show those snotty surfer upstarts a thing or two about the Big Apple").

There's more, of course, lots more. But this is just a column and not *War And Peace*. So grab a copy of the album yourself and learn to love Lubbock more. D'ya hear, Buddy Holly? Your hometown's maing out okay!

Fred Dellar

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NEW ALBUM BY

peter HAMMILL

Right Strings Wrong Yo-yos

Ms. Brown

Ms. Pointer x3

THE POINTER SISTERS
Priority *(Planet)*

ONCE upon a time in Oakland, California, The Pointer Sisters were all gladrags, '30s jazz, blues and funky razzamatazz. Now Bonnie is with Motown making schizoid albums like 'Bonnie Pointer' — one side old '60s stuff and stuff like that, the other 'contemporary' songwriting — whilst Ruth, June and Anita are with Planet and producer Richard Perry making what's presumably his and most US radio programmers' idea of rock and roll.

Bonnie's career is still an uncertain quantity, but 'Priority' is taped and bound to provide her siblings with another clutch of single hits like 'Energy' before it. Energy was actually something 'Energy' had very little of, and 'Priority' has even less, despite its choice of mostly hardrockcore material.

The songs come from, among others, Ian 'Unter ('Who Do You Love'), Bob Seger ('All Your Love'), Graham Parker ('Turned Up Too Late'), Jagger/Richards ('Happy'), Rafferty/Egan ('Blind Faith'), Richard Thompson ('Don't Let A Thief Steal Into Your Heart'), Bruce Springsteen ('The Fever') and Robbie Robertson ('The Shape I'm In').

Good songs all, they're driven straight into dead ground by clumsy, insensitive sessioneering from the likes of Waddy Wachtel (guitars), Rick Marotta (drums), Nicky Hopkins and ex-El Feat's Bill Payne (pianos). Put it thisaway — 'Priority' just misses the point (pun intended) of both its singers and its songs.

Springsteen's 'Fire' was the one song on 'Energy' to even hint at The Pointers' pizazz and, sure enough, his 'Fever' gives 'Priority' its one, lonely moment of emotion, involvement, 'soul', call it whatever you will. Perry's production — sort of 'live' but in fact lacklustre and lifeless — begs pullings of earlobes and musings about how long the man can continue to survive on a reputation that was won in the late '60s (forever, I suppose; he's still commercially 'viable').

Meanwhile, if The Pointers want *aesthetic* success, the answer's easy — send 'em South to Noo Orleans and place them and their voices in the TLC of Allen Toussaint.

This particular 'Priority' is low. Very.

Angus MacKinnon

SHIRLEY BROWN
For The Real Feeling *(Stax)*

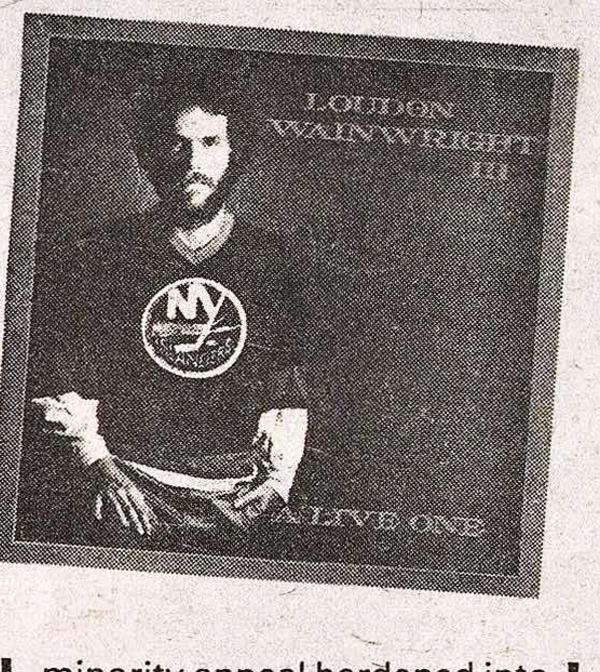
THE trouble with being a great singer is that without great songs and great producers, you're lost. On 'For The Real Feeling', Shirley Brown — former protege of Albert King and a sizeable footnote in the History Of Soul — deals as best she can with a bunch of songs pretty much below her station, framed in settings which are little more than workpersonlike.

The culprits are Lester Snell and David Porter — gentlemen of by no means undistinguished backgrounds — and they've shipwrecked Shirley with a relentlessly mediocre repertoire enlivened only by the opening 'When, Where, What Time' and the first half of 'Dirty Feelings', which is unreasonably extended past its limits by a rap which does little more than ram home with a steamhammer what had previously been delicately insinuated by the song itself. Shirley Brown doesn't talk dirty with anything near the verve and panache of Millie Jackson, anyway, despite another attempt at the same bullseye on 'Eye Can't See.'

'For The Real Feeling' . . . pass on this and wait for the next one.

Charles Shaar Murray

LOUDON WAINWRIGHT III
A Live One *(Radar)*



WAINWRIGHT'S a man that's given a lot of us hours of pleasure in the past, and years of disappointment too. If nothing else the present record — a cross-section of his songs recorded live in concert — offers a modest illustration of why this should be the case.

Back when the '70s began, Wainwright seemed to stumble out from nowhere (Pennsylvania, to be precise) delivering two classic albums in the process. Blessed with a voice that gets three out of every five people reaching for the Paracetamol, he'd amuse, scare or, even, move you. We were impressed and nurtured high hopes. Mass-acceptance never looked to be on the cards, not for a talent as idiosyncratic and downright discomforting as this, but more of the same would have been welcome.

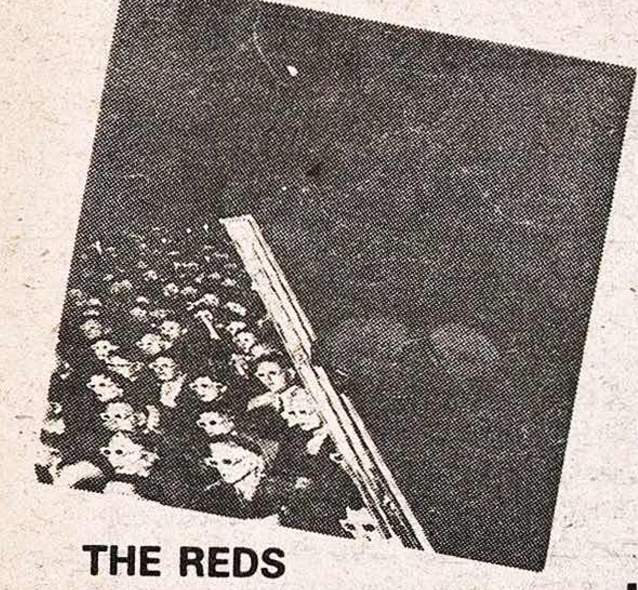
The decade progressed, however, and Loudon's minority appeal hardened into cult status. And Loudon turned cuddly. It looked as if a devoted following was encouraging him to play up the shambling buffoon at the expense of his grimmer but far more compelling material. The comical singalongs pushed out the confessional agonies and inspired spite. Maybe he just wanted some fun.

I got distracted, wandered away. Of the subsequent stream of product, it's largely agreed that not so much has matched that early output for fierceness and chilled wit. Recorded mostly on Wainwright's UK visit in late '76, with additional tracks from an LA folk club, this album boasts a fair selection of the brilliant and the boring, and some of the mediocre in between.

Apart from two lovely moments — one where he greets his audience with a graceless "Aw, shuddup!" and the other, in 'Kings And Queens', a good Van Morrison take-off — all you gain are slightly ragged re-workings, minus the resonance and intimacy of the originals, cluttered with casual crowd noise. Atmosphere it ain't.

Of the better numbers 'Red Guitar', 'Motel Blues' and 'School Days' hold up the best; 'Suicide Song' is played with a sad lack of attack and 'A Live One', alas, is a resistable proposition.

Paul Du Noyer



THE REDS
The Reds *(A&M)*

THE upshot of the arrival, finally, in America of what the colonials quaintly term new wave music is that what was deplored and ignored is nowadays a viable part of any self respecting label's roster. Two years ago their worst fear was to pass on the next ELO, now it's to pass on the next Cheap Trick.

No wonder disco has been so phenomenally popular Stateside; they're crying out for fresh rock excitement, just as diet of hamburgers will make you, sooner or later, crave real meat. I therefore place my bet now that The Clash will, one day, be enormous. Not any day soon, though, because, like The Reds, and unlike The Police, they don't make singles. They can make fine rock songs, but not singles. And they are the short cut.

The Reds, a Philadelphia four piece whose Anglophilia, a trait of so many US bands, leans towards the recent English developments, achieved their prominence via two superb sides of hard rock thrash out late last year under their own steam. Evidence that, as over here, the self-made single figures strongly as a source of raw material for the music machinery.

Both those songs, 'Self Reduction' and 'Victims' turn up on The Reds first album, in pride of place amongst eight samples of urban metal despair from the pen of guitarist and vocalist Rick Shaffer.

His concerns are apocalyptic: boredom and social breakdown. The standard subject of punk of latter-day definition expressed in language that — whilst not bearing a wildly original relevance to the situation — nimbly sidesteps all the obvious cliches.

The music's intentions are clear, the territory well-defined; a simple, purposeful drive built on the classic '70s chassis and designed to rock out hard, which it does, even if the material is not always as instant as the oevre demands.

If you close your eyes and pretend you haven't heard it before it's pretty good; if you haven't heard it before it's great, probably the best US hard rock since Aerosmith's 'Rocks'. A drop in the British ocean but a beacon in the American night.

Paul Rambali

JOAN BAEZ
Honest Lullaby *(Portrait)*

IT'S always been difficult trying not to picture Joan Baez in a Salvation Army uniform — clear-eyed, stuffed with moral certainty, fortified by push-button fervour. Pure of voice and motive, she became the prototype for a battalion of virginal warblers. Truly, the grimmest of legacies.

After a full 20 years' success, Baez is well lumbered with a public conception of her and her music which is, as this album should remind us, becoming somewhat outdated. Ever since 'Diamonds And Rust' a couple of years back she's consciously striven to emphasise and develop the music, and her own song-writing, even at the expense of its customary 'socially aware' content. While her voice retains the quivering tone of spiritual uplift, and enunciates with that characteristically didactic clarity (rendering the album's error-impregnated lyric sheet rather redundant), it's evident that Joan Of Arc's been given the push.

Of course, it's a well-worn manoeuvre, this retreat into 'self'-awareness, just like the classic cop-out clause "the revolution begins in your own head" which substitutes navel-contemplation for political action. But the fact is that Joan Baez, far from ditching her commitment, is now exploring it on a more introspective level — and with more regard for the actual sound — to the immense benefit of her music.

Even if there are whole tracts of 'Honest Lullaby' which I could comfortably do without, it's nevertheless a work of warmth and assurance, easy without being bland, often impressive in its depth.

Thus, dispensible to these ears are the unambitious readings of 'Let Your Love Flow', 'No Woman, No Cry' and Janis Ian's 'Light A Light', or the tambourine-bashing old-time religion of 'Free At Last'.

But three numbers are enough to persuade me of the album's value: an epic version of 'Before The Deluge' by Jackson Browne (whose 'Fountain Of Sorrow' she's previously covered), the intelligently autobiographical 'Honest Lullaby' and 'Michael', another of her own songs, a tenderly enigmatic treatment of traditional folk themes.

Teamed throughout with a pool of ace players from Muscle Shoals and with Barry Beckett's rich production, Baez has made an album to suggest that, 20 years on or not, the best might still be yet to come.

Paul Du Noyer

SAM COOKE
When I Fall In Love *(EMI)*

Anyone in search of gospel, sweat, rhythm and blues and sssssoul music will find this particular compilation of Sam Cooke's work for Keen Records something of a disappointment.

As Cliff White's lucid and informative liner note points out, Cooke devoted considerable portions of his career to respectable supperclub music — you know, the stuff Johnny Mathis was into before he disco-vered upmarket dance music. Songs for swinging smoothies, in other words: 'Danny Boy', 'Moonlight In Vermont', 'I Cover The Waterfront' and so on *ad infinitum*.

With the exception of the sublime 'You Send Me' — covered and recovered by everybody from Steve Miller to Rod Stewart and back again — 'When I Fall In Love' is strictly Jack Jones City. I'd rather hear Sam Cooke singing this kind of material than anybody else, but even with That Voice present and correct, it's still MOR than is required.

Charles Shaar Murray

STUDENTS

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THIS HEAT

blue and yellow like police car and mellow
blue and yellow like conservative and teeth
blue and yellow like joni mitchell and jaundice
blue and yellow like blood and sulphur
blue and yellow like movie and fever
blue and yellow like ink and cornfield
blue and yellow like bell and sand
blue and yellow like suede shoes and cost effective
blue and yellow like rinse and fever
blue and yellow like beard and peril

THIS HEAT

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RUTS

GRIN & BARE IT TOUR.

September
12 GWENT Stowaway Club
13 PORT TALBOT Troubador
14 CAMBRIDGE Corn Exchange
15 AYLESBURY Friars
16 JACKSDALE Grey Topper
21 ROSS ON WYE Harveys
27 SHEFFIELD Limit Club
28 NEWPORT Village Bowl
29 LIVERPOOL Erics (2 shows)
October
2 DYFED Aberystwyth University
5 BIRMINGHAM Aston University
6 BRIGHTON Polytechnic
7 HEMEL HEMPSTEAD Pavilion
8 BRISTOL ROMEO & JULIETS
12 NEWCASTLE Mayfair Ballroom
13 MANCHESTER Factory
14 REDCAR Coatham Bowl
19 LONDON Electric Ballroom
20 NORTHAMPTON Cricket Ground
23 CANTERBURY Kent University
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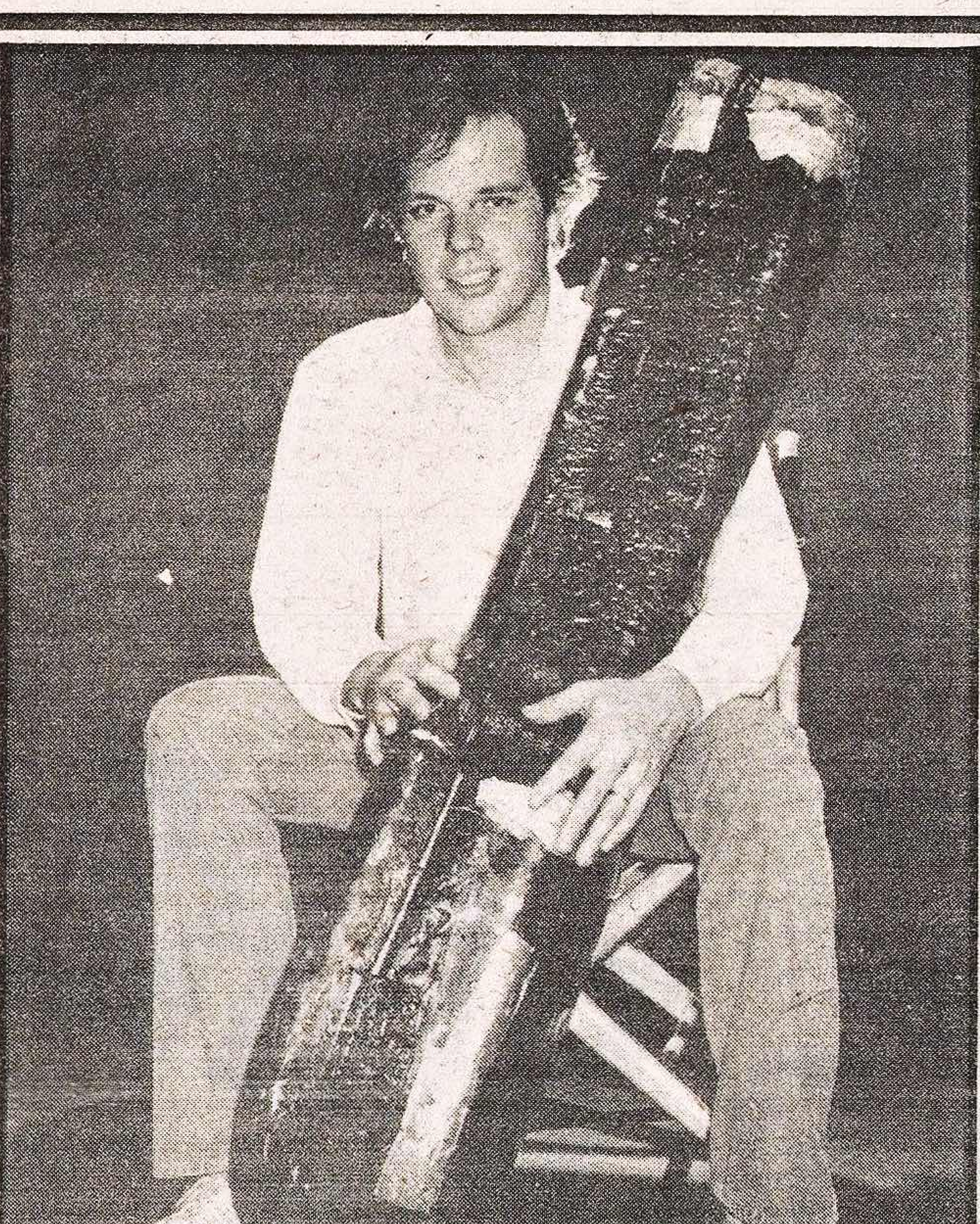
27 NORFOLK West Runton Pavilion

SINGLE OUT NOW
SOMETHING THAT I SAID

Virgin

VS 285

Kottke: A Finer Point Of View



Leo Kottke: a man and his folding chair . . .

LEO KOTTKE
Balance *(Chrysalis)*

MAYBE 'Balance', like the clutch of Kottke's preceding work, will get filed and forgotten in some backwater under 'ethnic'. That would be a pity. 'Balance', you see, is no esoteric earful, but a pastoral, smooth display of abundant riches, a brand of American country folk blues delivered with a fine, honed wit that supplements the instrumental expertise. Like his erstwhile peer and tutor John Fahey, like Ry Cooder and the neglected talents of Chris Darrow and Toulouse Englehardt, Kottke is in a position where he can relax and shape his muse into something personal.

The material on 'Balance' takes its lead from a national, mainly Southern, ore which has no wish to meet fashionable demands and no need to compromise to gain a hearing, however limited its audience may be. In this instance Kottke is suitably abetted by Nashville's top layer, including producer/drummer Kenneth Buttrey and Dr. John Harris (from the Area Code 615 axis). The versatile Bobby Ogdin and Mike Leech complete a rhythm section as effective as it is subtle. Only in Nashville, TN, do you consistently find musicians like these who can give to a piece without making a fuss. The side men in L.A. might be better known, but the players south of the Smokies know when to shut up.

The top line is Kottke on guitars, acoustic, six and twelve string, steel slide and crystal clear electric. Above the floating melodies Kottke's simple vocal tells a series of informal, often introverted tales without recourse to histrionics. The material fits its subject, letting the strong and haunting melodies work out from underneath; the lilting rhythms and syncopated cajun twists of 'Tell Mary' blend easily next to the muted bottleneck swing in 'I Don't Know Why'.

Amongst the instrumental tracks, there's an emotionally faithful version of Jorma Kaukonen's 'Embryonic Journey' and a startling up-tempo box of tricks called 'Whine' which is all done by sleight of hand and makes it very difficult to proceed to side two, where you come up against Kottke at his most mournful and involving. 'Losing Everything' and 'Drowning' touch on some sore points without lingering too long on their cause, while 'Dolores' is actually a jaunty paean to the beautiful tones of a Spanish twelve-string in loving hands, and that's no tragedy.

A writer of many sides and surprises, Kottke talks himself in and out and around the blues of '½ Acre Of Garlic', a mental exercise which doesn't strain his homespun sense of the absurd, while for that small hours night cap he takes Buddy Holly's classic 'Learning The Game', slows it down to a reflective ballad and wrings out every last drop of its obvious, simple profundity to deliver a real testimony to the power of words and music.

An apparently private individual, Kottke still displays the troubador's love of adventure; he likes to play and if someone is listening then so much the better. A song cycle of composure and class, 'Balance' is short and sweet and to the point. It boasts the man's own liner note which begins with a cautionary recollection. "We live on the edge of town with a big front yard. I get up in the morning about noon and make my way through the dogshit to the mailbox to get the mail."

Anyone who wants to know a quick way of moving from the ridiculous to the sublime is well advised to stand right here and wait.

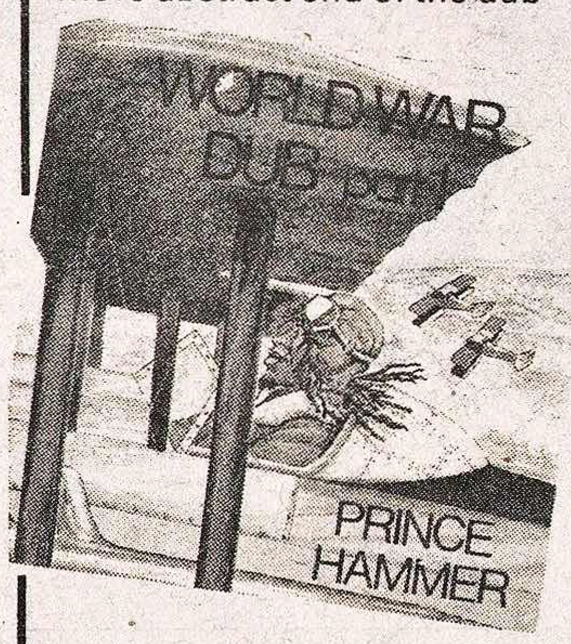
Max Bell

PRINCE JAMMY vs CRUCIAL BUNNY
Fatman Dub Contest *(Star)*
PRINCE JAMMY
Kamikaze Dub *(Trojan)*
PRINCE HAMMER
World War Dubs *(Babay Mother)*

DUB albums demand a different way of listening; they just don't work the way most long players do. You don't so much listen *to* a dub album as live with it.

It's multi-purpose. You can dance to it, practice your control skills and approximate swirling three-dimensional sound system attack on your home stereo, or keep the volume down and use it as background music of the best and most useful sort, music you can alternatively leave floating in the background or focus upon for more enriching detailed listening.

Such, at least, is the state of affairs with this trio of British releases, all from the aerial, more abstract end of the dub spectrum. The dubwise cuts that accompany a single or discomix qualify, resonate, amplify and extend the mood and message of the accompanying song (one reason why I think you'll find the best dub there) rather than on LPs like this.



The elasticity and pliability of dub music help explain why it's the only music that's elevated recording engineers to the level of stars. Console-toting mixdown shoot-outs between rival engineers/producers would be almost unimaginable in any other musical culture.

Prince Jammy(s) and Crucial Bunny are part of a new and younger set of studio dub wizards coming up in reggae, and here their skills are pitted against each other, a side apiece, courtesy of producer The Mighty Fatman. Jammy's favoured style is best described by the title of one of his previous elpees, 'Heavyweight Dub': strong on drumbeats like thundercrashes, heavy on reverb, rocking rhythms from Channel One Studio where Jammy works.

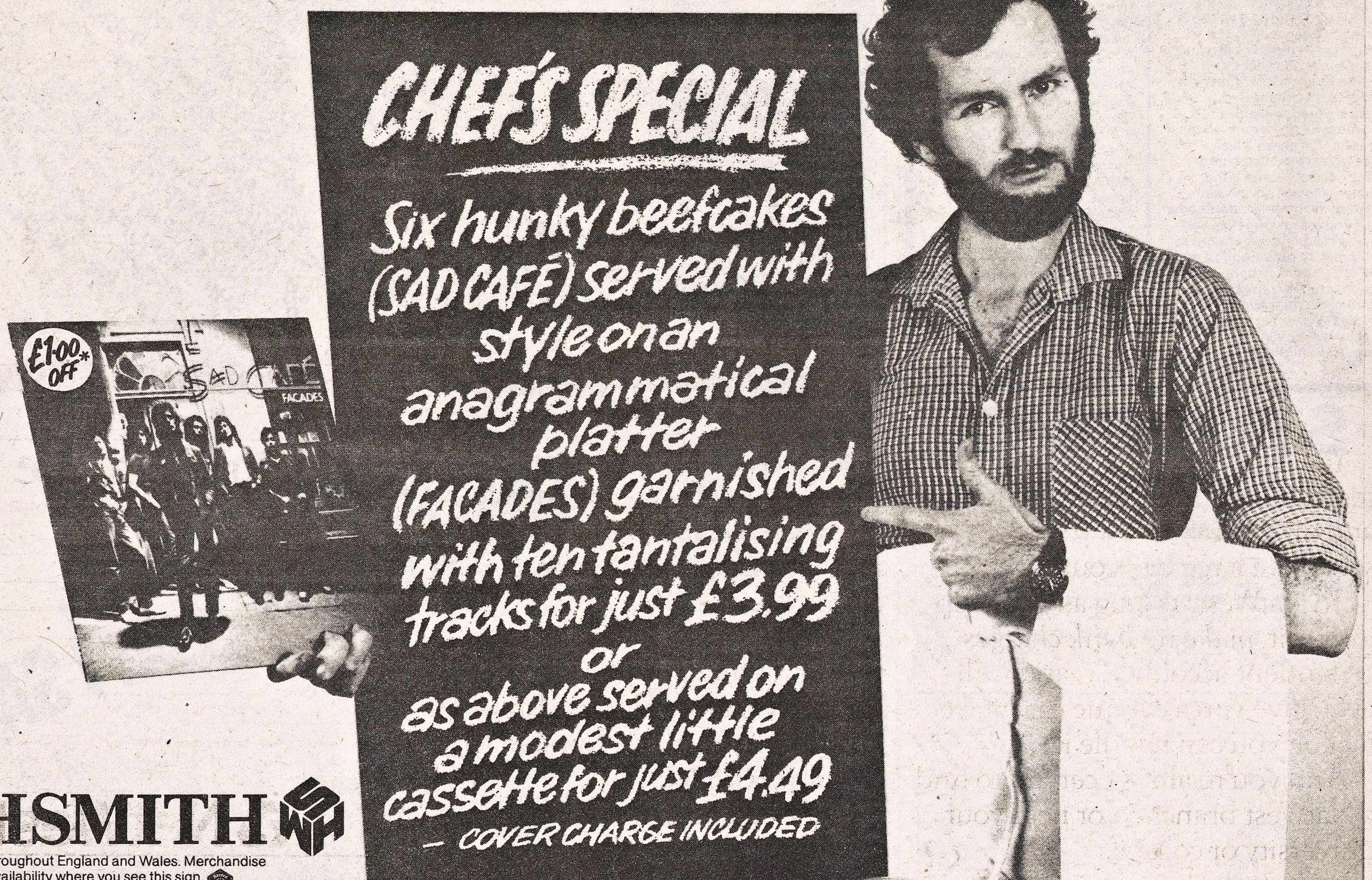
Crucial Bunny opts for a lighter play on drums, likes phasing, and is sometimes inclined towards the sound/effects and gimmicks school that often finds favour with white fans of the 'onthefloorroutme crustwiththeheadphoneson' school.

Both sides are around par for the dubwise course, though I prefer Jammy's touch. Come to that, I rate his side of 'Crucial Bunny vs Prince Jammys' above most of what he offers us on 'Kamikaze Dub' which comes with Eastern artwork and titles like 'Origami Black Belt' and 'Waterfront Gang War' in best Jamaican Bruce Lee tradition.

On 'World War Dub' Bunny engineers, Jammy does the mix-down at Tubby's with help from a youth named Scientist, with Prince Hammer producing and putting out the album on his Baby Mother label. How's that for team effort? Titles include 'Desert Rat Dub', 'Mussolini', 'Churchill', 'Hitler' and 'D Day Dub' with a sleeve jot that proclaims "These are men that passed through great tribulation but only Jah live it out". Nah true.

Beyond a slightly colder mix on 'World War Dub', there's little to choose between the two albums and their respective sets of Channel One rhythms. Strong pleasing stuff but not classics of the genre.

Neil Spencer



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19	STOWAWAY	NEWPORT (GWENT)
20	LIMIT	SHEFFIELD
21	THE VILLAGE	NEWPORT (SALOP)
22	JB'S	DUDLEY
23	GREY TOPPER	JACKSDALE
27	TEESIDE POLY	MIDDLESBOROUGH
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Peterborough Wirrina	14	„
Guildford Civic	16	„
London Rainbow	17	„
Bristol Colston Hall	18	„
Edinburgh Odeon	20	„
Newcastle Mayfair	21	„

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Thursday 13th September.
Alhambra: Brighton.
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21/22 Rush
22/23 Police
24 Shadows
27/28 Gary Numan
28 The Slits
29 Lindisfarne
30 Sister Sledge
OCTOBER
5 Royal Ranes
6 Portsmouth Sinfonia
7 Orleans
8 Three Degrees
8/9 Chic
8/11 Elkie Brooks
12 Camel
14/16 Boston
14 Loudon Wainwright
15 Herman Brood
15 Siouxsie & The Banshees
15/20 Sky
17/19 Lou Reed
19 Stranglers
20 The Cimmarons
22 Serge Lane
23/24 Darts
24 Gillan
25/27 Boomtown Rats
27 Southside Johnny
28 White Snake
30 Undertones
NOVEMBER
1/2 AC/DC
2 Skids
3/4 Moody Blues
4 Four Tops
4 Penetration
4/5 Boomtown Rats
9 Buzzcocks
10 Hot Chocolate
12/16 Shirley Bassey
16 Gallagher & Lyle
17 Steve Hillage
26/27 Motorhead
DECEMBER
2 Hawkwind
2/4 The Jam
13/15 Cliff Richards

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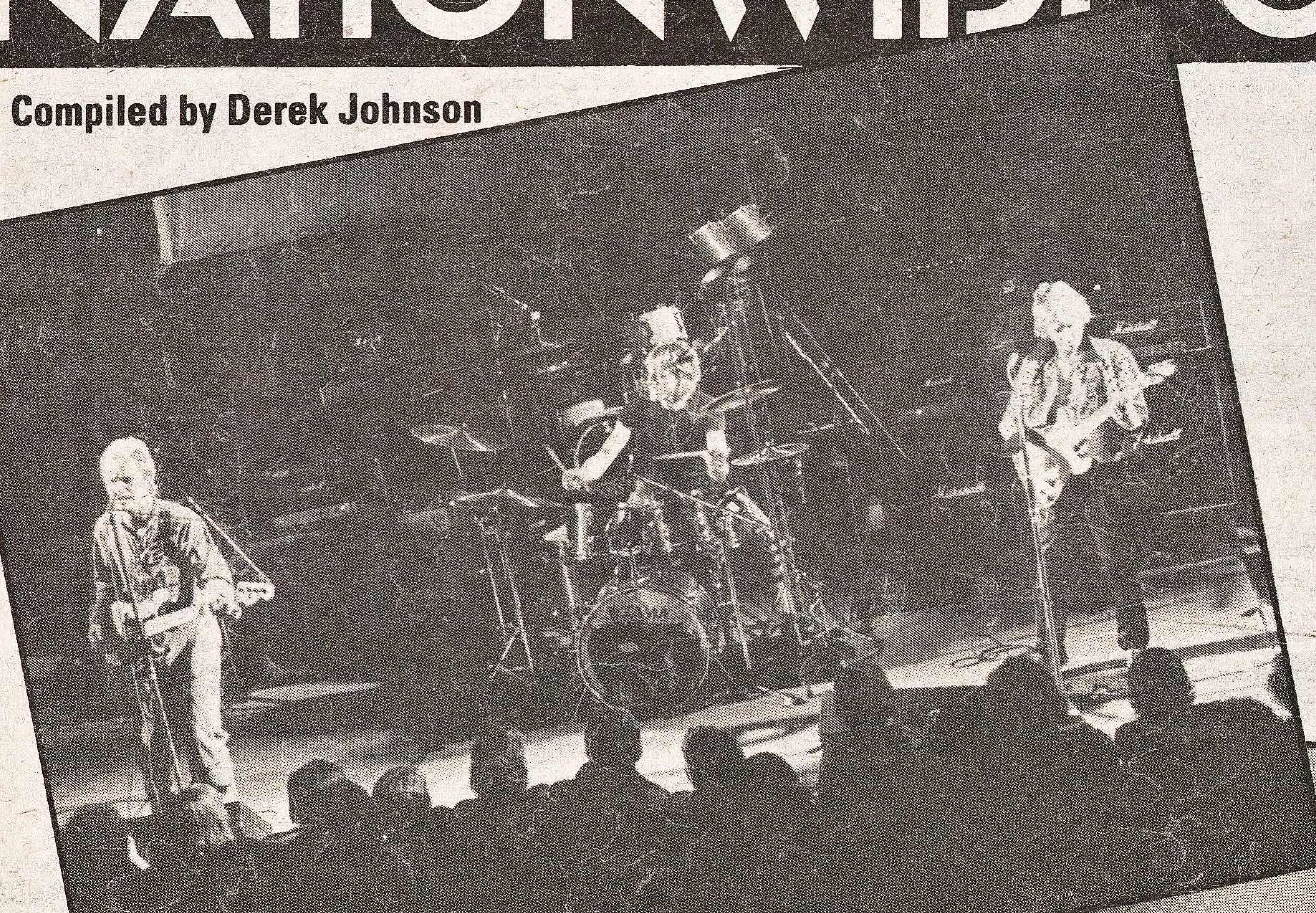
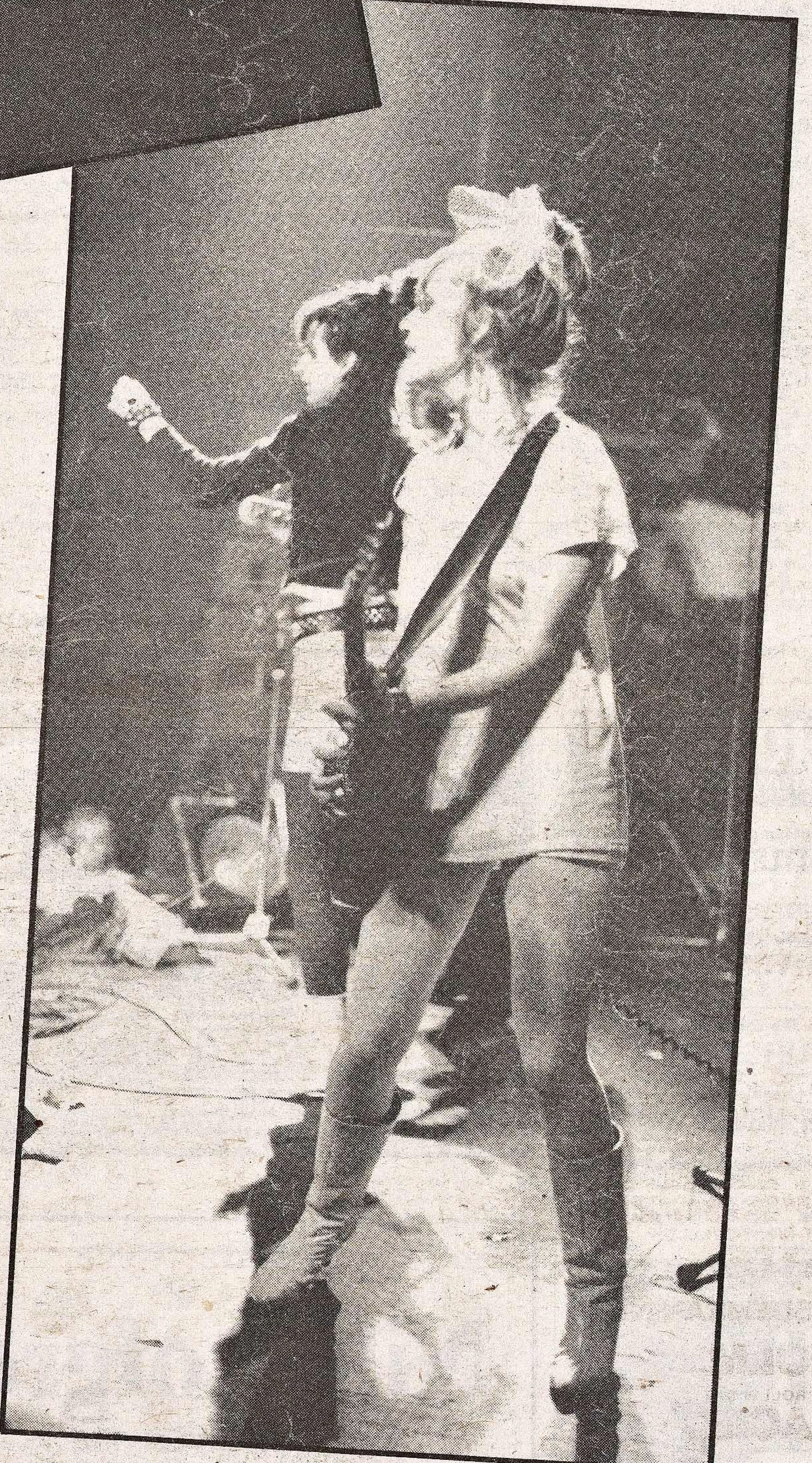
NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

Compiled by Derek Johnson



***THE POLICE** (left) continue their headlining tour, which began earlier this week, with dates at Birmingham (Thursday), Southampton (Friday), Oxford (Saturday), Leicester (Sunday), Swansea (Tuesday) and Cardiff (Wednesday) — with more to follow, including two shows at Hammersmith Odeon. The tour previews their upcoming album 'Reggatta De Blanc' and single 'Message In A Bottle', and the support act is Wazmonariz.*

***THE SLITS** (below), who bared their all in last week's NME, will be baring only their souls when they take the stage at the outset of their latest tour — starting at Leicester (Monday), Oxford (Tuesday) and Birmingham (Wednesday). They'll be topping a mixed-culture package also featuring jazz trumpeter Don Cherry (with Lou Reed's backing band Happy House), plus Jamaican toaster Prince Hammer supported by Creation Rebel.*



Thursday

Barnsley Portcullis: **Stunt Kites/Y?**
Basildon Double Six: **The Crooks**
Basildon Roundacre: **Bastille**
Bathgate Dreadnaught Hotel: **The Cheetahs**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Clinic**
Birmingham Odeon: **The Police**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Orphan**
Bradford Maxim's: **J.A.L.N. Band**
Bridgend Drones: **Flash Harry**
Brighton Jenkinsons: **Geno Washington (for three days)**
Bristol Trinity: **The Invaders**
Burntwood Troubadour: **The Amazing Dark Horse**
Chatham Tam O'Shanter: **One Eyed Jacks**
Chesterfield Fusion: **The Chords**
Colne Union Hotel: **The Distributors**
Derby Talk Of The Midlands: **Hank Mizell / Little Tony & The Tennessee Rebels**
Dundee Teazers: **Fischer Z**
Edinburgh Astoria: **The Headboys / Venigmas**
Exeter Quay Club: **The Living Daylights**
Gosport John Peel: **The Dials**
Gravesend Red Lion: **Rednite**
Harrogate Gallop Inn: **Clem Curtis & The Foundations (for three days)**
Hayes (Middlesex) Adam & Eve: **Tiger Ashby/The Details**
Leeds Fan Club: **Philip Rambow**
Leeds Fforde Green Hotel: **Spyder Blues Band**
Liverpool Empire Theatre: **Nils Lofgren**
Liverpool Eric's: **Protex/The Drills**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Adverts**
London Camden Music Machine: **Clint Eastwood/Trinity/Freedom Fighters**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **The Photos**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Melanie Harrold**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Vermilion & The Aces**
London Deptford Albany Empire: **The Lucy's/The Flatbackers/Top Hat/The Box**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The V.I.P.'s**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Tours**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **Lacey's Allstars**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Kensington The Nashville: **Local Operator**
London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park: **Martin Taylor & Ike Isaacs**
London Marquee Club: **Cowboys International**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Grounation**
London Royal Festival Hall: **Harry Belafonte (for three days)**
London Southall White Swan: **The Injections**
London Southgate Royalty Ballroom: **Charlie Gracie**
London Victoria The Venue: **After The Fire**
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
London W.10 Acklam Hall: **Cardiac Arrest/The Dangerous Girls**
London WC1 Merlin's Cave: **Big Chief**
Macclesfield Krumbles: **The Cheaters**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **The Crusaders**
Manchester Free Trade Hall: **Loudon Wainwright**
Newcastle Mayfair Ballroom: **Sammy Hagar**
Norwich Cromwell's: **Match**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **The Hormones**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Gaffa**
Portsmouth Nelson Club: **Yakety Yak**
Port Talbot Troubadour: **The Ruts**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Steve Adams**
Scarborough Penthouse: **E.F. Band**
Sheffield The Penguin: **Xero**
St. Albans Horn of Plenty: **The OK Band**
Willenhall The Cavalcade: **Ocean Boulevard**
Wolverhampton Civic Centre: **XTC/The Yachts/The Dazzlers**
Wootton I.o.W. Lakeside Inn: **Crazy Cavan & the Rhythm Rockers**

Friday

Ambleside Cinema Club: **Art Failure/The Out/Gordon The Moron**
Basingstoke Magnum's: **Overkill**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Bright Eyes**
Birmingham Elizabethan Days: **The Traitors**
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **The Injections**
Brighton Hanbury Arms: **The Lillettes**
Burton 76 Club: **The Invaders**
Cambridge Corn Exchange: **The Ruts**
Cardiff Grassroots Coffee Bar: **Magnet-/Mad Dog**
Castleford Civic Centre: **The Mekons/Artery/Gravity**
Chelmsford City F.C.: **Modern English/Anorexia/Antenni**
Colchester Embassy Suite: **Charlie Gracie**
Coventry Red House Inn: **Johnny & The Jailbirds.**
Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlite**
Cromer West Runton Pavilion: **Budgie**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **Philip Rambow**
Egremont Tow Bar Inn: **The Bumpers**
Exeter Routes: **The Starjets**
Glasgow Apollo Centre: **Loudon Wainwright**
Halifax Maxim's: **J.A.L.N. Band**
Hopwas Chequers: **Firefly**
Ipswich Henly Cross Keys: **General R & The Meanies**
Keighley Downtown Club: **Cheap & Nasty**
Kettering Windmill Club: **The Bearshank Band**
Kirklevington Country Club: **The Headboys**
Leicester TUL Club: **The Rhythm Hawks**
London Acton King's Head: **Paz**
London Acton The Windmill: **The Next Band**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Charlie Ainley & The Misdemeanours/Inner City Unit**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Stan's Blues Band**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **Stagefright.**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Virgin On The Verge/Magnificent Seven**
London Covent Garden: **Tribesman**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **On The Air**
London Hackney Chats Palace: **Charge/Beggar**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **The Crickets**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **Ricky Cool & The Icebergs**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Lee Fardon & The Legionaires**
London Kensington The Nashville: **The Vibrators**
London Kingsbury Bandwagon: **Iron Maiden**
London Lewisham Black Bull: **Little Tony & The Tennessee Rebels**
London Notting Hill Old Swan: **The Results**
London Peckham Newlands Tavern: **Red Tape**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Greig & Nigel's Folk and Blues Night**
London Rainbow Theatre: **Nils Lofgren**
London Tottenham White Hart: **Hound Dog**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Sox**
London Victoria The Venue: **Fingerprintz/The Young Ones**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The X-Dreamysts/The Photos**
Manchester Free Trade Hall: **Sammy Hagar**
Manchester The Factory: **The Chords/The Cheaters**
Melton Mowbray Painted Lady: **The Reality Band**
Milton Keynes Navigation Inn: **The Russians**
Newcastle Mayfair Ballroom: **Fischer Z**
Northampton Guilsborough Village Hall: **Over Drive / Eclipse**
Norwich Boogie House: **Hollywood Wires**
Nottingham Sandpiper: **The Piranhas**
Nuneaton Hilltop Club: **Armpit Jug Band**
Oxford Oranges & Lemons: **Chou Pahrot**
Oxford New Theatre: **Siouxsie & The Banshees/The Cure**
Perth Plough Inn: **The Deft Jerks**
Redhill Centre: **Vernon & The G.I.s**
Retford Porterhouse: **Brand X**
Salford The Globe: **The Swinging Lampshades**
Salisbury Blackbird Hotel: **The Roaring 80's**
Southampton Bannister Ballroom: **Crazy Cavan & The Rhythm Rockers**
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: **The Police**
Southend Minerva: **Rockhouse**
Southend Top Alex: **Bastille**
Swanage Caravan Park: **Rikki & The Cufflinks**
Taunton Odeon: **Darts**
Walton The Hop: **The Small Wonders**
Worcester Golden Lion: **The Speedy Bears**

Saturday

Aylesbury Friars: **The Ruts/The Piranhas/The Edge**
Barnsley Civic Hall: **The Chords**
Barrow Maxim's: **J.A.L.N. Band**
Birmingham Bogarts: **Split Image**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Strider**
Birmingham Odeon: **Sammy Hagar**
Birmingham Railway Hote: **School Sports**
Blackpool ABC Theatre: **The Shadows**
Blackpool Norbreck Castle: **Dog Watch**
Brackley Town Hall: **The Russians/The Ex-Posures**
Bracknell Bridge House: **The Crooks**
Brighton Dome: **Darts**
Bristol Crown Cellar Bar: **The Wild Beasts**
Cardiff Grassroots Coffee Bar: **Fire Exit/Young Marble Giants**
Carshalton St. Helier Arms: **Little Tony & The Tennessee Rebels**
Chichester Bishop Otter College: **Sledgehammer**
Coventry Lanchester Polytechnic: **The End/The Details**
Cricket St. Thomas Wild Life Park: **The X-Certs/Vice Squad**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **Saxon**
Edinburgh The Meadows: **Roy Harper/Boys Of The Loch (anti-nuclear rally)**
Edinburgh Odeon: **Loudon Wainwright**
Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall: **Heathcliffe**
Glasgow Apollo Centre: **Boney M**
Glasgow Countdown (afternoon) and Stirling Cabaret Restaurant (evening): **The Deft Jerks**
Halifax Good Mood Club: **The Quads**
Harrow Carnival: **The Enchanters/The Chanters/Bozos**
Hornchurch The Bull: **E.F. Band**
Hull New Theatre: **Dana**
Leeds Playhouse Theatre: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **Charlie Gracie/Crazy Cavan & The Rhythm Rockers**
Liverpool Empire Theatre: **Siouxsie & The Banshees/The Cure**
Liverpool Eric's: **A Teardrop Explodes/Echo & The Bunnymen/X-Pelairs**
Liverpool Oscar's: **The Bumpers**
Liverpool The Masonic: **Blues Deluxe**
London Bellingham Saxon Tavern: **Rednite**
London Camden Brecknock: **Tennis Shoes**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Roy Sundholm/Seven Year Itch**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Jackie Lynton Band**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Lipservice**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Manyana**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Ricky Cool & The Icebergs**
London Hackney Adam & Eve: **The Jets**
London Hammersmith The Swan: **London Zoo**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **The Photos**
London Holborn Conway Hall: **Poison Girls/Rubella Ballet**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Red Beans & Rice**
London Kensington The Nashville: **Misty/Bongo Danny**
London Lewisham Black Bull: **Flash Cats**
London Marquee Club: **The Vapours**
London New Barnet Duke of Lancaster: **Jerry The Ferret**
London Peckham Newlands Tavern: **Billy Karloff Band**
London Plumstead Green Man: **Perfect Strangers**
London Rainbow Theatre: **Nils Lofgren**
London Regents Park Cecil Sharp House: **Sean Cannon**
London Southall Hamborough Tavern: **The Chaps/Spider**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Sox**
London Victoria The Venue: **Brand X**
London Waterloo The Wellington: **Squire**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The X-Dreamysts**
Manchester Mayflower Club: **Reducers**
Manchester The Factory: **The Headboys**
Martletwy Cross Hands Inn: **T.C.O.J.**
Melton Mowbray Painted Lady: **The Reality Band**
Middlesbrough Rock Garden: **The Revillos**
Northampton County Ground: **Budgie**
Nottingham Boat Club: **Little Acre**
Oxford New Theatre: **The Police**
Reading Target Club: **Zilch**
Retford Porterhouse: **Fischer Z**
Ringwood American Car Club Convention: **Rikki & The Cufflinks**
Sheffield Crucible Theatre Studio: **Xero**
South Leverton Village Hall: **Armpit Jug Band**
Staindrop Folk Club: **East Side Torpedoes**
Torquay The Pelican: **The Starjets**
Watford Red Lion: **The Injections**
West Bromwich Coach & Horses: **Ocean Boulevard**
Whalley Range The Western: **The Swinging Lampshades**
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**

Sunday

Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Prima Donna**
Birmingham Shirley Red Lion: **The Crack**
Blackpool North Pier: **The Dooleys**
Bristol Colston Hall: **Nils Lofgren**
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
Bromsgrove Star Nightclub: **Ocean Boulevard**
Castle Donnington Priest House: **Armpit Jug Band**
Chelmsford City F.C.: **Crazy Cavan & The Rhythm Rockers**
Croydon Greyhound: **Shades**
Glasgow Apollo Centre: **Boney M**
Guildford Civic Hall: **XTC/The Yachts/The Dazzlers**
Guildford Royal Hotel: **The Small Wonders**
Leeds Fforde Green Hotel: **Quartz**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **Windows**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **The Police**
London Battersea Nags Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Camden Brecknock: **Sad Among Strangers**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Red Beans & Rice/Terminal Snack Blues Band**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Tour De Force**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles (for four days)**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Last Resort**
London Finchley Torrington: **American Housewives**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Bowles Brothers**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Sammy Hagar**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Split Rivitt**
London Kensington The Nashville: **Classix Nouveaux/The Citizens**
London Moor Park Three Rabbits: **Rednite**
London New Barnet Duke of Lancaster: **One Eyed Jacks**
London Peckham Montpelier (lunchtime): **Blue Moon**
London Victoria The Venue: **Brand X**
London W.1 Portman Hotel: **Dick Charlesworth**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **The Shadows**
Manchester Ashton Tameside Theatre: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
Newcastle City Hall: **Loudon Wainwright**
Newcastle Red House: **Hot Snax**
Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
North Portland Working Men's Club: **Rikki & The Cufflinks**
Paisley TUC Club: **Flying Saucers**
Plymouth Clones: **The Starjets**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Shirley & Dolly Collins**
Reading Cherry's Wine Bar: **Jazz**
Scarborough Penthouse: **Art Failure/The Out/Gordon The Moron**
St. Neot's Working Men's Club: **Charlie Gracie**
Walsall Dirty Duck (lunchtime): **The Amazing Dark Horse**

CONTINUES OVER . . .

MORE GIG GUIDE

Monday

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Freebird**
Birmingham Odeon: **Darts**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Out**
Boston Folk Club: **Roy Harris**
Brighton Alhambra: **The V.I.P.'s**
Brighton Dome: **Nils Lofgren**
Coventry The Climax: **Love & Kisses**
Doncaster Romeo & Juliet: **Kick Starts / Jump / Gravity**
Edinburgh Tiffany's: **The Cheetahs**
Glasgow Apollo Centre: **The Shadows**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **The Slits/Don Cherry & Happy House/Prince Hammer & Creation Rebel**
Liverpool The Crown: **The Clerks**
London Bermondsey Apples & Pears: **Stan's Blues Band**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Melanie Harrold/David Blosse Band**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **The Little Roosters**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Thirteen & The Limit**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Headboys/Riff Raff**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Bob Kerr's Whoopee Band**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Philip Rambow**
London Kensington The Nashville: **Original Mirrors/The Nurses**
London Marquee Club: **Shake/Brakes**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **The OK Band**
London Putney Half Moon: **Alex Campbell**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Penny Royal**
London Rainbow Theatre: **XTC/The Yachts/The Dazzlers**
London Ronnie Scott's Club: **Elvin Jones Jazz Machine (for two weeks)**
London Victoria The Venue: **John Stewart**
London W.1 Maunkberry's: **Mirage**
London W.14 The Kensington: **London Zoo**
Manchester Band on the Wall: **The Cheaters**
Manchester Golden Garter: **Mary Wilson (for a week)**
Middlesbrough Town Hall: **Dana**
Newcastle City Hall: **Boney M**
Norwich Theatre Royal: **"Rocky Horror Show" (for a week).**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **The Party**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Gwaihir**
Rayleigh Crocs: **Charlie Gracie**
Sheffield Penthouse: **The Sincere Americans/Fatal Charm**
Southend Zero 6: **Musicians Workshop**
Watford Bailey's: **High Flames (for a week)**
Whitehaven Whitehouse Club: **Geno Washington**

RORY GALLAGHER plays his only two British concerts of the year at London's The Venue in Victoria. The first is on Wednesday.

Tuesday

Anglesey Plascoch Disco: **Flash Harry**
Birmingham Golden Eagle: **The Quads**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Brujo**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Killer**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Speed Limit**
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **The Carpettes**
Bradford St. George's Hall: **Darts**
Brighton Alhambra: **E.F. Band**
Brighton Richmond Hotel: **The Lillettes**
Bristol Colston Hall: **XTC/The Yachts/The Dazzlers**
Cleethorpes Bunnies Club: **The Dooleys**
Derby Assembly Hall: **Loudon Wainwright**
Dundee Teazers: **The Starjets**
Glasgow Burnside Hotel: **The Deft Jerks**
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **Nils Lofgren**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **Siouxsie & The Banshees/The Cure**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Charlie Gracie**
London Camden Music Machine: **Zorro**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **The Physicals**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The V.I.P.'s**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Method**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Hot Property**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **Colour Vision**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Philip Rambow**
London Kensington The Nashville: **Writz/The Yo-Yo's**
London Manor Park Three Rabbits: **Jerry The Ferret**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **Brett Marvin & The Thunderbolts**
London Old Kent Road Thomas A'Beckett: **Stan's Blues Band**
London The Shepherds Bush Hotel: **The Idiot Dancers**
London Victoria The Venue: **John Stewart**
London W.1 Maunkberry's: **Phillip Goodhand-Tait**
Malvern Festival Theatre: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
Manchester Ashton Tameside Theatre: **Dana**
Newcastle City Hall: **The Shadows**
Norwich Cromwells: **The Members**
Oxford Corn Dolly: **The Crooks**
Oxford New Theatre: **The Slits/Don Cherry & Happy House/Prince Hammer & Creation Rebel**
Preston Guildhall: **Boney M**
Reading Target Club: **Jazz**
Sheffield Limit Club: **The Headboys**
Swansea Top Rank: **The Police**
Walsall Dirty Duck: **The Amazing Dark Horse**
Watford Town Hall: **A.D. 1984**
Westcliffe-on-Sea Lindisfarne: **The Chords**
Wrexham Yale 6th Form College: **Ricky Cool & The Icebergs**

Wednesday

Aberdeen Music Hall: **The Starjets**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Brujo**
Birmingham Bogarts: **Jameson Raid**
Birmingham Digbeth Civic Hall: **The Slits / Don Cherry & Happy House/Prince Hammer & Creation Rebel**
Birmingham Odeon: **Siouxsie & The Banshees / The Cure**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Rainmaker**
Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: **Roses**
Blackburn Navigation Inn: **Direct Hits**
Bristol Polytechnic: **Sniff 'n' The Tears**
Cardiff South Glamorgan Institute: **Crazy Cavan & The Rhythm Rockers**
Cardiff Top Rank: **The Police**
Carshalton St. Helier Arms: **The Shades**
Cheltenham Plough Inn: **Roadsters**
Cleethorpes Bunnies Club: **The Dooleys**
Exter Routes: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **Red Beans & Rice**
Ilford Oscar's: **Yakety Yak**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **Loudon Wainwright**
Liverpool The Masonic: **The Accelerators**
London Camden Brecknock: **Geneva**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Militant Barry/The Freedom Fighters**
London Camden Music Machine: **Landscape**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **The Bumpers**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Unfit To Plead/Helicopter**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Photos/The Teenbeats**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Lipservice**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Medium Medium**
London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Free Beer**
London Marquee Club: **The Merton Parkas**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **Tennis Shoes**
London Peckham Montpelier: **Blue Moon**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Dana Simmonds & Greig's Folk and Blues Showcase**
London Southall White Hart: **Gina & The Rockin' Rebels**
London Victoria The Venue: **Rory Gallagher**
London Wimbledon F.C. Nelson's Club: **Sox**
London W.1 Maunkberry's: **Gaye Browne**
London W.14 Cock Tavern: **Trimmer & Jenkins**
London W.14 The Kensington: **Stagefright**
New Brighton Golden Guinea: **Freddie 'Fingers' Lee**
Newcastle City Hall: **Nils Lofgren**
Newcastle Madison's: **Power Exchange (for four days)**
Newport Stowaway: **Fischer Z**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Gwaihir**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Some Chicken**
Nottingham Sandpiper: **The Headboys**
Sheffield Penthouse: **Art Failure/the Out-/Gordon The Moron**
Slough Fulcrum Centre: **Darts**
Solihull Golden Lion: **The Clinic**
South Woodford Railway Bell: **Original East Side Stompers**
Staindrop Folk Club: **Holly Tannen & Pete Cooper**
Stoke Jollees: **The Shadows**
Surbiton Assembly rooms: **A.D. 1984**
Usk Stardust Club: **Johnnie Ray (for four days)**
Wolverhampton Lord Raglan: **The Parrots**

BURKE SHELLEY of Budgie, who continue their short concert series at Cromer (Friday) and Southampton (Saturday).

NEW YORK GIG GUIDE

MONDAY (17): Hurrah — **The Only Ones/The Human Switchboard;** Lone Star — **Albert King** (three days); Max's Kansas City — **Legionaires Disease/Testors.**
TUESDAY (18): Max's Kansas City — **Shivers/The Diamond Dupree;** Hurrah — **The Only Ones/Chris Stamey & The D.B.'s**
WEDNESDAY (19): Madison Square Garden — **Jackson Browne/Doobie Brothers/James Taylor/Bonnie Raitt** (two Days); Seventh Avenue South — **Ronnie Matthews** (two days); Tramps — **Otis Rush** (four days); Hurrah — **The Necessaries.**
THURSDAY (20): Palladium — **The Clash/The Undertones** (two days); Carnegie Hall — **Sun Ra/Carla Bley;** Lone Star — **Kinky Friedman;** CBGB's — **Sore Throat** (three days); Hurrah — **The A's;** Village Gate — **Johnny Cougar.**
FRIDAY (21): Madison Square Garden — **Bruce Springsteen/Ry Cooder/Chaka Khan/Jackson Browne;** Bottom Line — **Room Full Of Blues;** Pace University — **Dave Brubeck;** Hurrah — **Bloodless Pharoahs/Chi Pigs.**
SATURDAY (22): Madison Square Garden — **Bruce Springsteen/Tom Petty/Gil Scott-Heron/Peter Tosh/Bonnie Raitt;** Jazz Gallery — **James Jabbo Ware.**
SUNDAY (23): My Father's Place — **Johnny Cougar.**

THE BRIDGE HOUSE
23 BARKING ROAD, CANNING TOWN, E16

Thursday September 13th 50p — **PHOTOS** + The Clones
Friday September 14th 60p — **STAN'S BLUES BAND**
Saturday September 15th 60p — **JACKIE LYNTON BAND**
Sunday September 16th 50p — **TOUR DE FORCE** + From Merseyside Spider
Monday September 17th 50p — **THE LITTLE ROOSTERS** + The Face
Tuesday September 18th 50p — **PHYSICALS** + Support
Wednesday September 19th 50p — **URCHIN**
Thursday September 20th 50p — **NEVER NEVER BAND**

KING'S Theatre Restaurant
Pevensey Bay Road, Eastbourne Tel (0323) 21466
GRAHAM J. ALSTON PROUDLY PRESENTS
THE 1979 EUROPEAN DISCO DANCING CHAMPIONSHIP
ON
SATURDAY 8th DECEMBER 1979
PRIZES VALUED AT OVER £1000 *PLUS* SILVER TROPHIES TO THE FIRST SIX
SEVEN AJUDICATORS INCLUDING FIVE TOP PROFESSIONAL TEACHERS OF DANCING
Competitors must be between 16 and 25 years
For further details and entry form write to:
Mr. G. ALSTON, EUROPEAN DISCO DANCING CHAMPIONSHIP, KINGS COUNTRY CLUB, PAVENSEY BAY ROAD, EASTBOURNE.
***HOT NEWS:* CABARET BY PATTI BOULAYE**
DAY MEMBERS WELCOME FOR ADMISSION SAME DAY

Asgard, by arrangement with DKB, presents
LOU REED
17th/18th/19th OCTOBER AT 8.00 pm
HAMMERSMITH ODEON
Tickets £5.00, £4.00 & £3.00 from Theatre Box Office (01-748 4081), London Theatre Bookings (01-439 3371), and usual agents.

MAM PRESENTS
Nils Lofgren
PLUS LIVE WIRE
Friday & Saturday 14th & 15th September 7.30pm
Rainbow Theatre London
Tickets £4.00 £3.50 £3.00 £2.50
Available from box office tel: 01 263 3148/9 and usual agents

DAVE WOODS FOR LONDON CITY ENTS PRESENTS
SIOUXSIE AND THE BANSHEES
with special Guests: **THE CURE**

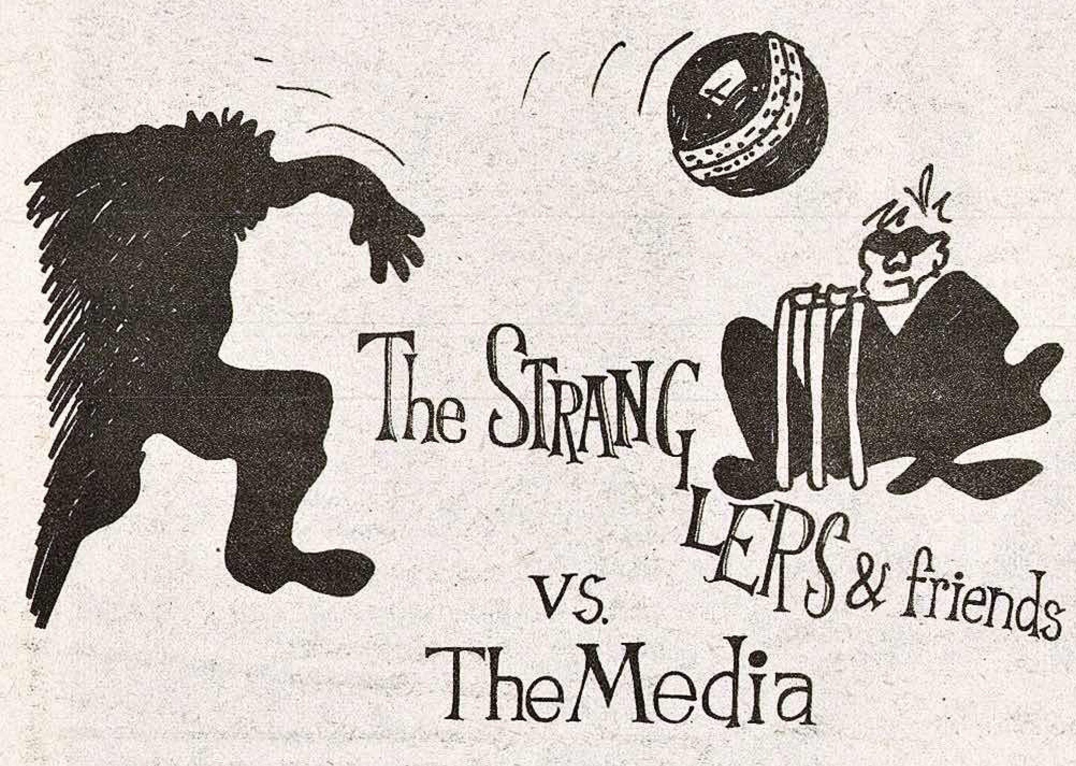
Wed 12th Sept, BRADFORD St. George's Hall	Tel: 0274 32513
Fri 14th Sept, OXFORD New Theatre	Tel: 0865 44544
Sat 15th Sept, LIVERPOOL Empire Theatre	Tel: 051 709 3514
Tue 18th Sept, LEICESTER De Montfort Hall	Tel: 0533 27632
Wed 19th Spet, BIRMINGHAM Odeon	Tel: 021 643 6101
Fri 21st Sept, MANCHESTER Apollo Theatre	Tel: 061 273 3533

Also Featuring: Rema Rema (Oxford) Spizz Energi (Birmingham)
All tickets: £3.00, £2.50, £2.00 (SAE with all postal applications)
Doors open 7pm each night

ODEON HAMMERSMITH
Sunday 28 October at 8 pm
Adrien Hopkins by arrangement with I.T.B. Presents
Whitesnake
Tickets: £3.50 £3.00 £2.50 from ODEON HAMMERSMITH BOX OFFICE AND USUAL BOOKING AGENTS

FRIARS AT THE MAXWELL HALL AYLESBURY
Saturday September 15th at 7.30 pm
THE RUTS
+ The Piranhas
+ The Edge
A C Sound & Vision
Advance tickets 220p from Earth Records, Scorpion High Wycombe, Hairport Amersham, Old Town Records Hemel Hempstead, F. L. Moore Bletchley, Dunstable & Luton, Hi-Vu Buckingham, Life Membership 25p.
Unfortunately no tickets will be available on night
Give youth a chance (H — Eyes & Coloured Music)

BRIAN B'S LIVE PAGE



THE CRICKET MATCH OF THE CENTURY !!
--Sunday 16 Sept--Paddington Recreation Ground--
Randolph Ave., London W9 [tube: Maida Vale]
Free admission....collection for 'Help a London Child'
Frolics, fun, food, fresh air, famous faces....Be there!

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medium medium

Saturday September 15th Cheltenham, Whitcombe Lodge
Wednesday September 19th Islington, Hope & Anchor
Sunday September 23rd Nottingham, Hearty
Wednesday September 26th Islington, Hope & Anchor
All Band Enquiries: 0602 861588

HAMMERSMITH AND FULHAM ENTERTAINMENTS
present

FESTIVAL OF POETRY WITH MUSIC

The Albion Band
present their new piece
'GREEN SHADOWS'
Thursday, 20 September
at 8.00 pm in St Paul's Church W6

Enquiries and details from
HAMMERSMITH ENTERTAINMENTS
181 King Street, W6. Tel: 01-741 3696

ROCK EVERY THURSDAY NIGHT

at The Lobster Factory
THE ADAM & EVE
830 Uxbridge Road, Hayes, Middlesex.
London's Newest Rock Venue
FINEST CHARRINGTON BEERS

Thursday September 13th	Thursday September 20th
Contemporary Psychedelic	*Industrial R'n'B*
TIGER ASHBY	**THE SATELLITES**
+ The Details	+ London Pride
Admission £1	Admission £1

98, 195, 207 buses stop nearby.
All Events start 7.30 pm. Bar till 11 pm.

TO ADVERTISE
ON
THE LIVE PAGE
RING 01-261 6153

PRAYING MANTIS

September 14th
Stapleton, Crouch End N.4
September 18th
Windsor Castle, 309 Harrow Road

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

LOUDON WAINWRIGHT III

LONDON PALLADIUM
ARGYLL ST., W.1.
SUNDAY 14th OCTOBER at 7·30
TICKETS £4·00, £3·00, £2·00, (INC.VAT) IN ADVANCE THEATRE BOX OFFICE. 437 7373/2055, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., 439 3371, PREMIER BOX OFFICE, 240 2245, USUAL AGENTS OR ON NIGHT

BERND WEBER AND THE LAST RESORT

HEADLINE
THE ROCK GARDEN
Sunday 16th September
9.15

Rampant Music
presents

EMBRYO

+ The Courts
Sugawn Club
(Duke of Wellington)
Balls Pond Road, N.1
Friday September 14th
Admission 60p

THE Venue

160 VICTORIA ST, SW1
(opp Victoria Tube station)
01-834 5500

Tickets from The Venue Box Office and the Ticket Machine in the Virgin Megastore, 14 Oxford Street, W.1. Postal Applications (P.O's only) from The Venue.
Food, Drink, Live Bands, Dancing 7pm-3am.

Thursday September 13th — £3
AFTER THE FIRE

Friday September 14th — £3
FINGERPRINTZ
YOUNG ONES + THE BARRACUDAS

Saturday 15th - Sunday 16th September £3.50
BRAND X

Monday 17th - Tuesday 18th September £3.50
JOHN STEWART

Wednesday 19th - Thursday 20th September.......£5
EXCLUSIVE! Only UK appearance
RORY GALLAGHER SOLD OUT

Friday September 21st — £3.50
GINGER BAKERS N.N.G.

Saturday September 22nd — £3.25
KOKOMO + SOULYARD

Saturday September 29th — £3.25
CLIMAX BLUES BAND
+ STRAIGHT 8

Sunday September 30th — £3
folk night
5 HAND REEL +
Support

Tuesday October 2nd — £3.50
DEAN FRIEDMAN

Thursday October 4th — £5
SOUTHSIDE JOHNNY
& THE ASBURY JUKES

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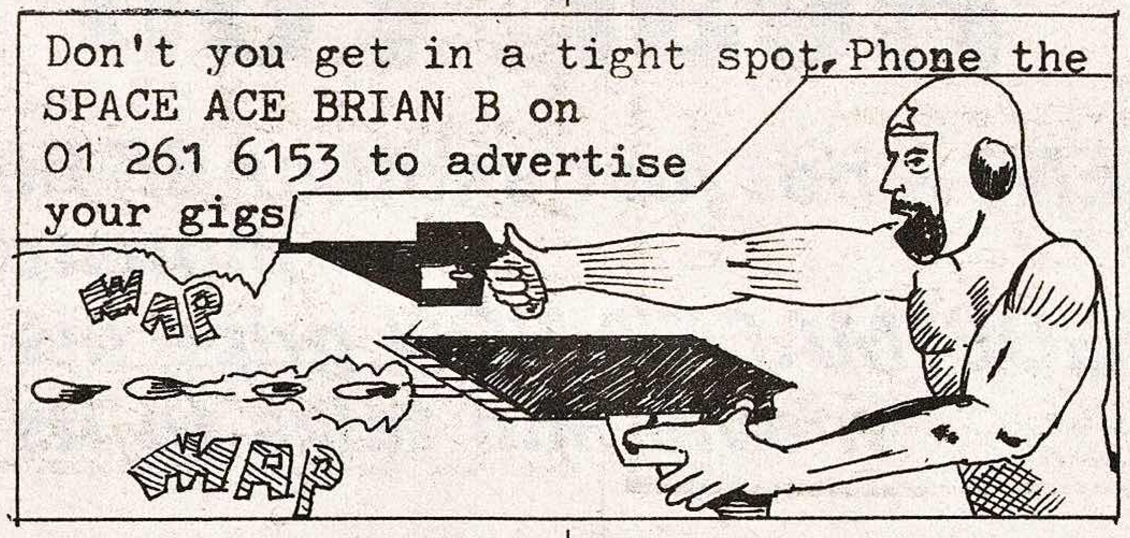
100 CLUB

100 OXFORD STREET
LONDON WEST ONE

The Best
Live Reggae
Thursday 13th
September
GROUNATION
Thursday 20th
September
BLACK HARMONY



DUKE OF LANCASTER

Approach Road, NEW BARNET
(beside BR New Barnet)

Thursday September 13th
ONE ON ONE
Friday September 14th
SKINFLICKS
Saturday September 15th
JERRY THE FERRET
Sunday September 16th
ONE EYED JACKS
Tuesday September 18th
PRESCENCE

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

ADAM & THE ANTS

ELECTRIC BALLROOM
184 CAMDEN HIGH ST. N.W.1. (NEAREST TUBE CAMDEN TOWN)
FRI/SAT 28/29 SEPTEMBER at 7.30
TICKETS £2·50, (INC.VAT) IN ADVANCE ELECTRIC BALLROOM BOX OFFICE. TEL. 485 9006
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., 439 3371, PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL. 240 2245,
OR ROCK ON RECORDS, 3 KENTISH TOWN RD., N.W.1., TEL. 485 5088

WINDSOR CASTLE

309 Harrow Road, W9

Thurs 13th
BEAST + Support
50p Adm
Fri 14th
RICKY COOL & THE ICEBERGS + Tuxedo Bay
50p Adm
Sat 15th
THE PHOTOS + The Jukes
50p Adm
Sun 16th
THE ROARING 80's
Free
Mon 17th
WORLD SERVICE
Free
Tues 18th
PREYING MANTIS + Support
Free
Wed 19th
KAY RUSSIA + Support
Free
Open till 12 pm Mon-Sat.
Close 10.30 pm Sun
Westbourne Park Tube 01-286 8403

THE VAPORS

are appearing at

Sat Sept 15th Marquee
Sun Sept 16th Greyhound, Fulham
Mon Sept 24th Greyhound, Fulham
Sun Sep 30th Nashville
Mon Oct 1st Greyhound, Fulham
Sat Oct 6th Marquee
Mon Oct 8th Greyhound, Fulham

TOURS

LONDON DEBUT
AT THE
HOPE AND ANCHOR
ISLINGTON
THURSDAY
SEPTEMBER 13th

KENNEDY STREET
ENTERPRISES LTD Presents

XTC

Plus Special Guests
YACHTS
and
THE DAZZLERS

THE RAINBOW
Finsbury Park
Box Office 01-263 3140
MONDAY SEPTEMBER 17
at 8.00pm
£3.00, £2.50, £2.00

CAROLINE Roadshow

Thursday September 13th LEAS CLIFF HALL, FOLKESTONE, KENT. (With live Heavy Rock from M.O.R.E.)	Thursday September 20th CORN EXCHANGE, MAIDSTONE, KENT
Friday September 14th CHANCELLOR HALL, CHELMSFORD, ESSEX.	Friday September 21st ST IVO CENTRE, ST IVES, CAMBRIDGESHIRE.
Saturday September 15th CASTLE HALL, HERTFORDSHIRE.	Monday September 24th HILDEN MANOR, LONDON ROAD, TONBRIDGE, KENT

Promoters, Social Secs, etc., Phone 0621 783229

Unembarrassable D.J.'s will enact your own fantasies before your very eyes" ... — N.M.E. Doors open 8 pm. Bar. Admission £1.50 D.J.'s Robb Eden! Robbie Day! Harvey the Rabbit!

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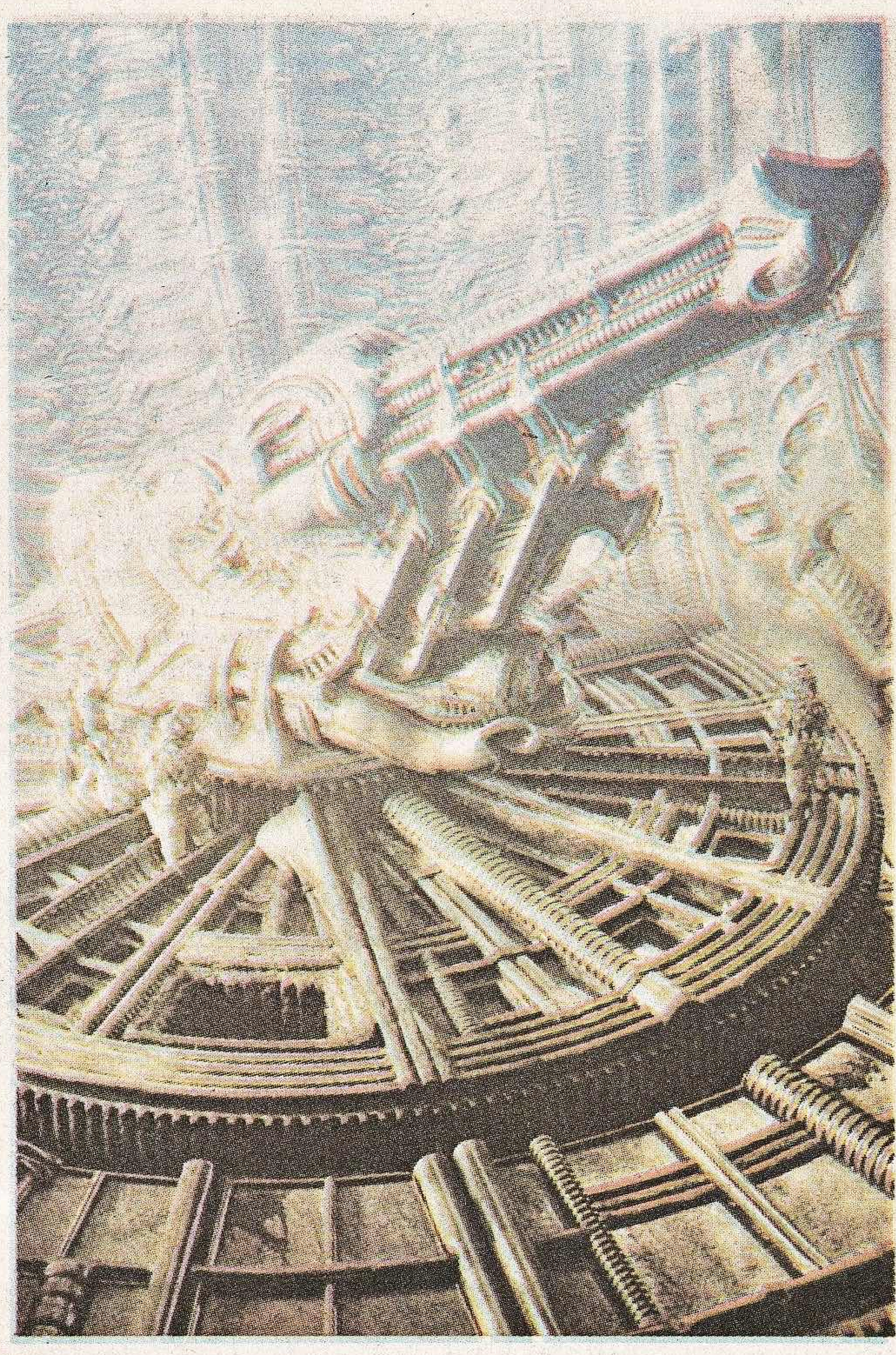
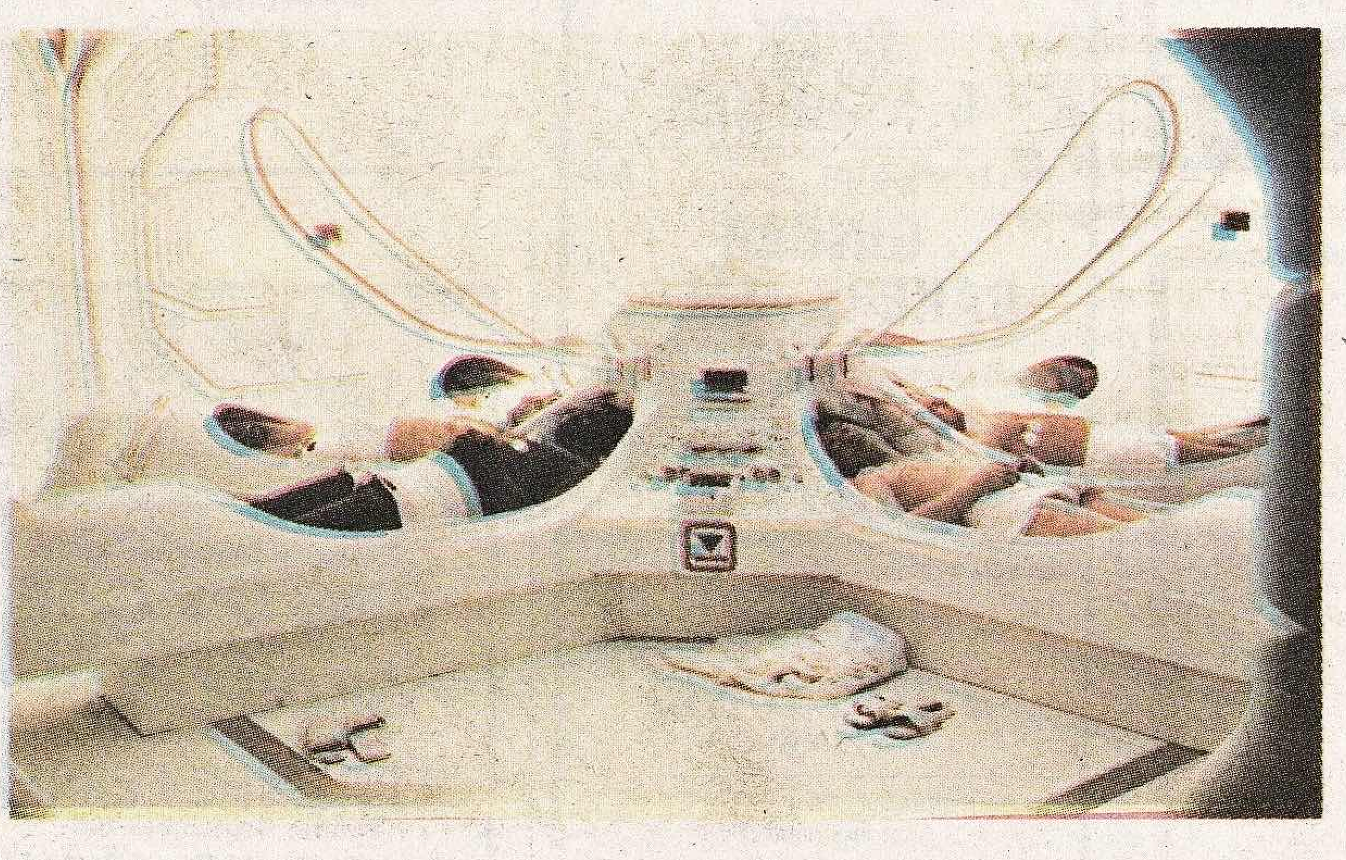
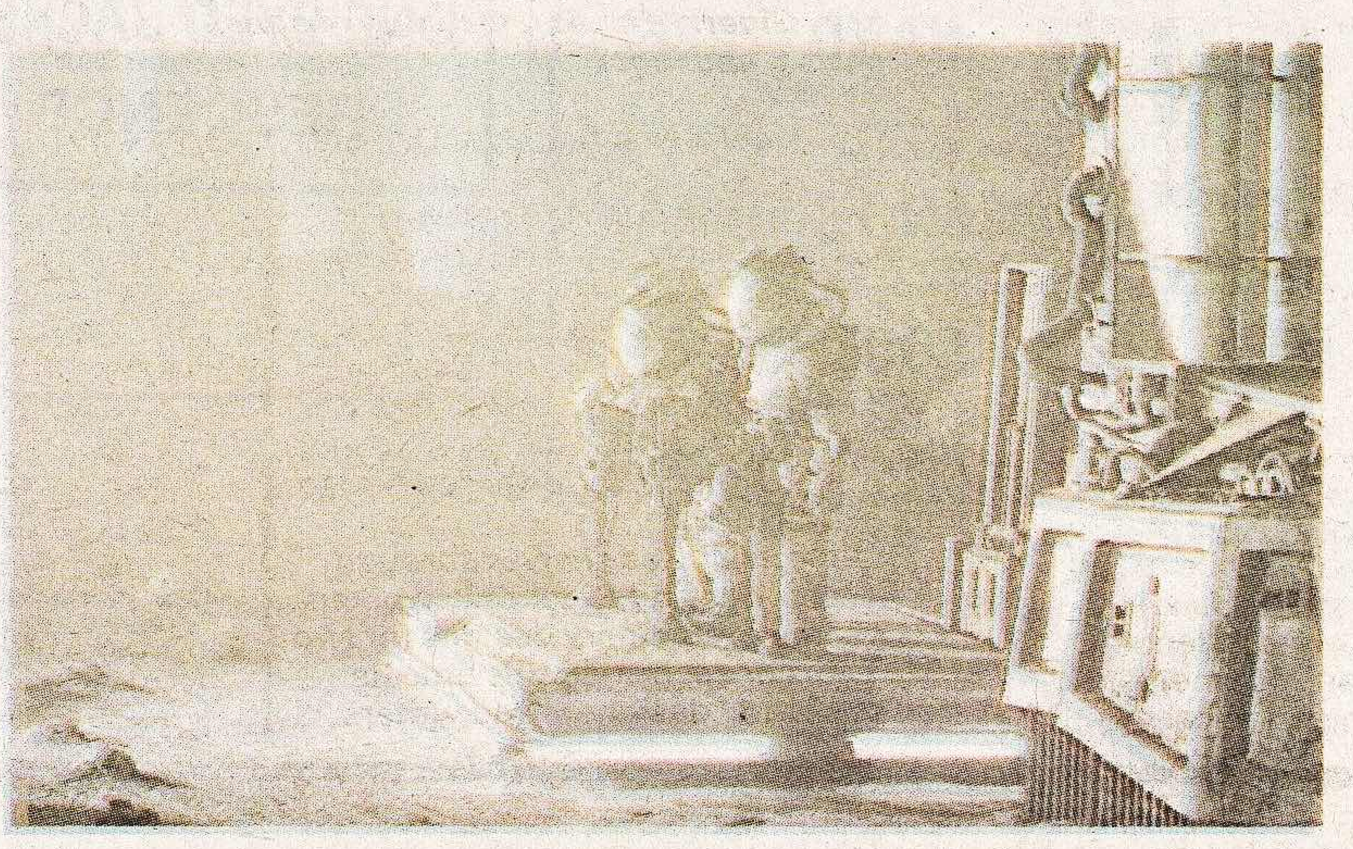
In Space No One Can Hear You Throw Up

ALIEN — not just another SF box-office smash, not just another monster movie.
ANGUS MACKINNON grips his seat, gulps deeply, reviews the movie and talks to its director and designer.







THE FILM

A huge space-going cargo tug, the *Nostromo* is returning to Earth. Her crew of five men, two women and one cat are prematurely roused from hypersleep when the ship receives a message that seems to indicate the presence of intelligent extraterrestial life on an uncharted planet.

The *Nostromo* diverts to investigate. Deep in the dank, cavernous hold of an utterly alien spacecraft, one of her crew displays more curiosity than good sense and is carried back on board with something extremely unpleasant stuck on his face . . .

Another good, clean, trashy intergalactic romp in the wake of *Star Wars* this isn't. *Alien* (20th Century Fox) is a film that gives painful, bloody birth to a Siamese twin of space fiction and sheer horror; it has already persuaded American cinemagoers to part with their dollars in record numbers.

But lest we forget amongst all the promo brouhaha *Alien*, like Speilberg's *Jaws* before it, is actually excellent cinema. Its director Ridley Scott has an exacting, obsessive eye for detail, and the confines of the *Nostromo* are depicted with harsh, unrelenting realism that rivals the cumulative effect achieved in the infinitely more pristine interiors of Stanley Kubrick's epochal *2001: A Space Odyssey*.

The *Nostromo* looks, feels lived in, and its grudging, squabbling, mercenary crew — unglamorous people doing an unglamourous job — only perform the most reluctant heroics when confronted by an alien that's little more than a killing machine.

Alien's presumptions may be vehemently '50s (i.e. anything Out There must be unfriendly, *evil*), but its expression is decidedly '70s. The attractions of such a screenplay are obvious; replace haunted house with spooked spaceship and you're giving your gist an irresistible gloss.

The flickering banks of electronic instrumentation in the command cabin; the low-lit, often blood-red corridors with their whispering snap-shut airlocks; the glo-yellow womb that is the computer room; the lower decks cluttered and clanking with heavy-duty machinery — yes, *Alien's* set is amazing, an elaborate and brilliantly sustained cinematic hoax, a labyrinthine but highly credible glimpse of a possible near-future.

Yaphet Kotto: one of The Nostromo*'s seven workies.*

The *Nostromo's* Anglo-American crew move wearily amongst all this hardware. They're economically but effectively characterised. They're sometimes dumb beyond all bounds — they will split up when they should stick together — but then that's life and death in any horror pic.

All the same drole Brett (Harry Dean Stanton), the slaphappy Dallas (Tom Skerritt), the neurotic Lambert (Veronica Cartwright), the odd, unflappable Ash (Ian Holm), the burly, hustling Parker (Yaphet Kotto), the diffident Kane (John Hurt) and the brisk, by-the-book Ripley (Sigourney Weaver) — at least they're people, not appendages or cartoon caricatures. Mind you, despite his disconcerting knack of appearing at precisely the right or wrong moment, I found myself rooting most for Jones, a very hip ship's cat.

And the alien? Well it *lurks*, and only too well. If anything its earlier incarnations in the film are more likely to destabilise your digestive faculties — they're an abrupt, vicious twisting of accepted sexual functions and symbols — but these are matters for you and your stomachs to discuss; I'd really rather not interfere.

All of which begs wider questions of *Alien*. Is, for instance, its shock quota excessive, should huge sums of money be sunk in and spun by such movies? I know it's only entertainment, but . . .

I think I pass. In its favour *Alien* is one of the year's best-dressed films. It's very well acted, crafted, edited and directed. False stops and starts abound; Scott orchestrates the tension superbly and makes maximum use of his material — the *Nostromo* soon becomes a watery, smoke-choked catacomb.

In addition Jerry Goldsmith's soundtrack score is eerily apposite, at times more unsettling than the most percussive Penderecki, and H. R. Giger's alien spacecraft and the 'space jockey' inside it are astonishing, phantasmagorical feats of imagination and execution.

Against it, although *Alien* has no pretensions to being much more than a mightily sophisticated horror show and therefore seems at times as gratuitous as, say, *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre*, the film could so easily have drawn a deeper net. As it is, *Alien* makes little attempt to explore the relations between the *Nostromo's* male/female crew; there are some porno pix on somebody's locker door, but that's about it.

No, in fact the only occasion *Alien* departs from its otherwise very direct, very visceral mainline to make a serious 'point' is when it dwells briefly but nastily on robotics — and even then it contents itself

Continues over

THE DIRECTOR

"NO, the success of *Alien* doesn't worry me, but it makes it a bloody sight more difficult for the next one though.

"My paranoia is about as big as this room. I'm really very introspective, very self-analytical, but I just have to keep looking over my shoulder. You've got to do that, otherwise you'll get left behind."

Ridley Scott is a brusque, plainspoken and earnest Englishman in his mid-30s. He describes himself as a "war child"; his father was in the Army and so the family was regularly posted about the provinces — Scott attended some ten schools before coming to London and entering the Royal College of Art.

His studies there completed, he joined the BBC as a set designer, even made an episode of *Z Cars*, before leaving to set up his own production company. Scott calculates he must have produced over 3,000 TV commercials for British and American consumption, among them a celebrated series for Hovis: all quaint, turn of the century country life, cobblestoned streets and bakers' boys on bicycles.

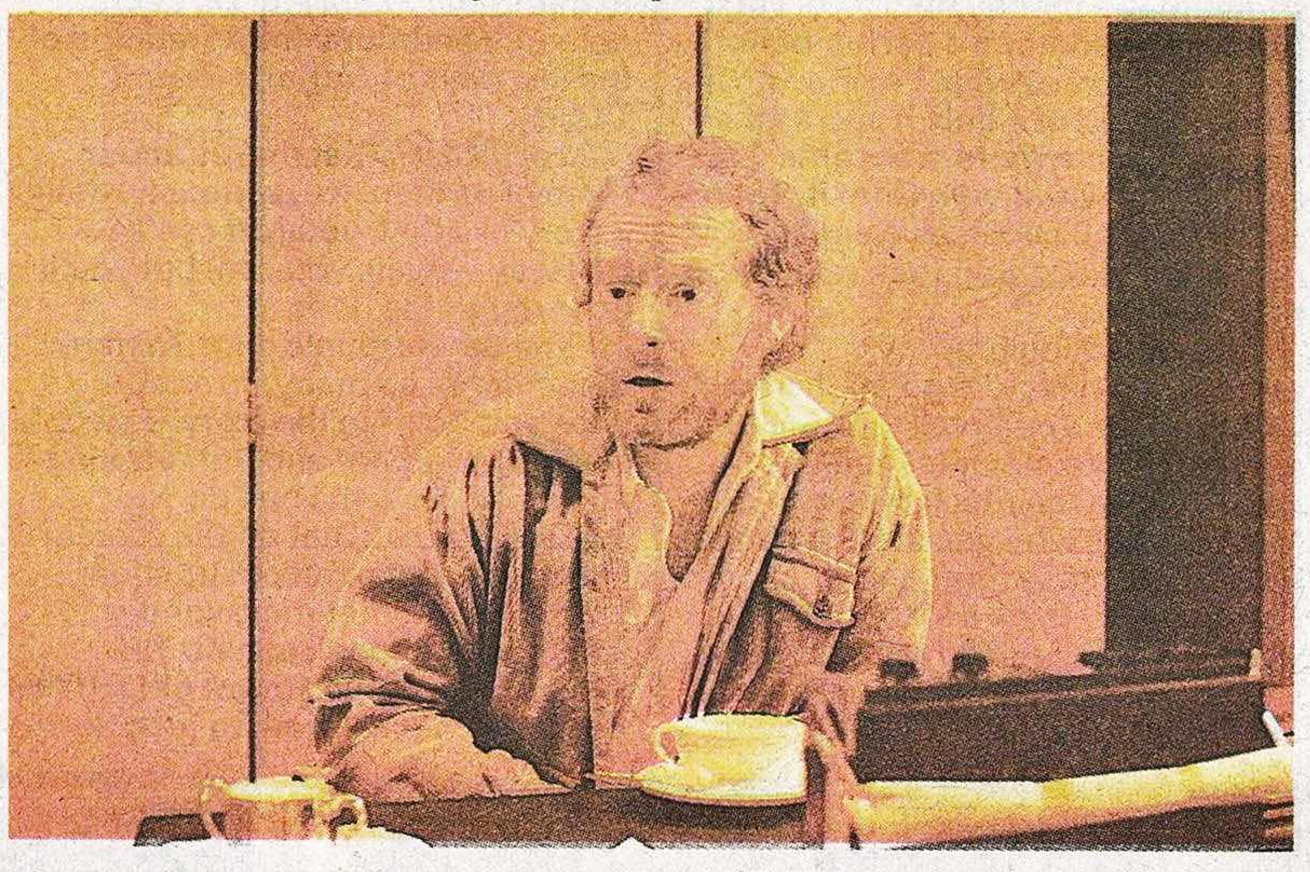
Alien is Scott's second feature film. His first, *The Duellists*, was based on a Joseph Conrad short story and was set in a Europe torn apart by the Napoleonic Wars. An atmospheric period piece with some breathlessly beautiful landscape photography, the film wandered much the same lonely road as Stanley Kubrick's *Barry Lyndon* — as it happens, Scott admires Kubrick intensely — and, although it won generally favourable reviews, it died a painfully quiet death at the box-office.

Scott was disappointed but determined. *The Duellists* had established him as a director and he began to process a stream of scripts. One of these was *Alien*, the creation of American Dan O'Bannon who'd previously collaborated with *Assault On Precinct 13* and *Hallowe'en* director John Carpenter on *Dark Star*, a hilariously endearing low-budget SF escapade.

"I just knew that this script *had* to be interesting to a public. It was quite the most compulsive script I'd ever read, and in the most blatant sense."

As far as science fiction was concerned, Scott was open-minded. He talks with some fondness for the bug-eyed monster, so-called 'B' movies of the '50s.

"I'm coming round to the idea that these films weren't always



Ridley Scott: "I didn't want everyone to have bright white hair and wear horizontal zips."

necessarily sub-standard. Some of them, *The Day The Earth Stood Still* for instance, were actually very good. But because their subjects were nearly always rather distasteful and their budgets were obviously pretty small, they were labelled 'B' features, right?

"That attitude coloured mine until I took the trouble to see some of them for myself, and it also meant that I hadn't taken them or the genre as seriously as I might have done."

But almost inevitably it was Kubrick's transcendental *2001*, perhaps the space fiction film to begin and end them all, that convinced Scott SF and cinema could be creatively combined.

"It's the big daddy, innit? It was the first real look into the future on film, the one that showed absolutely that it could be done, and beautifully. It was a sort of documentary but space was a reality, the fantasy was a reality — not like in (Russian SF movie) *Solaris*, which was still much too romantic for me. I'm not that way inclined at all."

Scott skip-reads a lot of current SF, likes Clarke, Bradbury and Aldiss, but has reservations.

"So many of the writers have become so obsessed with technology that they forget about humans. SF becomes a private language: they're thinking up all these wonderful ideas just for themselves — and, finally, the stories are boring.

"I still think that doing SF is one of the few areas left for using real imagination, and so it has to be fascinating. A lot of film makers are would-be novelists, but there are also a lot of good novelists who won't take SF and the idea of futuristic speculation seriously, which is a great pity."

Conversation shifts to the conceptualisation of *Alien* itself, for which Scott employed and integrated the services of English SF illustrator Chris Foss, American graphic artist Ron Cobb, French illustrator Jean 'Moebius' Giraud and German Swiss artist H R Giger (see below).

"To me design elements are very important. You used the word 'technicalities'. You've got to change that to artistries. People who are only involved in script or performance tend to turn a blind eye to other things and . . . to design a good room is a piece of artistry, to design a good or brilliant piece of hardware is sculptural.

"All these elements are abstracts in a way, and somehow far less tangible than a sequence in which an actor is dealing with words, which are often much more specific. Technicalities apply to me only

Continues over

THE DESIGNER

YOUR starter for a beastly 666 — what do ELP's 'Brain Salad Surgery' and Magma's 'Attahk' albums have in common? Answer — both feature compelling cover designs by 39-year-old German Swiss artist H. R. Giger.

Plumpish, his features vaguely Slavic and easily troubled, Giger (both g's are hard, as in *geiger*) may be held responsible for the other worldly life forms that lend *Alien* so much of its queasy chill. Looking quite the part of Alien's advocate, he is as always dressed in black from head to foot.

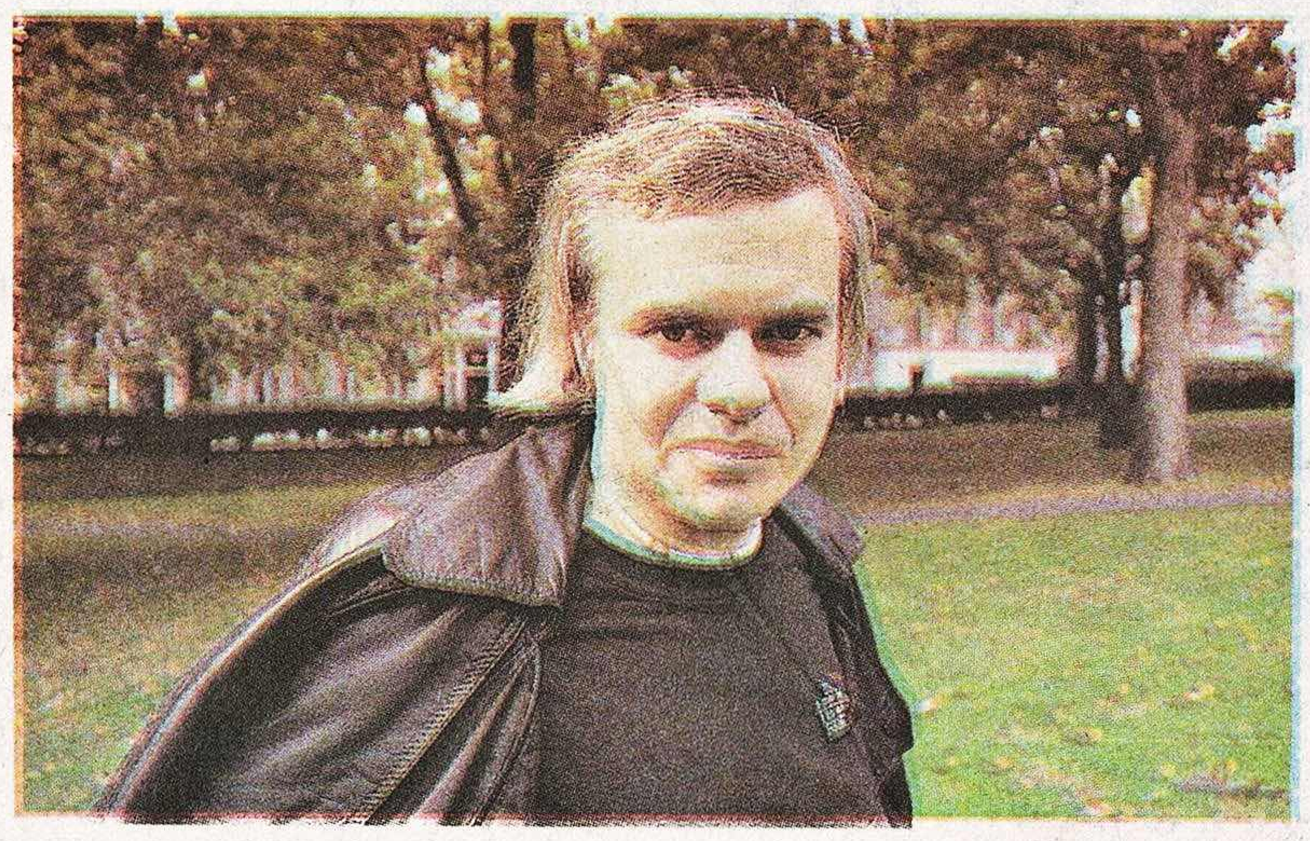
"I don't know why I am interested by things that so many find so horrible. I just hate everything that is boring.

"When something is certain and clear and without mystery, there is no secret to it. I remember when I was five years old, I saw some stills from Jean Cocteau's film of *The Beauty And The Beast*. There was something about them, something special, very strong and that nobody could explain to me. These arms, they are coming out of the walls and holding candle lights; I always had the feeling this was my world . . ."

Although now 'established' and able to make a living out of his painting, Giger had to struggle for years to make artistic ends meet. Much to his chemist father's chagrin, he was a failure at school, showing little talent for anything except drawing. At 18 he became an architectural draughtsman, eventually taking a course in interior and industrial design in Zurich where he now lives . . .

"The problem with my painting was . . . you see, Swiss art is like Mondrian, all squares, very clean, as are all Swiss things. So I am an outsider in my own country."

Giger's mature work is instantly recognisable. Its sombre, often metallic or translucent blueblack and brown airbrushing, its overtly sexual/ phallic connotations and its cabbalistic motifs, skulls, devils and lithe, serpentine women coiled amongst what appear to be machines or instruments of torture but could just as easily be organic, living matter — this style and these themes have few precedents, although memories of medieval fantasist Heironymus Bosch and



H.R. Giger: "The first meaning of bones for me is not death but shapes, forms, and functions."

modern surrealist Salvador Dali are hauntingly, fleetingly present.

Giger arrived on *Alien* by way of director Alessandro Jodorowsky's unsuccessful attempt to film Frank Herbert's *Dune* trilogy. Jodorowsky had wanted Dali to star in the film, Dali had been introduced to Giger's work by a mutual friend, liked it, met its creator and recommended him to the director.

Dune itself was shelved through lack of funds and Giger only worked on some preliminary designs for two months or so. During this time he met several designers and writers who were to work on *Alien*, among them Dan O'Bannon, who duly recommended Giger to Ridley Scott.

"I had quite a lot of freedom; I only had to follow the story because the alien has to do special things. Because of my design work I know very well how to display the functions of such a thing.

"You know, in the beginning I was terribly afraid to have a man in a latex suit, but of course now we have one. We had other ideas, more complex, but they had to be given up. One of these was to put maggots inside the alien's brain to show it working, but every time we did they went to sleep for lack of air. I also had to convince the producers that a blind alien was much more frightening than one with illuminated eyes."

Are you happy with your monster though?

"Oh yes, very much. I think it is good. There are so many of them around now after *Star Wars*, it is quite difficult to create a special one. The only way to make it different from the other horror movies is to show it quickly, in little details. A pity perhaps, since I have my own little film of the monster coming down from above and it's wonderful, like a Christ with hands outstretched . . ."

Giger illustrates the descent enthusiastically, passers-by in the park look on suspiciously and I nod numbly, trumped by the man's considerable charm. Quite so, Herr Giger, quite so — now, about your alien spacecraft?

"The only difficulty we had is that it doesn't look quite like my design because mine was a little more variable. The problem comes with big sets — you have to make them in sections that are regular, so they end up symmetrical, like an industrial process.

"But really, if you are talking to film makers, you have to convince them that the scenery is the most

Continues over

Movie

From previous page

with a stream of neo-Nietzschean cant that I could have well done without.

Similarly Dallas and Ripley's touching but futile faith in Mother, the ship's computer, is just one of many aspects of life in a spacebound environment that *Alien* might usefully have expanded on; its impact certainly wouldn't have been lessened as a result. *2001* was philosophical, almost fathomless when it dealt with these areas, whereas *Alien* is alarmingly shallow yet, paradoxically gives the impression of taking itself far too seriously.

But should you see it? Yes. If nothing else *Alien* is a powerful state of the art statement. In space no-one can hear you throw up? Just leave the Mars bars until later, OK?

Director

From previous page

when I get to the nuts and bolts, to the cogs inside a camera."

Scott proceeds to advance a wealth of background detail about *Alien*, much of which doesn't feature as such in the film at all, but was projected to give everyone involved a more complete impression of what they were supposed to be filming. The *Nostromo* for example was envisaged as one of an armada of ships that would wait in moon orbit for their crews to be shuttled up to them. The armada would in turn be one of several owned by multi-national conglomerates ("a sort of super-Sony, 50 times bigger") — which is why incidentally the crew's spacesuits have something of the Samurai about them, the film's imaginary Company being based in Honolulu and Japanese-owned.

"The crew are workies. Nobody in their right minds would do what they're doing unless they're going to get set up for life by doing it. It's like signing onto an oil tanker for eight years.

"We went out of our way to be realistic. The work involved a lot of detail; we were dealing with environments where we were considering everything from teacups upwards. The crew look pretty much like you or me simply because I don't think we'll change that much over the centuries, and I certainly didn't want everyone to have bright white hair and wear horizontal zips. Generally though, I think most of what we visualised will become a reality."

As both his films demonstrate in different ways, Scott is a very complete, painstaking director, the sort who has to check every camera angle and light stand even if he or she exhausts themselves in the process. He's also, he admits, very competitive — "because I came from advertising, a business where you can be replaced overnight.

"But making films — it's all to do with feeding in lots of things from lots of media, everything from cinema, of course, to theatre and magazines. You've got to have confidence in your own ability, to *know* what you're doing is right. Ultimately you only have to worry about what you think and feel privately, but even then you must keep an audience in mind; too many film makers just finish their film and expect to have it kicked off into the blue like a football.

"I'm constantly reassessing my work; my introspection is sometimes a bloody nuisance. I tend to have to penetrate a barrier of not being able to *see* what I'm making at all. At the end of a dub, it seems it's not my film anymore; I become completely withdrawn from it. Then suddenly it all becomes clear and I can judge things as if they're nothing to do with me.

"You're asking me why established directors go off the boil? Maybe when you break through to another, more major league you simply make too much money. Maybe that's why you start making what amounts to toothpaste. Fortunately, I think a lot of the younger American directors, people like Scorsese, Spielberg, Coppola and Lucas, also more underground directors like Romero and Carpenter, are very aware of this; they insist on retaining their own personality, which is something you can lose very easily in this business."

Star space furry Jones gets a cuddle from Ripley (Sigourney Weaver).

Scott himself seems unlikely to lose his "personality"; his next two films will involve subjects close to his heart. *Knight* will be a love and revenge story set in the Dark Ages, and *Tristan* a re-telling of the Arthurian legend, but in a "post-holocaust setting". The latter will be filmed in North Africa and Iceland.

In this connection, I mention French director Robert Bresson's extraordinary *Lancelot Du Lac*, a doleful, penumbral interpretation of the last days of Arthur's Round Table.

"You like it? That makes about three of us then. No, seriously, doing a story like that, you just can't do it that way — well, you can, but you'll go through the floor.

"The other trouble with *Tristan* is that there're so many incredible gaps and holes in the story — people sleeping together and not realising it and so on. How the hell do you actually present that on the screen? I'm facing a lot of reconstruction problems. I sometimes wonder whether I shouldn't just do T H White's *Once And Future King*; it has all the elements I want to include in both *Knight* and *Tristan*. Remember my Strongbow commercials? I've been working towards this for ten years . . ."

But the Fox press officer is tapping her watch and our time is up. Earlier, I ask Scott if *Alien* isn't perhaps just a degree of three over the top. He refuses to be drawn.

"Oh no," he chuckles, "it could have been much worse — and anyway there's nothing like a good scare, is there?"

Designer

From previous page

important thing, that if you are the designer, then maybe you are more important than an actor in this sort of film. For the present I have spent two years with *Alien* and am very slow with my painting. I don't think I want to make any more monsters for just a little while."

Giger's less tangible interests are best gauged from his *Necromicon* (published by Big O, £8.50), a large-format collection of his work from '66 to '77 that differs from many similar publications by maintaining a very high standard of reproduction and by its thoughtful presentation and explanatory text, much of this written by Giger himself.

Among those who loom large in Giger's universe are Austrian occult novelist Gustav Meyrink, American Gothic horror writer H. P. Lovecraft and English magician and occultist Aleister Crowley: a high, wild hand indeed.

"These are writers — there are artists as well — with whose work I have felt comfortable. I cannot understand why people say my work is so terrible or horrible. There is something of what I paint in everything, in everyone. For me it doesn't matter whether I'm working on a landscape or a monster — it always has a nice shape. It's only because people haven't seen or wanted to see such things before. My combinations are unusual and so they shock people.

"In fact my life is very normal (sighs wistfully). I am surrounded by skeletons in my home because I think that in human bones there is great beauty and, again, very good shape. Also, because I like Art Nouveau the first meaning of bones for me is not death, but shapes, forms and functions. Nothing else. I do not think I am . . . yes, morbid."

When did you start working with an airbrush?

"Some years ago now. I like to work directly, with nothing fixed in my head, and the airbrish is the best device for this. It can create very three-dimensional effects. I use black china ink mostly, on a white acryllic background. Most of my paintings are in those two colours, black and white. I have problems with colours; I don't understand a lot about them."

Giger has also developed his subject matter into a working theory, which he calls "biomechanics".

"This is a kind of invention of mine. I feel that for this century it could become a style in painting or in architecture. It has to do with McLuhan's concept, that we are all becoming biomechanical. We need a lot of help, we wear glasses, have artificial limbs and hearts.

"So, if the mixture is very good, very fitting, half mechanical and half biological, then it's a kind of Art Nouveau. Maybe more technical though — Art Nouveau is perhaps too decorative for what I am trying to describe. I *have* to combine forms and functions, you see . . ."

And your plans for the future?

"I would certainly like to work with Ridley Scott again; we understand each other very well. But for the moment I am wanting to do this furniture with skeletons, with human bones and skulls and things like that. Maybe I can do it in another film one time.

"The chairs will of course be bio-mechanical-looking. Then if you are sitting in one of them and a part of it starts suddenly to move, this would be wonderful, quite w-o-n-d-e-r-f-u-l . . ."

And H. R. Giger smiles, his face for an instant as open, as expectant as a child's before it once again becomes distant, distracted, inscrutable.

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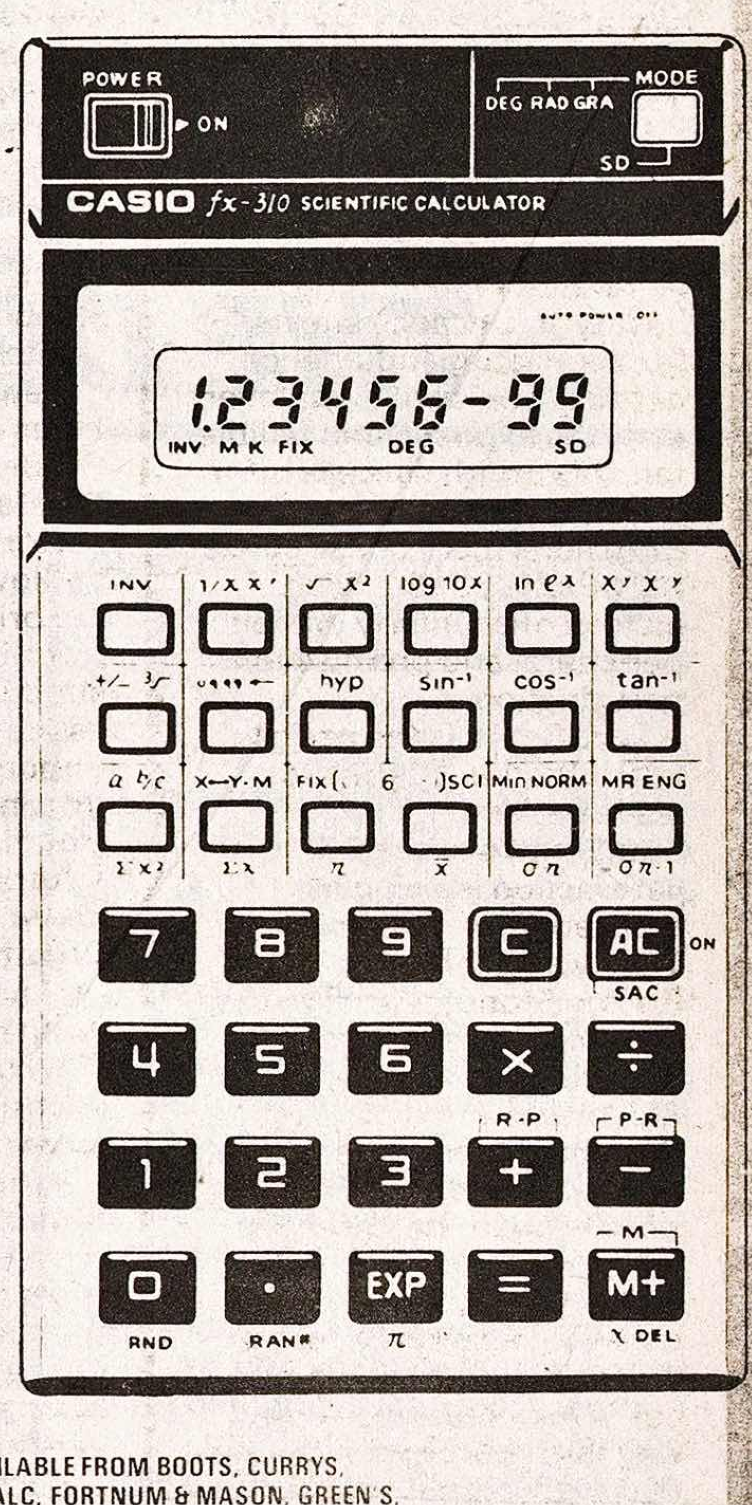

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So you wanna be a rock 'n' roll scumbag?

Patti Smith

Wembley Arena

Wednesday was an unusual day.

In the daytime a surreal celebration took a long time to make its point and was an intense thing to experience. Mountbatten's funeral parade somehow became a positive symbol of survival — even immortality.

It was a good end to an indecent myth. Wouldn't you know that Patti Smith appreciated the rock'n'roll in it all?

In the evening, wearing a black arm band, with her comrades and her grin of relish, she didn't conclude her own more bland and prepared myth but did nothing to prevent it levelling off. She has created her monster; quite charming it is too.

This reserved Wembley show was a demonstration of the ingredients in the myth that one or two of us once got quite worked up about. It was its own little ritual, its own funeral, and it was another somehow positive celebration.

My nipples didn't get hard but it was funny remembering; and it was interesting to suddenly realise that Patti Smith has done everything she's ever wanted to. She's retained her fanaticism, created fanaticism and opened up a hollow where she can authentically play at being a rock star for herself and whoever else is bothered.

Because she has become a calculated parody of the rock'n'roll superstar — mechanically and morally — without doing anything to 'justify' it; because she revels in excruciating indulgence; because she's still (whatever else) the exposed and fallible fan, this Smith success is for anyone who was expecting from her a more constructive contribution to the myth, instead of an utterly pathetic, peripheral and promiscuous participation.

Patti Smith is the perfect masturbation. It's easy to leave her at it.

In Smith's tunnel, satisfaction is being as isolated from contemporary vitality as her heroes The Rolling Stones, about writing new songs that are as unexciting as ex-Beatle Paul McCartney's. It's playing Wembley Arena when there's really no need, and then pretending to be upset. It's wrecking the original passion of 'Horses' poetry, turning out corroded versions of songs that stunned a lot of people out of their lethargy — the way that rock biggies do when they know that no matter what they do they're going to win.

With Patti Smith, it only just worked.

But she played the big Arena, and down the front, closest to her eyes and her heart, the worshipping was uncontrollable. Yet the Wembley show confirmed that Patti Smith has just been mischievously interpreting rock'n'roll as an exercise, however emotionally charged that exercise may have been.

She hasn't added as much as we thought, maybe she thought. Just a little prick . . . of a myth.

Everything The Patti Smith Group have ever been about — except for the initial traumatic outburst that nowadays wouldn't mean a quarter as much — was somewhere present in The Wembley Service: oldies emphasising Smith's appreciation of rock'n'roll history — Ivan Kral singing 'Twist And Shout'; Sohl singing 'All Along The Watchtower'; Kaye singing 'For Your Love'; Smith singing 'So You Want To Be A Rock'n'Roll Star' and 'Be My Baby'. This sharing of roles made it clear that Patti Smith is a group.

And although they opened the show by dedicating 'Land' to Public Image and Kral offered 'Twist And Shout' to all the new wave bands in the land, the group identify so much with tradition and dead routines that it makes their new music impoverished and ordinary.

There is none of the audacious imagination they began with and that they claim to admire so much. They are stuck inside the regressive American ideas of bigness and sophistication and it seems like a sad waste of energy and perspective.

Song from 'Horses' (which seem such a long time ago now) such as 'Kimberly', 'Free Money' and 'Renondo Beach' seemed tired, cramped and, worst of all, old fashioned. The group were skilful where they used to be savage. There was no aggravation; no stabbing, searching, scratching.

Newer songs of successful times — 'Because The Night', 'Frederic', and 'Dancing Barefoot' (which Patti performed barefoot), were mellow and shallow, mocking the original energy and risk.

Smith herself was as subdued and as respectable as the rock music, with a few impotent traces of her former uncontrollable, unpredictable, irritating, explosive self. A natural gone limp; attack blown into the wind; rebellion turned into reason. She is still an unequalled performer, but plain more than reckless.

I'm not knocking or gloating that she has softened, but I never expected it.

When the group took an untimely intermission she didn't storm off playing haughty, insensitive bitch, but pleaded confusingly with the unhappy audience to let her have a rest. Now is she tired, or what? This is the end.

Patti did get nasty once, when she revealed that she didn't mind criticism of her music but when someone needlessly attacked the one she loved then that person, as Jay Dee says, "is the biggest scumbag in the world".

But all the Patti marks were present, however comic or feeble.

She swaggered and blew clarinet and played with the guitar. The second part of the show changed nobody's mind except those, like me, who had begun to doubt long before they heard the fourth album.

It concluded with a rushed and unstimulating '5-4-3-2 Wave', when Patti and those in the audience who still love her did the hand dance and waved at each other. The sad thing is that Patti really does need the comfort of her waving sycophants whereas once it wasn't necessary because she was self-sufficient and bitter and selfish and tough; that was her greatness.

Now she's resigned, as if she knew she was never going to make it, as if she has acknowledged that she was kidding herself.

That really is sad. I hope she's happy.

Paul Morley

"Ooeee! So that's a rhythm stick, JB." Pic Chris Horler.

Sweat, Power And Expensive Perfume

James Brown

The Venue

Talkin' 'bout The Venue . . . and people, it's *bad*. There is no way that something the size of a small theatre can pretend to be an intimate club, and the end result is an invitation to apathy, a velvety enticement to sit at tables gossiping and treating the act like it's on TV and there's nothing, really nothing to turn off . . .

Except, of course, when the act is James Brown. Then it *is* funky in here. One thing it ain't, though, is crowded.

Showtime is at 9 pm, so punctually at 9.35 a Voice Of God makes with the intros, the curtain goes up and a ten-piece band in tasteful lo-budget black outfits are revealed splayed out across the stage and funking away in a fairly businesslike, if unshattering, manner. Sax, trombone, two trumpets, assorted percussion, bass, two drummers, guitar and keyboard . . . and you think "That's *all?*"

For James Brown, that's pared down. Last time I saw him he had *two* bassists, *two* guitarists, two keyboards . . .

The MC oozes onstage clapping his hands and brings on the next round (winding up the pressure for the main man).

The backup singers Marcia Hyde and Angela Powell (colour-coded dresses according to race, for some reason) take their places stage centre and coo their way through 'Ring My Bell' and 'We Are Family' in a manner not exactly calculated to induce mass cardiac arrests or even more than token dancing down the front.

But hist! It's drum-roll and fanfare time and the MC has oozed his way to the front — "All *riiiiiight!*" — to recite the titles of some of the songs James Brown is going to perform tonight and some of the others to which we have thrilled and grooved for lo these many years and . . .

There he is.

If James Brown ain't ageless, he'll do until somebody who is comes along. Blue and glitter dinner suit, immaculate 'do: he shimmies up to the mike as the band kick into 'It's Too Funky In Here' and even before he's sung a note the band start sounding great; that's great spelled G-R-E-A-T.

First set of the first night of a season and Brown is holding back some: his energy is no longer limitless and there's no way he's going to blow all his cookies in one show. The whole thing runs an hour with T.O.D.M. himself on stage for some 40 minutes, which whizz by like nobody's business. At the back of the stage a gogo girl in abbreviated costume lazily cools herself with a fan, except for when she comes down to dance with JB and help out on the backing vocals while Hyde and Powell take a twirl.

It was riff 'n' grunt all the way except for 'Try Me' and 'Please Please Please' (the only real oldies in the set) wherein the pace slowed down to a fever soul pitch and the voice got a serious workout. The singing and the hot moves become more than the flash and flame of Mr Superbad: they become the externalisation of an inner torment, which is sssssssoul music!

Even running on autopilot and saving his best shots for the second set (when he did 'It's A Man's Man's Man's World' and I missed it. Rats!!!), James Brown is obviously still The Man Who Wrote The Book when it comes to body language.

During the 'Cold Sweat' encore he does the complete works (barring the shimmy which has been in the dumper since his ankles gave out) including the absolute KILLER where he knocks the mike-stand out towards the audience, does a 360° turn and a splits, catches the mike as it bounces back, sings a lick, bounces the mike again, catches it . . . a treat, chief. A treat.

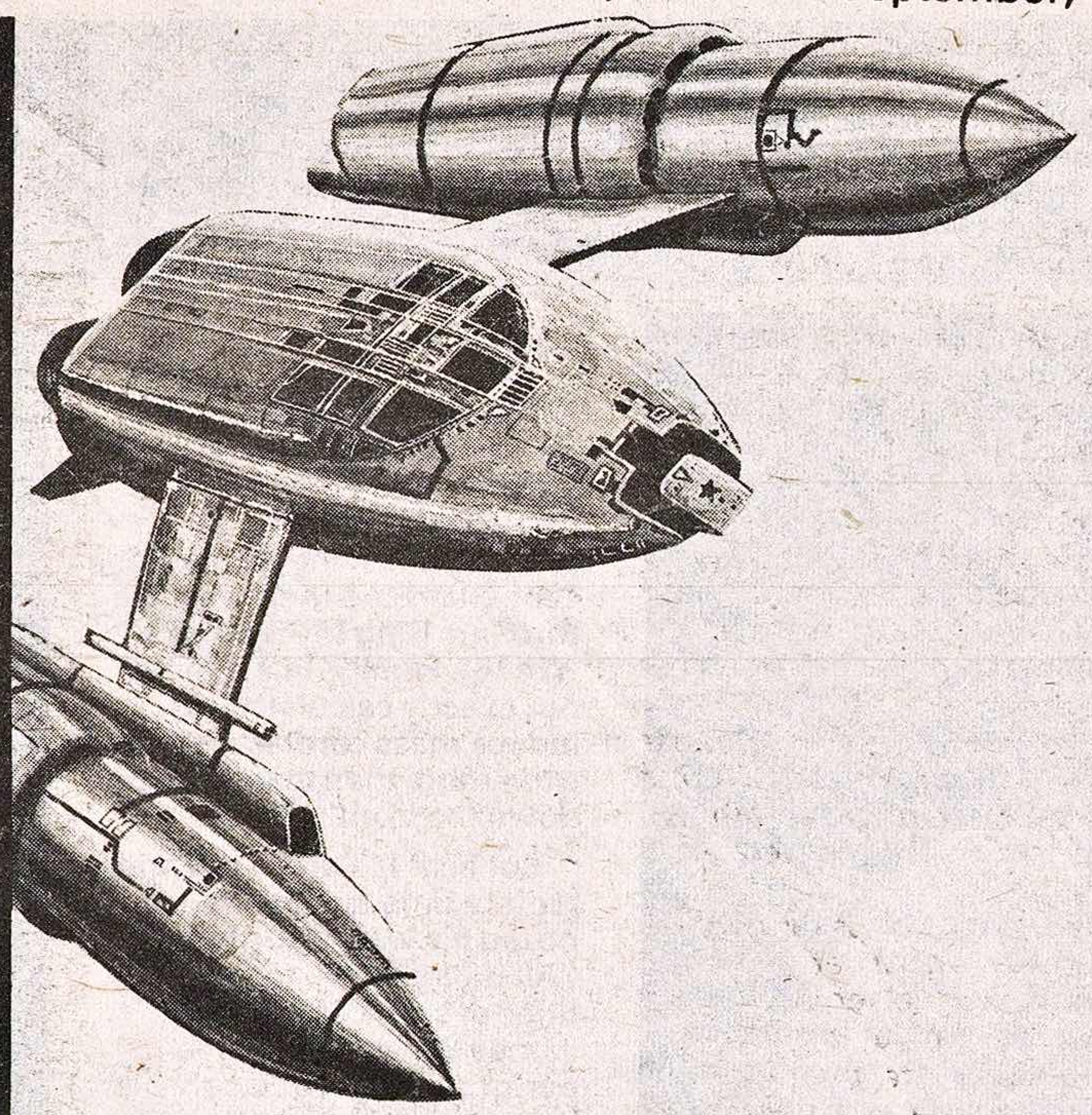
And as the band riffs out one more time he swarms along the front row shaking hands and slapping palms: a bonecrusher of a grip, a whiff of sweat, power and expensive cologne. Mister Superbad!

So this canter round the paddock finds him with a fairly undistinguished band (good enough, but good enough is not good enough) and sufficiently undynamic ticket sales to make it necessary for the management to invite all the attendees for the first show to stick around and see the second for nowt.

Old Masters are thin on the ground, and Old Masters who can still deliver thinner yet. James Brown still does it better. What more could you ask?

Charles Shaar Murray

Three daring men board their spacecraft for a disturbing journey into Futurama'79



Lydon: supreme arrogance and absence of talent.

Set The Controls For The Squalor Of Leeds

The World's First Science Fiction Music Festival

Words: Ian Penman and Andy Gill. Pix: Kevin Cummins

Saturday

For something claiming to be "The World's First Science Fiction Music Festival", *Futurama '79* had, on the face of things, precious little to do with science fiction. If it comes to that, it didn't have an awful lot to do with music, either. And if you take the dictionary definition of "a joyful or honorific celebration," the "Festival" bit's a trifle out to lunch, too.

In fairness, the "SF" angle was apparently only intended as a (quite unnecessary) hook to hang a hat on, although, as Saturday wore off, the affair began to resemble nothing so much as a production of National Lampoon's 'Lemmings' directed by J G Ballard, complete with "Bob is here!" rumours updated for the '70s.

It's only to be expected that the presence of John Lydon should overshadow everything, given the scarcity of PiL gigs. Speaking personally though, the day was overshadowed more by a pervasive, depressing sense of "the end of an era" — this is, after all, the last great festival of the '70s — and of a wheel having turned full circle, Buddhist-style: exaggerated by personal memories of the Isle of Wight festival of (almost exactly) a decade ago, parallels with the start of the '70s were painfully evident; in the music of The Edge, The Invaders and Punilux; in the disgustingly condescending, cossetted attitude of PiL; and in the absolute squalor of the whole affair.

I've always felt that one of the main troubles with this beast called rock'n'roll is that it lacks dignity (by which I do *not* mean the laboured pomposity of Yes and Styx, but just simple, honest-to-goodness *self-respect).* For all its claims to be dynamic and energetic, it just seems to flop around, grunting occasionally with pleasure at the gratification of its basest desires.

Decades of being told that rock'n'roll is "all about" fun, frivolity and fashion have made the average fan into a passive, malleable, utterly predictable animal which seeks peer-group respect through conformity to the most trivial of tribal mores — attitude-dancing, acquisition of over-priced tribal regalia — and which is quite prepared to wallow in the most utterly squalid conditions I've encountered for quite a while.

A quick double-take between those people bouncing on the inflatable and those spread over the floor amongst the remains of their rampant consumerism is quite illuminating here.

No dignity at all.

Leaving aside the organisational inadequacies and general filth of the occasion, the line-up of bands looked quite tasty on paper. What they looked like onstage, however, is still something of a mystery, thanks to the extremely clever placing of the lighting gantries behind the stage, so that instead of illuminating the band, they blind the audience.

Here again, something was remiss: a varied selection of the year's best musics brutalised by bad sound, crippled by incompetence . . .

The ulterior motive of *Futurama* was the financing of a Leeds-based label for local bands; a better motive than most, admittedly. But of the three local outfits I saw, only Stranger Than Fiction — situated somewhere between XTC and Pink Floyd — seemed a worthwhile vinyl proposition. The Expelairs, prole-rockers with a masturbation fixation, ground on for far too long, and The Void would be well advised to change their name, it being embarrassingly appropriate.

The Edge were the first 'big-name' to play, and I have to admit that they drove me to drink (a cup of tea in the local British Home Stores, actually). When I returned, they'd finished.

What a pity.

More of a pity, though, is that I missed much of Spizz Energi's set, for, although I've never liked Spizz's anal monotone rantings, his current band possess a quite pleasing chunky power, rounded and abrasive, especially on 'Soldier Soldier', which I believe is their new single.

Who knows — Spizz could yet become the star he already thinks he is . . .

Both prag VEC and Cabaret Voltaire suffered cruelly from unsympathetic sound.

At times, it seemed as though of all the directions open to them after the 'Bits' EP, prag VEC had chosen the least interesting ones to investigate. But it's difficult to be definite on this showing. Some of the guitar-work was interesting, but then that was all I could hear for much of the set. Things improved slightly towards the end, 'Third Person' being particularly impressive; but by then it was too late.

The Cabs had no vocals at all for the first few numbers, which ruined 'Nag Nag Nag', but at least they did manage to dispel the notion that they're impossible to dance to with 'Here She Comes Now'; just as the treated-drum tapes on 'On Every Other Street' dispelled that old rhythm-generator millstone.

The most compelling part of their performance was the mounting tension of 'The Set Up', a more urgent, unnerving reading than that on record. 'No Escape', like Joy Division's 'The Atrocity Exhibition', took on a rather ironic meaning from my position in the pig-sty, but I was getting a bit tired by then . . .

A Certain Ratio, first of the Factory package, battled manfully against the bad sound and lost.

I imagine it'd be quite useful, given their unusual matching of jazz-funk drums with grainy drone-guitar textures, to be able to hear the latter once in a while. But the man on the mixing-desk apparently disagreed with me, as such men usually do. Funny, that . . .

Orchestral Manoeuvres, notable for the prat-of-the-year scale posing of vocalist Andy McCluskey, are mixed by their manager and get the best sound (and reception) so far. Hmmm.

Am I the only one, I ask myself as all and sundry go ga-ga over the irredeemably twee, puerile 'Electricity', who finds them completely worthless?

Is there anyone else who thinks they're about as satisfying and substantial as a bag of crisps? I never realised so many people dug the *Magic Roundabout* theme.

Unquestionably, the real stars of the night were Joy Division.

Just as each song is an exercise in controlled musical dynamics expressing a particular emotional state, so the set as a whole builds from a somewhat sombre start to a feverish, cathartic climax, pressure added little by little rather than piled on suddenly. Small details add to the tension, like the slight tinge of vitriol Ian Curtis lends to the line *"I remember when we were young"* in 'Insight' — because, after all, we're not children any more, so let's stop pretending.

The final build-up and resolution of 'Shadowplay', 'She's Lost Control' and 'The Atrocity Exhibition' is quite magnificent, proof

that rock'n'roll and dignity *can* co-exist without laspsing into pomposity.

Joy Division *moved* me, physically, emotionally and mentally. They did *not* insult me. This is rare, and it is good.

To follow their harrowing intensity with a comic magician is an act of supreme bathos masquerading as light relief. The Invaders must have been grateful for the break, as their brand of 'clever' power-pop would have appeared even worse in direct comparison with Joy Division.

They don't seem to have realised that tarting-up weak, insipid pop with fancy keyboard frills is just not good enough in this day and age: what 'Gimme Some Space' — their (ostensibly humorous) sour-grapes dig at the press — overlooks is that they don't *deserve* any.

Tymon Dogg, an eccentric, whining fellow with a fiddle who kicked various kinds of incongruous shit around, was followed by Punishment Of Luxury, who, though they went down well enough to get an encore, disappointed me immensely.

Since I last saw them, they've become a lot slicker, more professional, but they've lost the grass-roots spontaneity and intimacy which gave their gigs that electric edge of unease, a state of affairs exacerbated by the transition from small club to large hall.

In a nutshell, their music — that idiosyncratic and often enervating Gothic HM funk — has expanded to fill the larger stage, but their presentation hasn't; the theatrics are dwarfed, their sense of personal assault lost. They just look silly.

In the circumstances, Punilux were probably right to concentrate on riff-bombardment; unfortunately, the net result was that their most impressive pieces on record — 'Laughing Academy' and 'Obsession' — came across as heavy-handed, overblown and pompous. And after 12 uncomfortable hours, I could do without that.

And so to the unveiling of the emperor's new clothes . . .

Public Image Ltd were so *dire,* so totally devoid of musical merit, that I have great difficulty in seeing their performance as anything other than a continuation of the exorcism begun with their album, or a kind of Zen Lesson concerning idolatry and expectation.

Certainly, these are the only explanations which leave John Lydon's credibility intact.

The Zen Lesson Theory's quite attractive — taking the anticipation, the curiosity and expectation which pervaded the whole affair (the true star of the show, in fact); taking the star syndrome and the 'headlining band' syndrome; taking the spokesman/figurehead albatross (and by extension, peoples' willingness to delegate their responsibilities to others); taking the desire to be "where it's at", and the gullibility of those prepared to wait in squalor just to see you.

Taking, in short, the entire edifice of falsehood, fantasy, fashion and foolishness which is rock'n'roll, and throwing it back in their face. The ultimate joke.

Who knows?

The difference between the individual numbers in PiL's set is negligible: nearly all have an amorphous, booming bass intro, followed by what is, to all intents and purposes, an undifferentiated, formless thrash, over which Lydon wails incomprehensibly.

'Public Image' and 'Death Disco' are just about discernible, and the applause they receive is probably due as much to the relief of recognition as to any merit in their performance. I think I heard 'Annalisa' mentioned in one song, and 'Low Life' in another, but I wouldn't swear to it. As for the rest, your guess is as good as mine.

It is *dreadful.*

For almost the entire performance, Lydon has his back to the audience; bar the occasional scathing comment, there's no attempt at communication, and he stalks off mid-way through the ninth "number" without so much as a backward glance.

In fact, he's a model of clockwork predictability: he behaves *exactly* as I expected.

Wobble spends most of the set in his armchair, a posture which matches his bass-playing perfectly, and Levine wanders aimlessly about the stage, a manner which matches his.

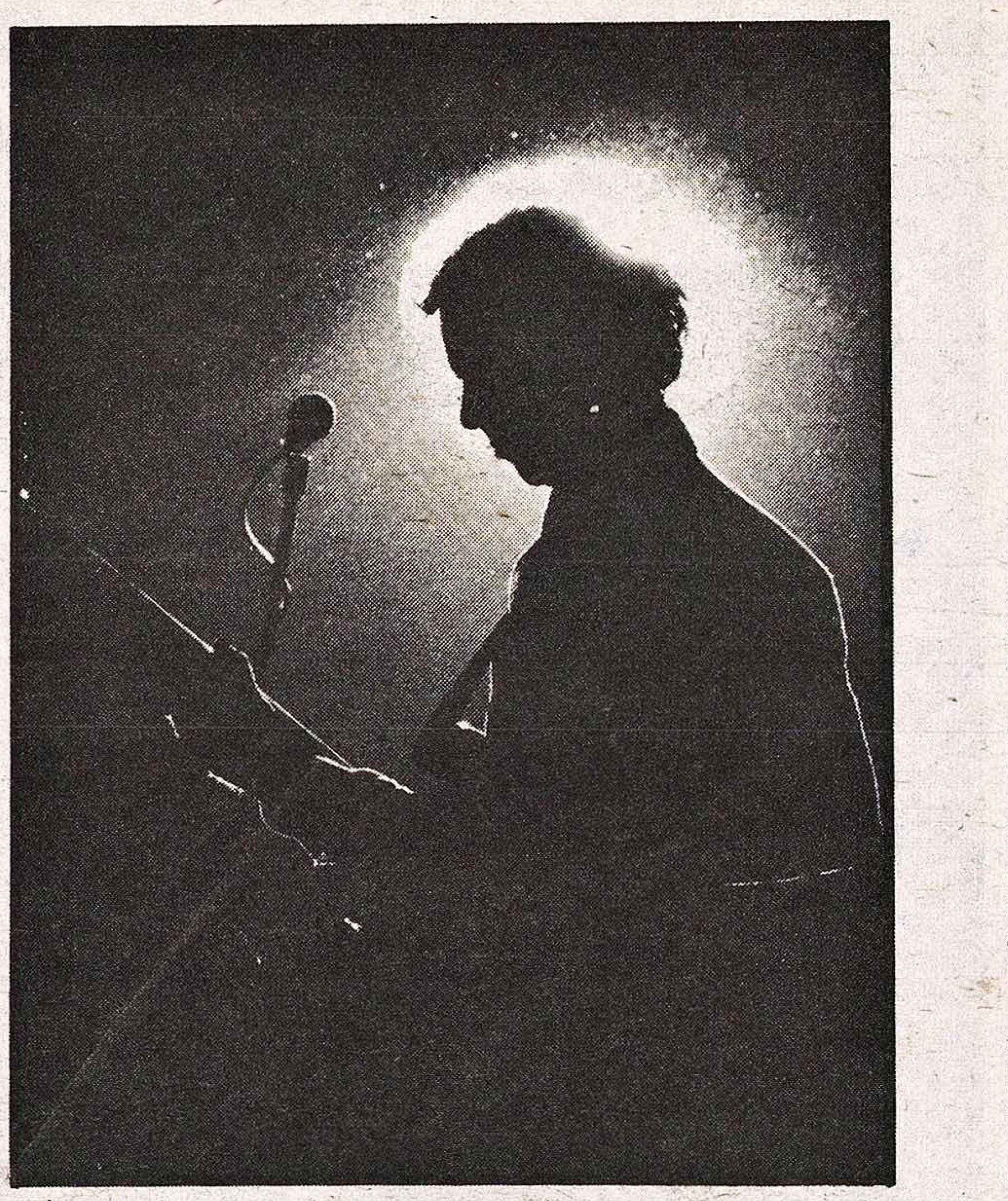
Any other band would have been canned off by the second number, but the reaction to PiL is one of spineless deference. Some people really do ask for it . . .

And for this rubbish, PiL apparently got £3,000. Rarely have supreme arrogance and absence of talent coincided in one person to such an (economically viable) extent.

Before Punilux went on, the entire backstage area was cleared so that PiL could evade the prying eyes of the plebs. During the clearing operation, a girl was said to have had her nose broken.

Boy, am I glad the star-system crumbled in 1977!

AG



A monochrome.

Sunday

Dismantle a weekend's splash of sensory indulgence, crop it into shape, question the relation between youth music and festivals of same . . before the moon falls; before the stomach juices revolt; before the heart aches begin.

The idea that the press have it too good, wouldn't recognise a 'good time' if it hit them, and sneer at festivals for the sake of it, is frequently heard. Personally, the idea of travelling miles to a weekend of inadequate accommodation, food, drink, toilets, sound and sights stinks regardless of notepads and expenses.

The festival space is stagnant; the relation between it and beat music is tenuous.

It's a spectacle, and as such it promotes mostly mouldly older aspects of the music — ways of judging that are lodged in the past. Audiences behave the way audiences should, passively admiring the grand performance: no spontaneity, intimacy or frequency. The dull thud thud thud of youth music going through (some) motions.

The Leeds SciFi Festival was another occasion to gape in disbelief at the impersonallity of the festival institution.

Amongst all the paraphernalia — the fairylight lawn sprinkler lasers, the stalls — was a ritualistic routine which seemed unreal. For an event whose banner (no one knew why) purported to celebrate the future, the past was dismally in evidence: from swastika T-shirts to Hawkwind's 'Silver Machine' encore.

The Queen's Hall was about as big as two aircraft hangers, the PA straight from Reading. A big air cushion in one corner provided people with a neat excuse not to regard onstage activity as anything but a sideshow.

Everyone who played was *loud* — 21 bins loud, and two stages strong.

Openers Nightmares In Wax and the Gotham City Teenage Werewolves are two groups sleeping in image — some '70s pose, all day-glo po-faced angsty and starchy.

"This one's a love song . . . to Einstein."

Wow, Werewolves!

Moving up the rungs, it got less hacky but only relatively more bearable. The Tunes and Agony Column play slick, formal, retread beat music, humourless and dull; suits and guitar solos and Op Art and . . . it's not *even* dance music.

From this dodgy area onwards, critical tolerance rose and fell with tiredness, disbelief and alcohol supplies.

Ex-Bonzo Dog Roger Ruskin Spear supplied a set of fairground 'robots' and nauseous sub-Goodies undergraduate humour. It would've been limp in rag week circa '69; it was an insult now. The laughs really came when I realised that the Rasta bible reading of (token) nice reggae band Revelation coincided with Sunday tea-time, normally the prerogative of the TV Godspot.

Oops.

Revelation's lightweight Britreggae went down well, but was too end-of-the-pier — a *Seaside Special* red, green and tombola knees up, however well the rhythms rolled off the section.

Echo And The Bunnymen (trio) and Teardrop Explodes (quartet) played one after t'other with only the Teardrop drums separating the levels and textures of the two.

I couldn't raise much interest in their respective music-makings as they stand. The regularity and pace put me in mind of a brass band, the leaky cheap organ frills lead back to other Doors. Solid noise; no playground; just showroom.

Echo And The Bunnymen have tightened up a lot since I saw them at the YMCA gig, when they were best summed up by one jovial punter's comment, "Let's have the *real* Neil Young!" But they have to sound less like it's their hobby; those peaches and cream 'new pop' lines don't mean much to me, not hard enough, no definition.

With both there didn't seem to be much difference between live and recorded sound (a criticism applicable to many). In something as massive as that Queen's Hall, constraints placed on the musical idiom were enormous: usual problems blown sky high.

Only three groups tackled this difficulty realistically: PiL, using an arrogance that verged on utter contempt; Scritti Politti with an arrogance flawed by inexperience but restored in belief; The Fall . . . by simple *arrogance.*

Another interesting common aspect with Scritti and PiL is the fairly unique lack of gigging experience. Whereas The Monochrome Set and The Fall are well into the hundreds, Scrits are on about 20, PiL maybe less.

Scritti Politti were obviously nervy at the off, but publicly dealt with it — demystification in action; praxis.

The first song was made up on the spot and mostly revolved around the phrase "Can I have more bass in my monitors please?" Every second 'song' in their set was made up there and then.

There were songs spilling over, splitting apart, lots of subtle resonances, invention and courage. Along with the other two bands mentioned (and others not here such as Pere Ubu), they're questioning what's normally taken for granted, accepted as 'second nature' in beat music: a blatantly silly idea to cut away at.

What's being taken apart is rock 'n' roll's daft trad codes — which is why it's so risky to do it in the holiday camp atmosphere of the Queen's Hall (people seemed quite fascinated by a certain kind of silver balloon you could waste a lot of your money on).

But no big deal: one more thing to talk about.

When their sound was finally sorted out it was the freshest of the day, the one most primed to trip up preconceptions and puncture chit chat. There was nothing legitimate about either the improvised or the more familiar bits of the set — songs like 'OPEC Imac', 'Hegemony', 'Scritlocks Door', 'Knowledge and Interest' are still all evolving. A reconstituted audience/performance relation is being aimed for.

There are problems and contradictions — but they're important ones, decisive ones, decisions, conversations.

Ditto The Fall.

I'm about to write a lot about them so some secrets get kept for now. They're a different group now — physically and in terms of approach. This is a Fall which seems to be maintaining the constancy without losing the arrogance and perspective that has always been the group's core. It shows in both the newer songs ('Shadow Walks Behind You', 'Before The Moon Falls') and the treatment of older ones (their 'Psycho Mafia' was wonderful).

The music didn't seem immediately inventive, but that's the (pit) fall . . . the difference between signifier and signified (we'll get to this later).

They won the weekend unnervingly when I didn't think anyone could bully back the environment — they are tall, do talk back, and not with the usual language.

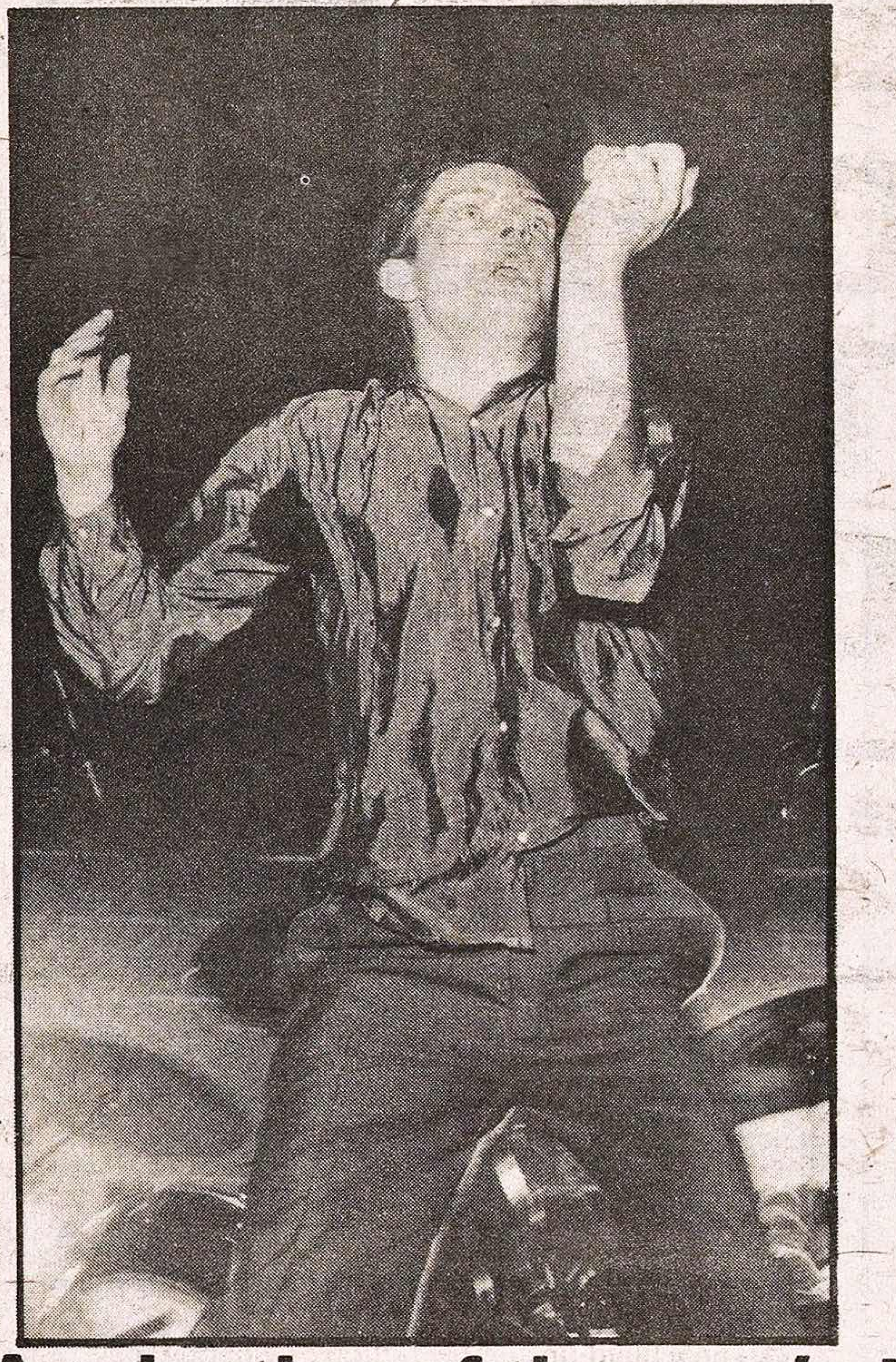
The 'usual language' is what I expected and what I got from the remainder of the bill, dotted here and there.

Nik Turner's Inner City Limits and Hawkwind were indistinguishable; The Only Ones and The Monochrome Set slightly less so. The Only Ones obviously got a good deal somewhere — it was one of their very fast nights.

But after PiL's accusation, Scritti's advance, and The Fall's anger I had no time for the chemical and cosmical head pelling of those others.

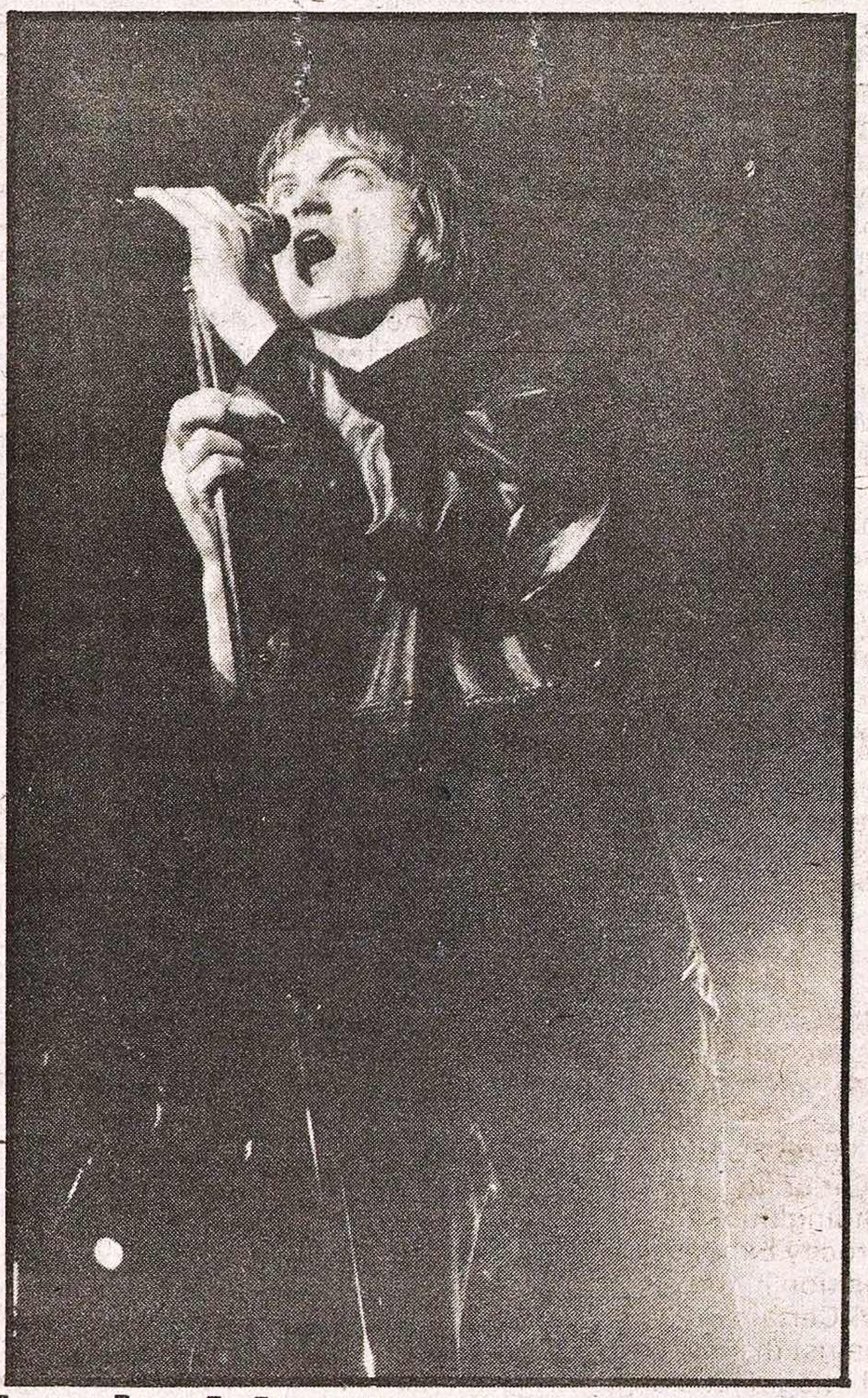
If that's rock 'n' roll here to stay then I'm off. Bye Bye!

IP



Ian Curtis of Joy Division — the real stars at Leeds.

The emperor in his new clothes.



Mark Smith of The Fall — another star in Futurama.

A selection of the year's best musics brutalised and crippled by incompetence.

Rock Of Ages

Nils Lofgren Live Wire

Leicester

Live Wire are the sort of light entertainment which will no doubt have wide appeal. The sound is easy on the ears — it goes in one and out of the other — with graceful guitars gliding around a rhythm section that is the hard core of the careful confection.

They play mainly smooth stuff and occasional reggae without the open, alive spaces. I found the blend bland. As my companion so sagely suggested, they should go to the States.

Caught first in a circle of red light, Nils Lofgren seems always a little alone. Despite antics which include playing guitar with his teeth and executing acrobatics with the aid of a small but celebrated trampoline, he remains removed.

His is the sort of light music that skates by smoothly and shears off the surface of your senses. At his best he writes effortless, undulating melodies as strong and fluid as the swell of the sea.

'Shine Silently' is fragile and heartfelt and sung with the slight unsteadiness that comes from trying too hard. Like all the best ballads its lilting phrasing is unaccountably seductive. As it is his latest single we should all be singing it for weeks.

'Cry Tough' sets the band blazing. Wornell Jones on bass, Tommy Thomas on keyboards and Tom Lofgren — a shaggy antithesis of a brother who pads about the stage playing guitar — all sing supple harmonies. Michael Zach drums flamboyantly and at one point bounds about the stage.

Drips of clipped bass introduce 'You're So Easy'. Nils' voice is clear, hard and tender. It curls around the song until the tune cuts out and the rhythm steps in and you close your eyes and swing.

'I Came To Dance' has Nils skipping, legs flicking, and the audience breathing the rare air of euphoria.

It should have been the impetus which propelled the evening through to a climactic conclusion. Instead, the song proved to be the high spot of the set. After it the show lost a measure of its momentum and the sound, especially near the end, was tainted with the faint but unmistakable odour of over-indulgence that even 'It's Over' and 'Back It Up' could not dispel.

They finished on a stage sprayed with red and white rays and bounced back to encore after rhythmic clapping and hoarse cries for more.

Part of the problem (if a word like that can be used in the context of Lofgren's music) is that it's based on the old foundations of ancient rock; thus it is subject to all the constraints that this implies.

The strength of the sound is in those soaring yet structured songs. But the band stretch these so skilfully to accommodate their expertise that they tend to slide into an indistinguishable whole.

And although Lofgren's voice and guitar share the same calm clarity that communicates more than hours of infatuated ravings, I would have preferred less of the cool, clean lead breaks and more of the lovely, lucid voice.

As it was, the small electric figure seemed sometimes crushed by the weight of his own arrangements. Blow by blow, he deadened his own inimitable impact. I prefer his music simple enough to let his soul shine through.

Lynn Hanna

Nils Korbut training for the next Olympics. Pic Pennie Smith.

The Buzzards

Marquee

On one hand, there's the twee humour of Ian Dury, a middle-aged man who makes a living out of sounding like a naughty boy. On the other, there's the slapdash East End grit'n'energy of Jimmy Pursey, a Surrey Cockney who wraps himself in sincerity like Duffo wraps himself in cellophane.

In between come The Buzzards, likely lads from Leyton; impaled on one of life's cruel dilemmas — how best to be commercial?

Butter or marge? Smart-ass humour, nostalgia, or another all-the-young-dudes anthem of working-class authenticity? It doesn't really matter cos they're all, you know, fun. Functional / disposable / entertainment.

At The Marquee, The Buzzards showed themselves a good-hearted, good-humoured, good-intentioned, good-time band. You could bop along to the punkish strains of 'Through With You', laugh along to the jokey pop of 'I Don't Wanna Go To Art School', sing along to the modish celebration of 'Smart Young Men' or simply be dazzled by Geoff Deane prancing about cheerily in bright pink trousers.

Is it enough? Isn't it just too easy to poke fun at obvious targets like a 'Disco Romeo' or silly middle-class institutions?

The Buzzards' humour has no daring. They stick out their tongues at America ('Land Of The Free') but they changed their name to suit the American market. They take the piss out of their record company ('Get Chrysalised') but so gently it's more of a caress than a distancing shove.

The Buzzards wanna be rebellious *and* lovable. They're careful not to offend.

The Buzzards' music has changed from manic punk to an attractive range of pop styles. They have a penchant for sing-along anthems but . . . but . . . 'Saturday Night Beneath The Plastic Palm Trees' was a great pop single *but* it didn't leave much room for development. 'Smart Young Men' is a kind of updating, but presumably was deemed too similar to be the next single. Instead, The Buzzards chose 'We Make A Noise', which sounds as if 'Garageland' and 'Hurry Up Harry', er, fell off the back of a lorry and were tacked together in a desperate attempt to get on *TOTP*.

The Buzzards are cheeky, exuberant and all that schmuck — but what can be qualities, here sound like traps.

They may be enjoyable as long as you like your pleasures to be undemanding; but it'd be a shame if they were restricted to being the next East End novelty-pop act.

Graham Lock

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We'll have unbiased coverage of rock, jazz, folk, reggae and c&w. And plenty of space on the page for new bands as well as the stars. We're going to publish weekly — so above all else we're talking about a paper that'll be alive, vital . . . and never more than 7 days old.
And that's important. So important we're making damn sure you know the date we hit the streets: 19 September, so make sure your newsagent gets you a copy now!

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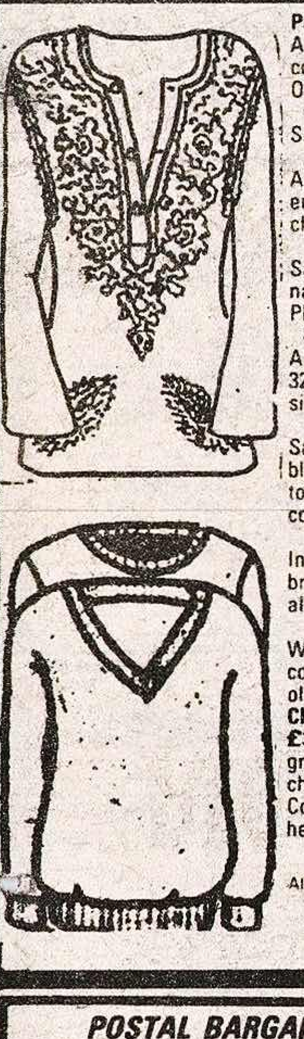

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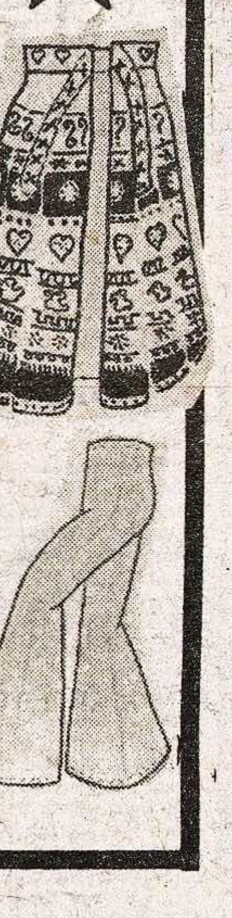

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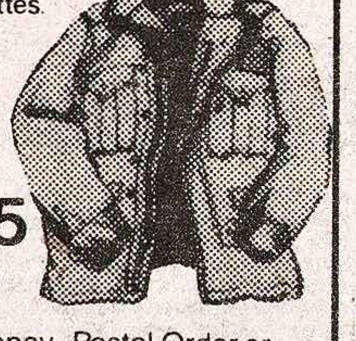

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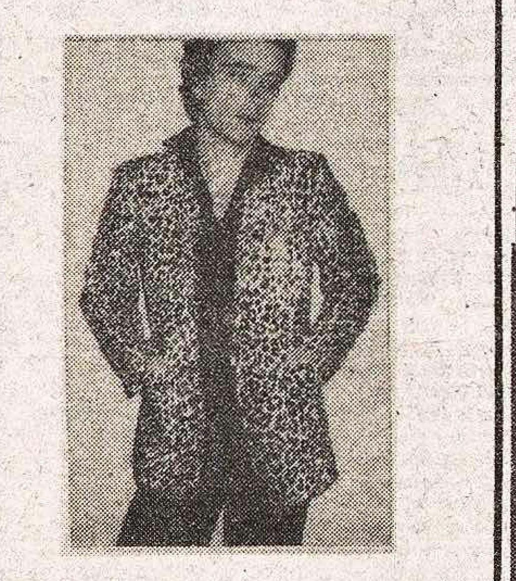

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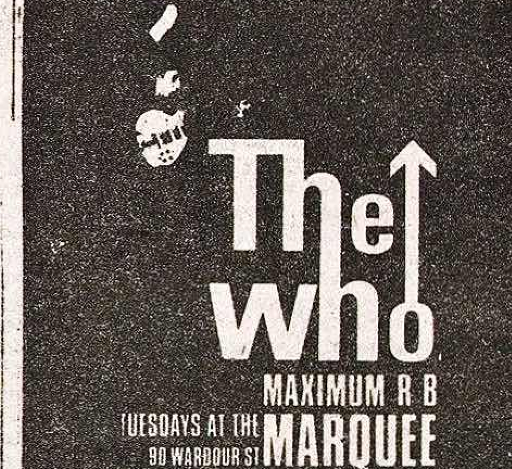

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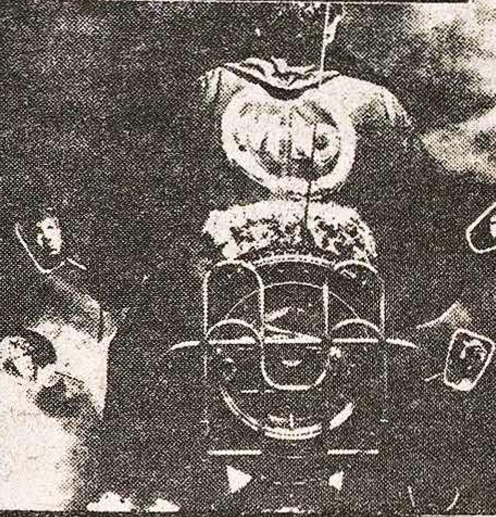

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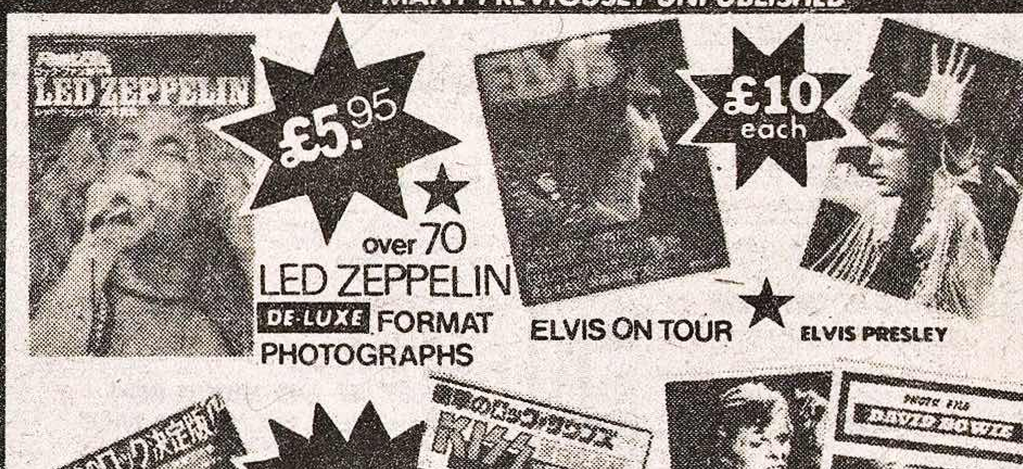

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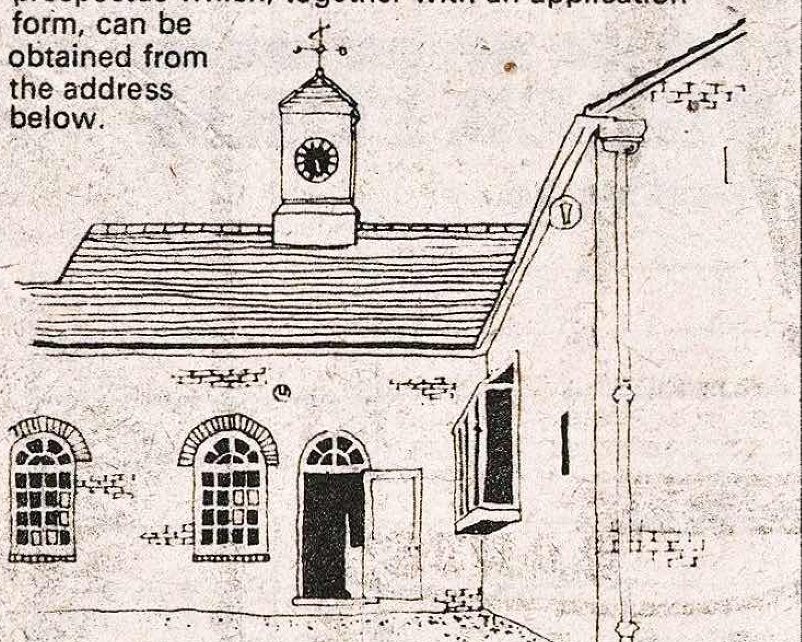

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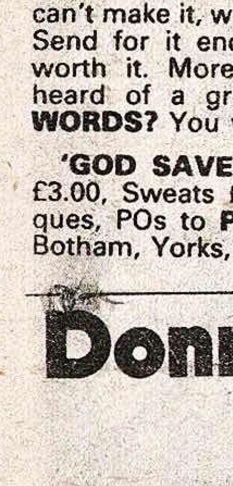
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JAMES BROWN

■ From page 20

imagination, perhaps resents Clinton's current ascendancy and finds the man's business savvy too sharp to feel comfortable next to.

His remarks about Sly Stone, Brown's first and most potent rival in the superspade stakes, bear this out. At first unwilling to talk about the troubled rival to his throne back there in the late '60s, Brown strikes for the bait.

"Well, there's a cat, a prime example of a performer not working at full tilt pitch. Lord knows he had it made. Everything just laid out on a silver platter. But see, I was checkin his act from the start. Cos when I was doin' 'Brand New Bag' and 'I Feel Good' and also cos I was getting a little political and heavy, he and his band just up and stole my groove and watered it down. Just check out the riff on 'Everyday People'. He was just fooling folks who should know better.

"Now it's ten years past and cats like you are hip to that. They want James Brown cos they know he's for real, he's a man — which I can't say whether Sly is . . ."

As for James Brown himself, ultimately it goes way beyond the unpleasantly false show business persona or his ridiculously bloated ego. What does matter is the man's music: the remarkable rhythms and new dynamics — from 'Good Good Loving' in '59 to 'Out Of Sight', 'Cold Sweat' and 'Papa Don't Take No Mess' to the high pressure dementia of 'I Can't Stand Myself' . . . possibly the greatest dance music ever conceived.

And all the work of James Brown.

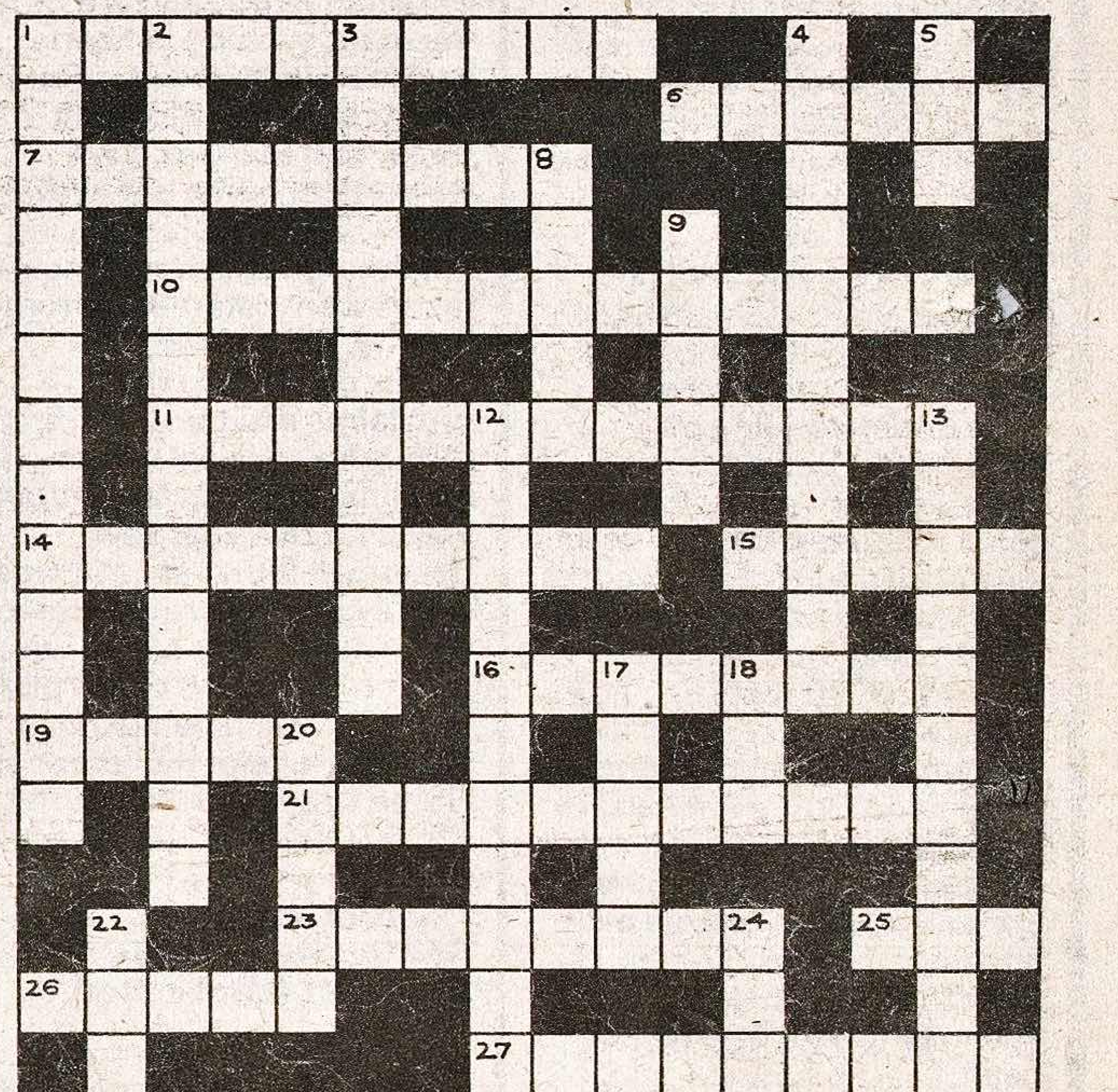
Not surprisingly, like a magician who never reveals his tricks, Brown refuses flat-out to talk about the one most precious talent he has left at his disposal.

"Talk about my rhythms? I *never* discuss that side of my work. Cos, OK, I got a few things goin' but that's where I'm way ahead of everybody — and I do mean everybody. I let 'em know too much last time I opened my mouth. Let out some secrets and all the other cats in the race jumped on 'em like greased lightning. This time around I'm just gonna surprise 'em all. Ha!

"Hey, but really, I simply refuse to divulge any aspect of the theory behind my innovation into rhythms and my whole damn sound. Cos that's what I've really got going for me and whilst I got them aces up my sleeve, hey I'll be forever young.

"But when I open my mouth and give away any precious information . . . then I will be undone!"

EXPRESS WORD



ACROSS
1 Where The Crusaders meet Roxy Music?! (6,4)
6 & 20 Released between 'Fame' and 'TVC-15'
7 Where Roxy Music meet Abba?! (5,4)
10 Mark Perry's bid for the fourth channel?! (11,2)
11 Capitalist reptiles! (6,7)
14 Desmond Dekker's 1969 (and 1975) ska-smash
15 Legendary LA combo whose first LP in 1967 made them almost immediately one of America's top bands
16 See 22
19 First name of Patti's 'Nuggets' sidekick
21 Much-imitated US blues guitarist whose best-known cuts include 'Dust My Broom' (6,5)
23 'Boomer's Story' and 'Paradise And Lunch' are two of his earlier albums (2,6)
25 & 5 Double-barrelled Ramone
26 See 8
27 Former Equal born on the frontline (4,5)

DOWN
1 Backseat adventures by Difford and Tilbrook, the Lennon and McCartney of the new pop (4,3,6)
2 Sorry no, we're not reggae, come back in '89! (6,3,2,3)
3 Eugene and Fay's latest incarnation, only the spelling has changed (3,8)
4 ELO broke ski (anag. 2 words)
5 See 25
8 & 26 The original mod band, according to some versions of the ancient scripts *(Melody Maker? — Ha Ha Ed.)*
9 Mr Gillespie, or 1969 Tommy Roe chart-topper
12 Boney M's swansong? No such luck (5,2,4)
13 Kryptic Kwikkie: He springs teenage cons and reveals his identity!
17 A fear of reggae?
18 Label in car crash!
20 See 6
22 & 16 Dana's Ronnie (anag. 2 words)
24 Dwight, Prentice, Maudling, or Presley

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS
ACROSS: 1 Solid Senders; 8 'Can't Stand Losing You'; 10 'Boys Keep (Swinging)'; 13 Tom (Robinson); 14 'It Mek'; 15 'Capital Radio'; 17 'I Fought The Law'; 19 Akron; 20 Steve Harley; 21 Kevin (Godley); 22 (Mike) D'Abo; 24 Ray (Davies); 25 Chic; 27 '(Boys Keep) Swinging'; 28 Dionne (Warwick); 29 Andy (Gibb); 30 (Tom) Robinson.
DOWN: 1 Secret Affair; 2 Linda McCartney; 3 Dusty Springfield; 4 'Daddy (Cool)'; 5 Gigs; 6 Mike (D'Abo); 7 (Kevin) Godley; 9 'Albatross'; 11 Kraftwerk; 12 Pioneers; 16 Dave Davies; 18 Greg Kihn; 21 Karen (Young); 23 Organ; 25 '(Daddy) Cool'; 26 (Andy) Gibb.

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GASBAG

GETS GOD

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Christians come out of the closet

I don't suppose you chappies at *NME* think that Christians actually read your paper as it constitutes some disastrous sin that condemns us into the darkest corner of hell. Come to that you probably think that we don't listen to some of the t'riffic music around now for fear of eternal damnation. Not so. The general attitude to religious matters in the *NME* hardly takes much guessing at — but at the same time it's hardly surprising since most of the people who turn to all things holy realise bumbling drivel in such a contrived way that people only buy it for the name on the label.

You can't deny Dylan's album is a Christian one, but unfortunately it's going to push people further away from understanding us Christians. "Believe or be damned" isn't going to cultivate understanding of any idea at all and is more likely to earn him the title Yet Another Boring Religious Bastard. (You know the rest.)

Anyway, don't get the idea that we all sit around listening to Cliff and Organ Recitals. Next time you're buying a pint or a packet of fags, or queuing for your Ian Dury tickets or hitching up the A377, just think that the bloke behind you may have a God in his head.

Not all of us shout about it.
John P. Pope, The Vatican, NW1.
P.S. Dear CSM. It's my soul, my fiver — and I ain't buying it.

I haven't bought 'Slow Train Coming' yet but I did buy this week's *NME* to read the review of it and was pleased to find that Charles Shaar Murray was the reviewer. A double bonus for a Christian who loves CSM's particular brand of devil's advocacy!

So Dylan's calling down judgement on all and sundry, is he? Well, we all know that the guy who's just quit smoking is the one who complains that smoke gets in his eyes. CSM says "If we ain't talking about a God of love then *forget it.*" Well, the God in whom I live and move and have my being *is* a God of love. Surely, though love isn't a sloppy, sentimental, 'pat-you-on-the-head and pretend things are okay when they're not' kind of emotion. That kind of love would never knock-out evil in a million years (or more!). Real love's tough. It often says and does the difficult thing. After all, being tortured to death on a cross isn't a soft option.

Dylan will probably mellow his views somewhat and show more of the loving side of God's nature as time passes. In the meantime perhaps all of us Christians and non-Christians alike could do worse than think about the words *"Have you ever wondered exactly what God requires? You think he's just an errand boy to satisfy your wandering desires?"* That certainly made me think.

Love to you all.
Marilyn Hibbert, Bracknell, Berks.

Do you all get such a kick out of criticising Dylan's new faith? We as true Dylan fans wish him luck and will back him all the way.
Many Dylan fans.
Thanks, many fans, I'll see you later in the Fish And Five Loaves. — B. DYLAN.

I expect that to numerous people the August bank holiday weekend doesn't mean the Reading Festival but instead Greenbelt, a Christian Festival for fellowship and enjoyment of good music. This year's sixth Greenbelt saw 12,000 descend upon picturesque Odell Village in Bedfordshire to participate in seminars, workshops but more importantly to hear top Christian bands and artists at the main evening concerts such as Garth Hewitt, After The Fire, Randy Stonehill Band, Cliff Richard, Bryn Haworth to name but a few. In fact with bands also playing at lunchtime concerts all musical tastes were catered for from 'folk' to 'new wave'.

This gathering which proclaims a witness to Christ through a musical medium is certainly all set to leap into the 1980s for this year saw Greenbelt 'burst at its seams' with a capacity crowd and to reach out further a field via air play on Radio 1. It was a pity that the *NME* failed to have any coverage of this event and I hope Greenbelt '80 will not slip by unnoticed by the music press.
Philip, Bristol, Avon.
God forgive me. — TONY STEWART (Live! editor)

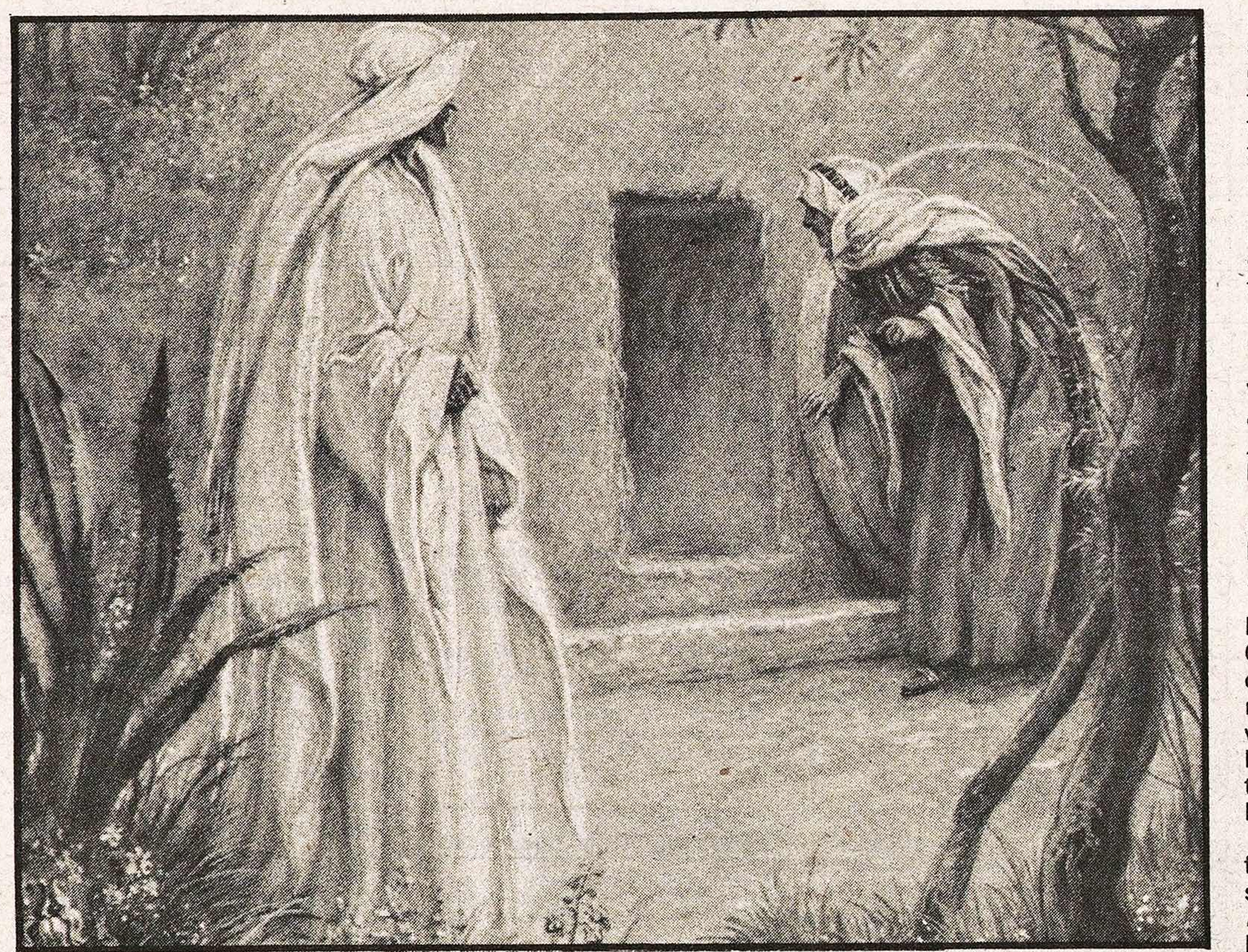
The Reading review by Ian Penman was just about the last straw as far as I'm concerned. I think it's about time this juvenile, single-minded journalist (so-called) was shown up to be what he is, a liar and an ignoramus. A liar you say? Oh yes.

A couple of months ago he reviewed Rush at Newcastle for Radio 1's 'Rock On'. In a desperate attempt to persuade listeners into thinking that Rush were awful he resorted to down-right lying as anyone who has seen Rush will know.
Neil, Tunbridge Wells, Kent.
Ian's got his faults — boy, has he got his faults — but let's clear this up once and for all: there is absolutely no connection between our Ian Penman and the Radio 1 bozo of the same name. — M.S.

Ingliston, September 1: the music was superb, the atmosphere was Gr-8 and the booze was too bloody expensive. Latest score: Fans 0, Profiteers 5
A Poor, Sober Superfan

To the poor suffering record companies: I should like to ask a few questions and make some points on the problems of 'illegal' home taping of LPs.

Firstly, the problem is simply a result of the record companies pricing their product too high: surely the



"Surely there're a few more ready to come out, Mary?" Illustration by E S Hardy

manufacturing costs of pressing discs cannot be four to five times greater than those for manufacturing blank magnetic cassettes.

Secondly, what do you seriously intend to do about it? Reduce your prices? Recruit squads of vigilante spotters to patrol the area arresting 'bootleggers'? Catch a few and execute them publicly as an example to the rest of us?

As I understand it, you fat cat money grabbers are in a real tizz about how to protect your revenues, exploiting the music to the full. My heart really bleeds for you.
Anna Kist.
And for any of you fat cat money grabbers out there, Anna's address is 123 Fore Lane, Maidenhead. I'll repeat that: The Cockwell Inn, Tillit, Herts. — M.S.

Can I be the first to congratulate the Blockhead of the Year. As he/she has every reason to be cheerful.
Testudo, Blackpool, Lancs.

I have just heard Miss Siouxsie Sioux's impersonation of a chicken on her rendering of 'The Lord's Prayer', and would just like to tell her that she will have no worries as to what to do when her career as a pop star is over (which, I suspect, might be a lot sooner than she thinks).
Percy Edwards
P.S. Do you know if she can do impersonations of someone singing in tune?

THE SLITS
Awful Rubbish *(Island)*
SIOUXSIE & THE BANSHEES
Don't Buy This Album, YOU Wouldn't Understand It, Dearie *(Polydor)*
OK, so I like The Slits and Siouxsie. So what? What are you going to do about it? Right, so I've got totally defunct taste. So what? I can't help it! I'm sorry. No I'm not! You're wrong! No you're not. Decide for yourself. (If popular taste will allow you to.)

So I might find these two intense, youthful, vital, *modern* albums abysmal. But I don't! Yes I do. No I don't.

The Slits hit me in the stomach. They turn my febrile corpse over with their feet and they gob me long and hard. Perhaps The Slits play songs using their instruments.

Nothing about these albums is predictable, even though it was obvious what they would be like and that they turned out to be a bit different just serves to illustrate the clever tricks that both artists play on us.

Confusion, deliberately bad playing, carefully calculated, terrible songs, Siouxsie knows what is expected of her and has agreed to perform on her own record. The direction is uncertain. The songs are vague and yet so, so direct.

I like these albums which in 'fashionable' eyes will make me hideously evil beyond all belief. You will not like them. But — don't laugh — you will. The Slits kill me and The Banshees dig up my cringeing cadaver.

And I haven't even listened to either disc yet!!
Martin Maylin (somewhere cold, where it rains on me)
Cute — M.S.

Dear Paul Morley, were you born a complete cretin, or did you go to Art School to learn it?
Cousin Kevin and my wife, Chalet 905, Tommy's Holiday Camp, Bromley.

I don't like life because it contains Thursdays. I don't like Thursdays because I waste 20p. I don't like wasting 20p because it's on an *NME*. I don't like *NME* because they employ Paul Morley. I don't like Paul Morley because he writes nasty reports about The Who. I don't like Paul Morley also because he's a bastard!
A 'Despise Morley' Club Member, Notts.
Well, that's a pretty well-reasoned argument. — M.S.

I wrote this letter because I'm broke and I want some money, but then I remembered that you don't pay so I wrote to the *Sun*.
Mick Beckley, Maidenhead, Berks.

Fact: 'All Mod Cons' is an anagram of 'All Mods Con'. Quite right, Paul.
Errol The Man, Kings Norton, Birmingham.

Thank gawd for Danny Baker, who has put down in the singles page what I've been feeling about Secret Affair. To me, they are out and out phoneys who have jumped on the mod bandwagon having failed to make it in punk and power pop. All this stuff about having been mods for ages and not realising they weren't alone till they played with The Jam is absolute bull. I saw them in New Hearts last year — they were rubbish, ridiculously loud and tuneless. I also saw the Young Bucks with Seb Wang on drums (why has he changed his name to Shelton — is that a more mod name?) and *he* certainly wasn't a mod.

Their fans worry me too. The Glory Boys are just another private protection racket mob like Sham Army. I wouldn't be at all surprised if it's not the same people — they're mostly West Ham fans and NF supporters. What next for Secret Affair? Gigs for the British Movement?

All of this would be pretty meaningless and elitist if it wasn't for the fact that the music is no good either. It may be well played, nobody could argue with that. But it's as dull as hell. Me, I'll stick to The Jam and The Chords, who may not be as clever (Page is such a smart-ass) but they put everything into the music and they're not always setting themselves up as leaders of their generation.
Herbie the ex-Mod, Hornsey

If everyone reads this letter gave me a quid, I could retire to a villa in the South of France. Please arrange this.
Billy from Brighton.

Whatever happened to good ol' Brian Jones?
Anon.
He died — M.S.

For full effect this letter should be read with your eyes closed.
Percy, Huddersfield.

Here at the annual 'Slagging Off' championship the competitors are lined up and ready to do battle. In lane one we have the *Melody Maker*, in lane two last year's winners the *NME* and in lane three we have the *Sounds*.

They're off. *NME* is off to a flying start doing an excellent slagging off of the *Sounds*, *MM* is right out of it. *Sounds* is hitting back hard and has taken the lead . . . amazin!!! But wait, shock, horror, *NME* has regained first place by actually slagging itself. *NME* wins.
Tsar Kastick.

Have any of you lads noticed that the title of *Sounds* says 'Spunos' when you turn the rag upside down? The contents of the paper make much more sense then, too.
The Amazing Acker Bilk and his Quest for International Stardom (starting in Bristol).

One day you'll get the bloody crossword printed right!
The entire Colman Foods Installation Electrical Services Department (and contractors) who live for Thursday mornings at 10 a.m. to do the ***NME*** *Crossword from John C's copy over tea, ham rolls and scones (no butter for Steve) got by Kev from the works canteen and consumed in the cloakroom unknown to the management above (they do their* ***Melody Maker*** *Crossword upstairs) of Norwich.*

A dalek's thing (Talking Heads from last week's Crossword) is also an anagram of Ta, Ken Dalglish.
Old Tennis Shoes' No. 1 Fan, Amsterdam.
Knotted get. — S.M.

Don't say anything to the people on the previous few pages but I'm getting this letter printed free of charge when those mugs are paying 16p per word. Do you realise that I'm saving myself £7.84 by having it printed here?
A great fan of the Larry Miller Band.

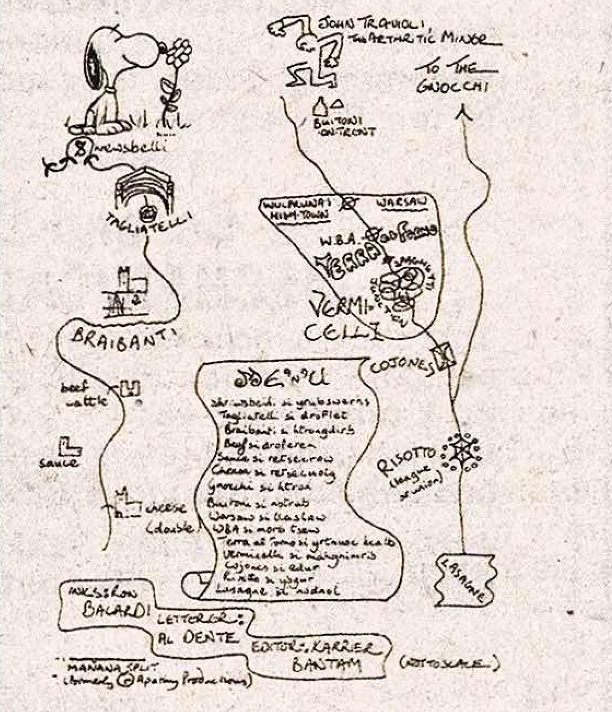
Ken Barlow is innocent.
C.S. Fan, Manchester
Just don't ask him to rewire your house. — VAL BARLOW

Star Trek is crap.
The Incredible Turd.

Could have sworn I saw Howard the Duck on the Nile this morning.
Lord Lucan (somewhere in Cairo).
Lucky devil. — INSP. GULLIBLE (some way behind you)

Did you know that if I had put a bomb in this envelope instead pf a stream of irrelevant drivel then you'd probably all be dead?
Greg, writer of irrelevant drivel, Essex.

Don't I get a free LP?
Pseudo Street Credible Git, Hitchin.
No. — M.S.



The promised land in Roman times

MONTY SMITH (left in the pic on the right) sorts out the very slow mail train. Latest score: Christians 2, Arsenal 7, Leeds 0 (I didn't write this stuff . . .)

Jericho Junction during the rush hour.

T-ZERS MAKES IT LEGAL

GOOD morning and welcome to the last page of this week's *NME*. *T-Zers* this week comes comfortably from the Saloon Lounge of The Dewdrop Inn and promises to bring you a dignified, sober account of the vastly interesting sphere of 'pop' gossip. No gimmicks, no gags, no fuss, just facts *(I like it — Ed)*. Just a small sip on our brandy and pep and off we go . . .

Ahem. If you are one of those twerps who start the paper at the front then you probably know that **Siouxsie and The Banshees** have split! (If so, just sit quiet and don't spoil our story.) In what smells heavily of a carefully pre-planned heist up, guitarist **John McKay** and drummer **Kenny Morris** did a midnight flit just as the band were to open their extensive UK tour in Aberdeen. It was left for Ms Sioux to quiver in front of the irate Scots punters and inform them of the spiralling no-show scenario. Then the good lady and the last remaining Banshperson — bassist **Steve Severin** — took to the boards with support act **The Cure** and tacked out a version of the 'Lord's Prayer' that gelled well enough to take the edge off the tartan ire. Three days later, on the Monday, Siouxsie and Severin nipped up to pour it all over **Nick Kent** at the *NME* offices. First off Madame S. refused to mealy mouth when it came to the not so dearly departed. "They became like a couple of queens," she began, "always refusing to confront you with a problem but instead bitching and whining about it behind your back." The aptly named Severin backed this up and claimed that the pair were 'dillitantes' and Morris had become a 'voyeur', simply in the band for "prestige value, showing no interest in showing up for interviews nor signing autographs, constantly leaving us to explain why they weren't there." As it happens Morris' departure may well prove a blessing in disguise *(Not another **Chuck Berry** encore — Ed)* for although a rather sleepless-looking Sioux was reluctant to impart poop about any likely replacements, later in the day a source close to the band confirmed the duo's rather heavy hints that they are interested in approaching ex-**Models** and current **Rem-Rema** guitarist **Marco** and the drum power behind **The Slits** album, **Budgie** — also once mooted as the man for **Public Image**. The pair left *NME* in fine spirits all considered and optimistic that, well, things are gonna turn out fine. Why, she even hummed on the stairs. *(I thought that was Monty coming back from 'lunch' — Ed)* . . .

And as another round bubbles below our eyes we let on all we know of a new **Stranglers** LP. Titles include 'Dead Loss Angeles', 'Shah Shah A Go Go' and 'Men In Black'. Our man with his ear to the sound tells of an album with the accent on the instrumental side, "grandiose synthesizers in staggered stop-go soups of something beginning with 's' ". Plus, it seems, that the old type gruff and rumble vocals have made way for a layered smoothie sound — some fed through a mellotron yet! In fact one track, called 'Bring Back Harry', is a delicate little thing not a million miles away from the winsome side of early Floyd. But then again will you ever believe a single solitary slovo we utter after the 'All Quiet On The Eastern Front' wheeze . . .

Ah yes, we dots are feeling more and more relaxed by the minute. Now then, listen to this about **Boston** — the band who had city named after them. It seems Boston were greeted on arrival at their London Hotel by hoardes of placard wavers yelling "Go Home Murderers" at them. Y'see one limo looks pretty much the same as the next, and our twisto bores had gotten mistook for **Ian Smith's** entourage by the mob. A police cordon was thrown around the motor until it was proved that these were, in fact, the notorious American drearo's. Then the crowd *really* got angry . . .

And not a lot of people know this dept: Hottest selling import in New York is 'Money' by **The Flying Lunchies**, sorry, **Lizards** *(Steady — Ed)* . . .

The almost released Oval 'Honky Tonk Demo Album' features rare earlies from **Dire Straits, Darts, Graham Parker** and tons of others. However, Mr **Elvis Costello** is absent because the mean auld sod refused permission on his tapes . . .

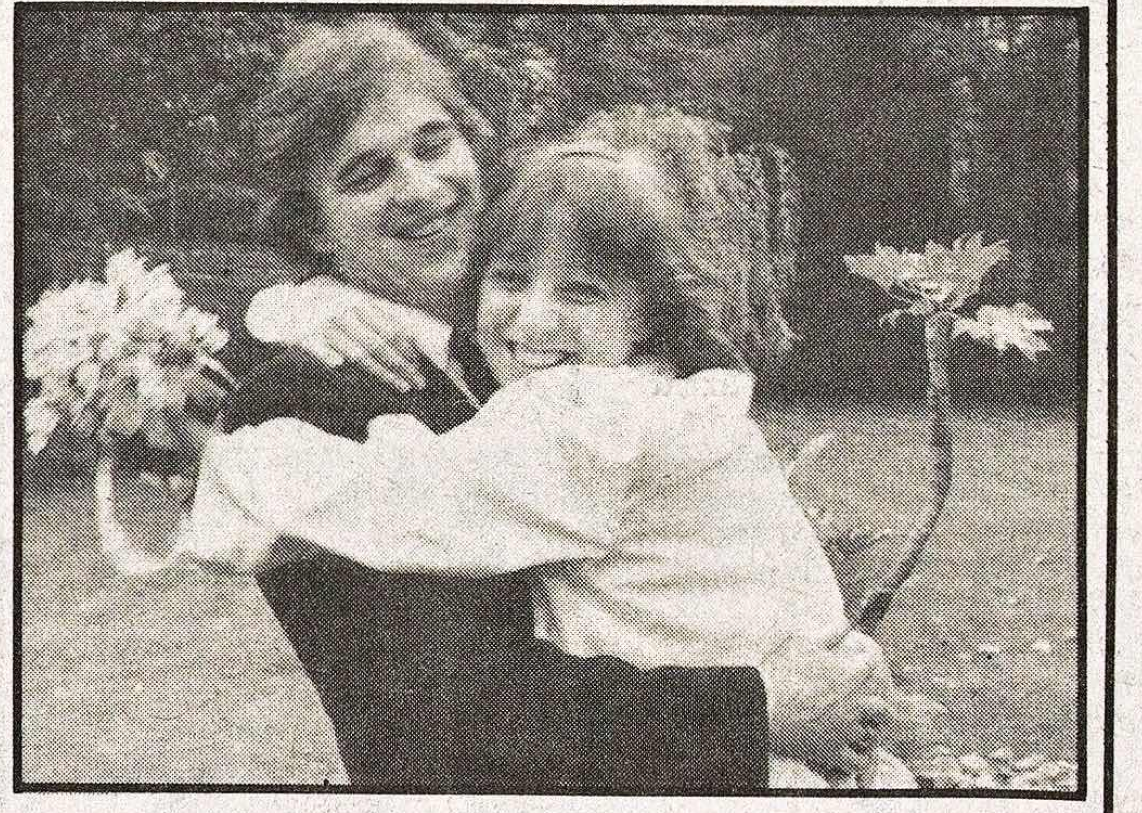
Above: *"Aw, come off it Brucie — I still ain't legal age for Noo Joisey." Sweet Rachel Wotsit celebrates her 17th summer with one of Tony Parsons' best friends at NY's Bottom Line. A touching scene captured for posterity by top Big Apple smudge Harry Groinhall.*

Above: Nearer home — well, someone's home — Chrissie Hynde pretends to share a meaningful embrace with, er, someone holding a leather jacket at Virgin's exciting Dindisc thing. Poly Styrene (above, right), sporting a classic profile and Grecian goddess hairdo, looks on in total fascination. Pix by Justin Thomas.

John Lydon seen squinting at **James Brown's** Venue gig on Friday. Plus! Did you know that ex-**PiL** drummer **Jim Walker** used to do things like crap on the carpet? Well, **Wobble** wouldn't lie would he? . . .

In a desperate attempt to recapture old times and feelings, **John Cooper Clarke** goes all the way to New York, where he is booed off at the NY Palladium. Things fouled up later though when he was appreciated at Hurrahs hang-out and positively loved at The Mudd Club. Mr Claaaaak hopes to snatch defeat from the jaws of victory at later engagements and *T-Zers* have dispatched the following T-Gram. "To JCC, Hoping for a resounding flop. We know they'll hate you. Mend a leg".

Sqeezer Chris Difford — who went to the same school as **Mark Perry** and **Danny Baker**, but not **Peter Gabriel** — married a New York honey on the 6th. On the invite was "I never thought it would happen / With me and this girl from Manhattan" (after the celebrated hit single). Mr Difford wore a traditional primrose bridal dress and stayed up all night to sew on the 2,000 sequins by hand. He and his wife are now off to the States where they will go thru the entire rigmaroll again . . .



Chris and Cindy Difford celebrate their nuptials (see story in T-Zers — on this page, dummy). Note ethnic Deptford fertility plant growing out of Cindy's back.

*Bridesmaids of honour at the Diffords' do (There must be shome mishtake here. — Ed.) were Alex Harvey (right, a Scotsman) and a younger Swiss shap called H. R. Giger. Herr Giger designed the creature in **Alien** and if you'd like to find out more about that see the special feature on pages 48-50, fright fans . . . BOO! Pic by Gabor Scott.*

Just stay clear of that West Coast, Chris. After a series of earth tremors last week the city is bracing itself for The Big One. If that wasn't enough, the Californian health authorities are getting a little panicky on the news that there have been six deaths from bubonic plague there this year. On top of all this, **Linda Ronstadt** thinks she has a cold coming on . . .

Figuring at number seven in one of *Gay News'* hardcore Disco charts is **The Specials'** single. Said, **Johnny Mathis** knows — Don't argue!' . . .

Another Creme de Menth for us? Why thank you, **Neil**. I must say, the warm glow of humanity is fair flowing through us now. As it does with impressario **Sid Bernstein** who just took out a full page in the *New York Times* to beg the **Beatles** to get back together in aid of the Boat People. He reckons that they could raise about £250m for the unfortunates. Somebody should tell him that **Macca** has that type of dough laying around forgotten in old suits . . .

Fun and frolics on Radio 4 last Monday when **Roger Cook** clashed with **ELO** manager **Don Arden**. In his programme 'Rock Bottom' — an investigation into rock management — Cook interviewed **Ray Phillips** of **The Nashville Teens, Ronnie Lane** and **Lynsey De Paul,** all of whom made allegations against Arden. De Paul said she hoped "he rotted in hell". Cook also played a tape of a phone conversation with Arden in which he was greeted by the words "Roger Cook, you go fuck yourself, you're already guilty of slander and you'll be served with a writ shortly. If you want to dig up dirt about me I have nothing to hide. You are guilty of slander and I'll take your last five pounds for it. I know you people got a tail on me and if I find that tail I'll break his neck." Cook then asked Arden if he would break his (Cook's) neck but the manager declined the invitation, claiming: "Mr. Cook you have chosen to destroy me. If you want to fight me, then fight me, but remember one thing. If you fight the champ then you've got to be prepared to go the whole way. If you think that it's the end of it after your programme then you're mistaken. You're not a man, you're a creep. I've been making enquiries about you and I've heard rumours about homosexuality." Cook answered, "You've been listening to the wrong people, but we've been listening to clients of yours." Concluded Arden: "Why don't you get off my back you silly stupid homo." The programme was followed by *Listen With Mother* . . .

Those members of the **A. Hitler** Appreciation Society the foul British Movement tried to disrupt the **Madness** gig at Dingwall's without overmuch success last Wednesday. With all the usual Nazi paraphernalia, many of their ranks were interviewed when the Boys In Blue eventually made a guest appearance . . .

And, lastly, news of the renaissance! The *NME* soccer XI is once more with teeth. After a lack of support situation for their opening fixtures, the worm has turned, and though only seven turned up to face the unbeaten Stiff Records team last week, our chaps got away with a 3—3 draw. Now we sport a full eleven and if the Stiff mob dare to turn up for the second leg we'll be taking no prisoners, there'll be no place for faint hearts, etc. and now, nicely oiled, the *T-Zers* machine staggers to its feet and bids you all farewell for this week. Ruuuuuuuuuuuuth!

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EDITORIAL
3rd Floor
5-7 Carnaby Street
London W1V 1PG
Phone: 01-439 8761

EDITOR
Neil Spencer

Deputy Editor
Phil McNeill
News Editor
Derek Johnson
Production Editor
Stuart Johnston
Associate Editors
Charles Shaar Murray
Monty Smith
Special Projects Editor
Roy Carr

Staff
Tony Stewart
(Live! Editor)
Angus MacKinnon
Paul Rambali
Max Bell
Danny Baker
Paul Morley

Photography
Pennie Smith

Contributors
Nick Kent
Fred Dellar
Steve Clarke
Tony Parsons
Julie Burchill
Chris Salewicz
Bob Edmands
Lester Bangs
John May
Penny Reel
Adrian Thrills
Ian Penman
Andy Gill

Cartoons
Tony Benyon
Ray Lowry

Research
Fiona Foulgar

New York
Joe Stevens
(212) 674 5024
Mick Farren

ADVERTISEMENT DEPT.
Room 2529
Kings Reach Tower
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Ad Director
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